

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

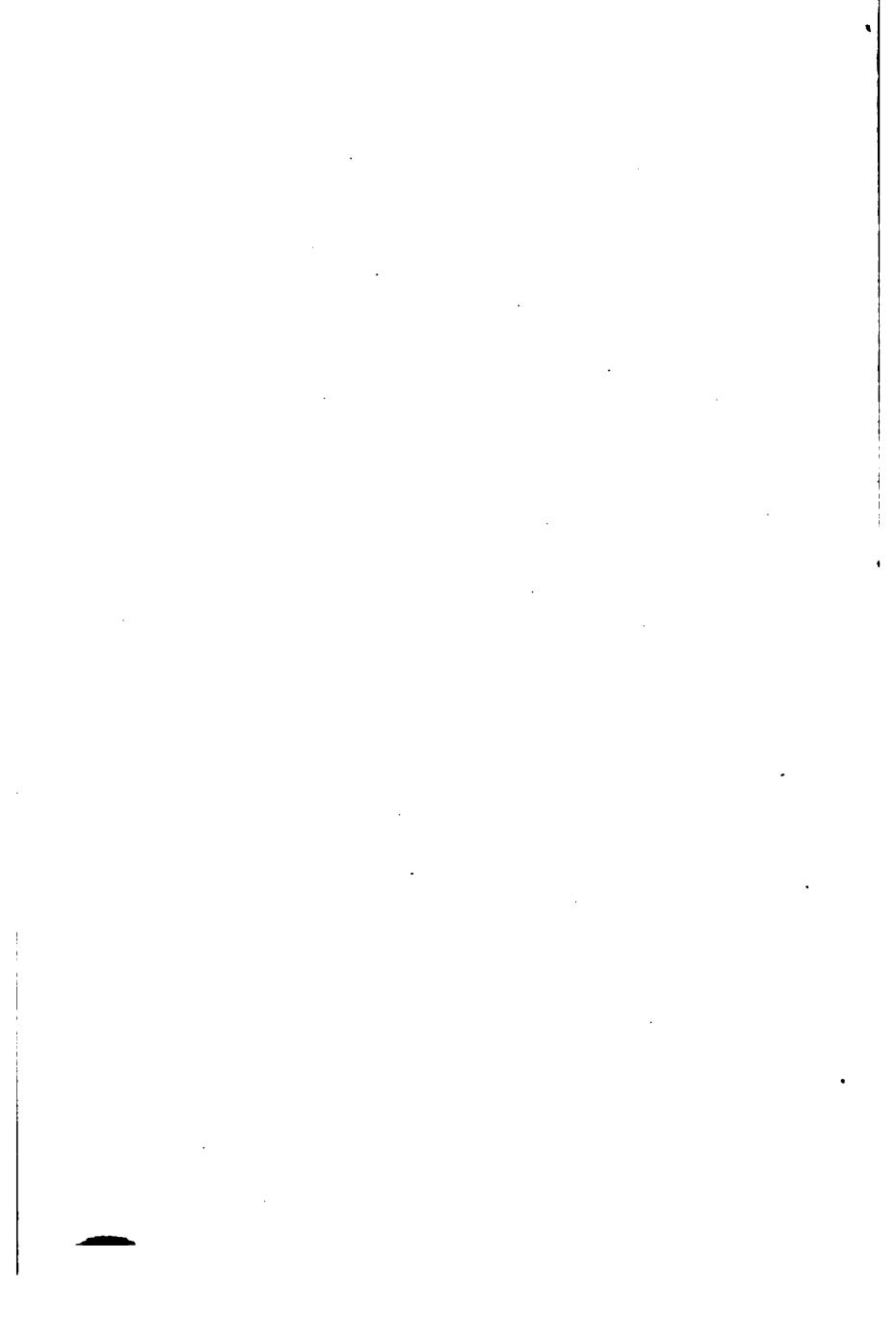
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

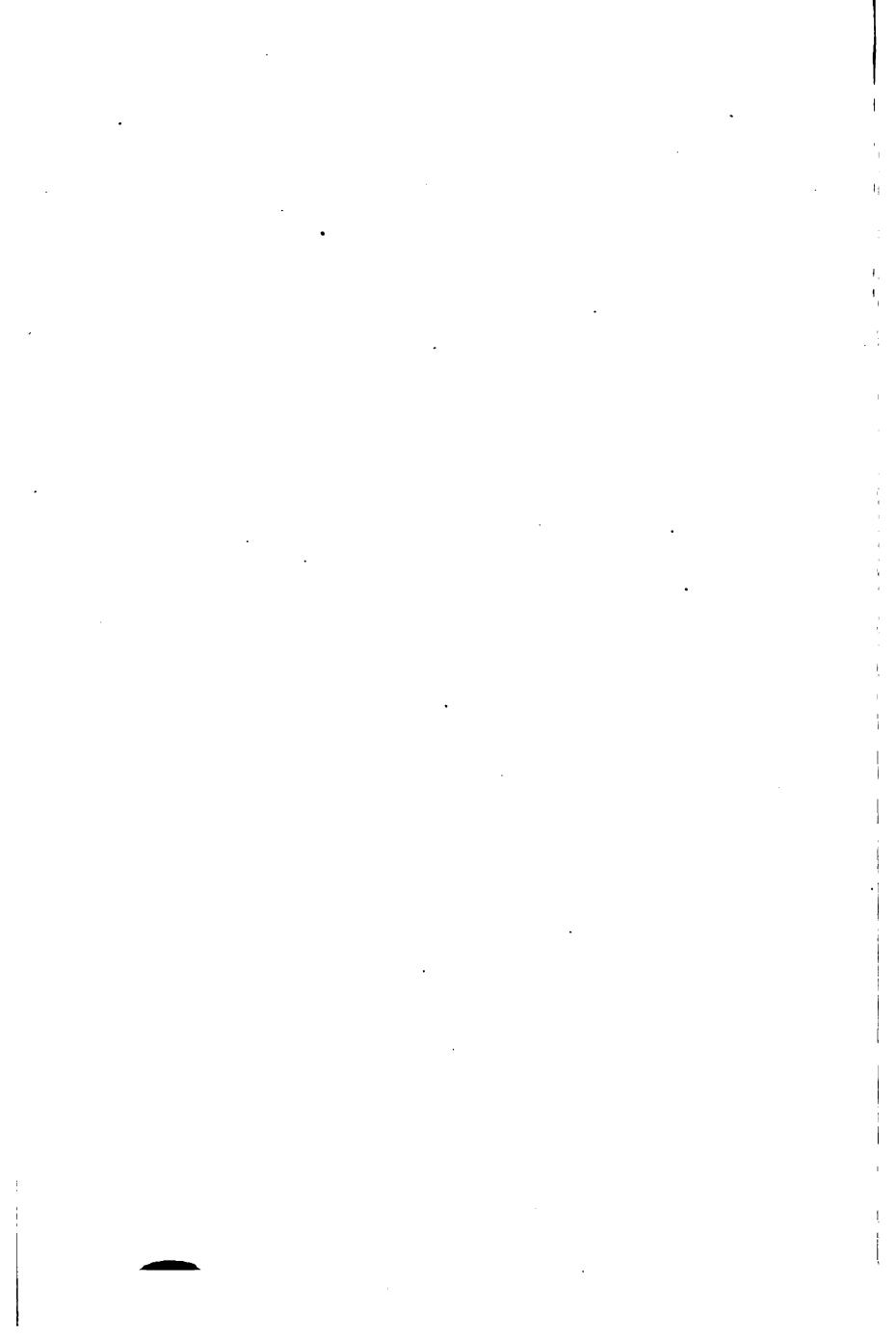
- + Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + Maintain attribution The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



Landon, Nov. 22. 1884.

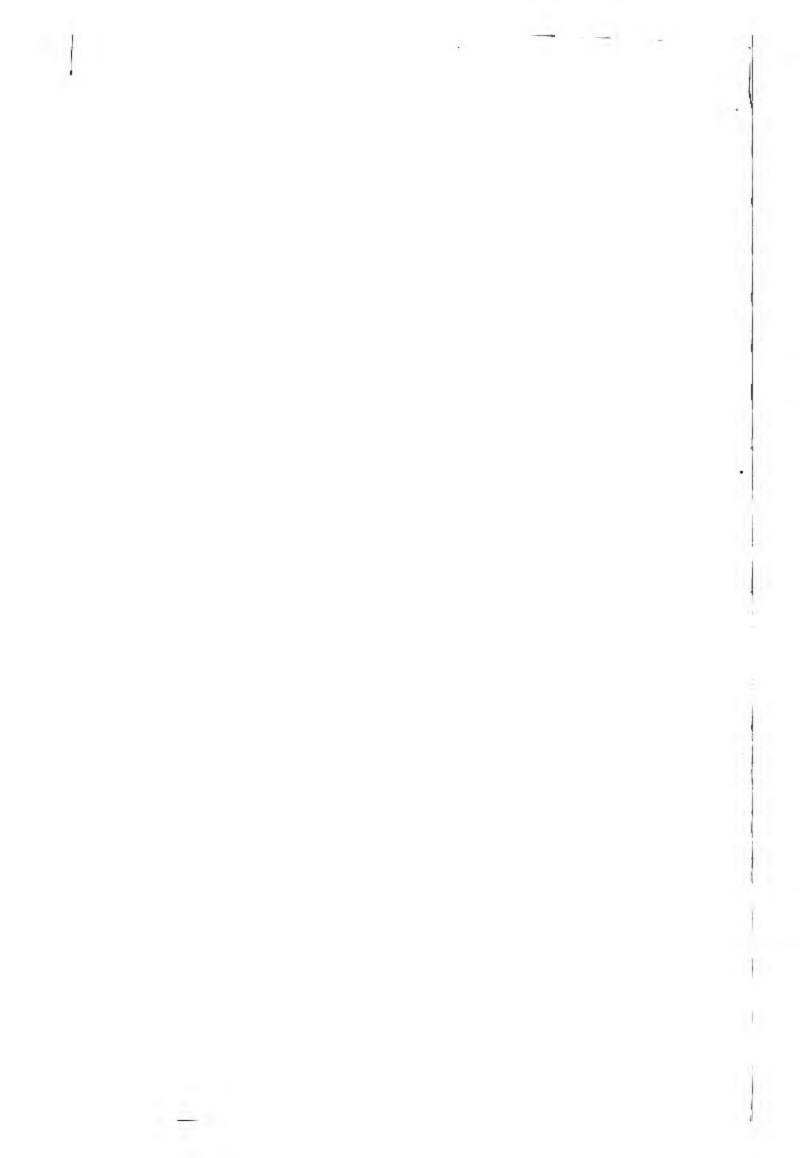


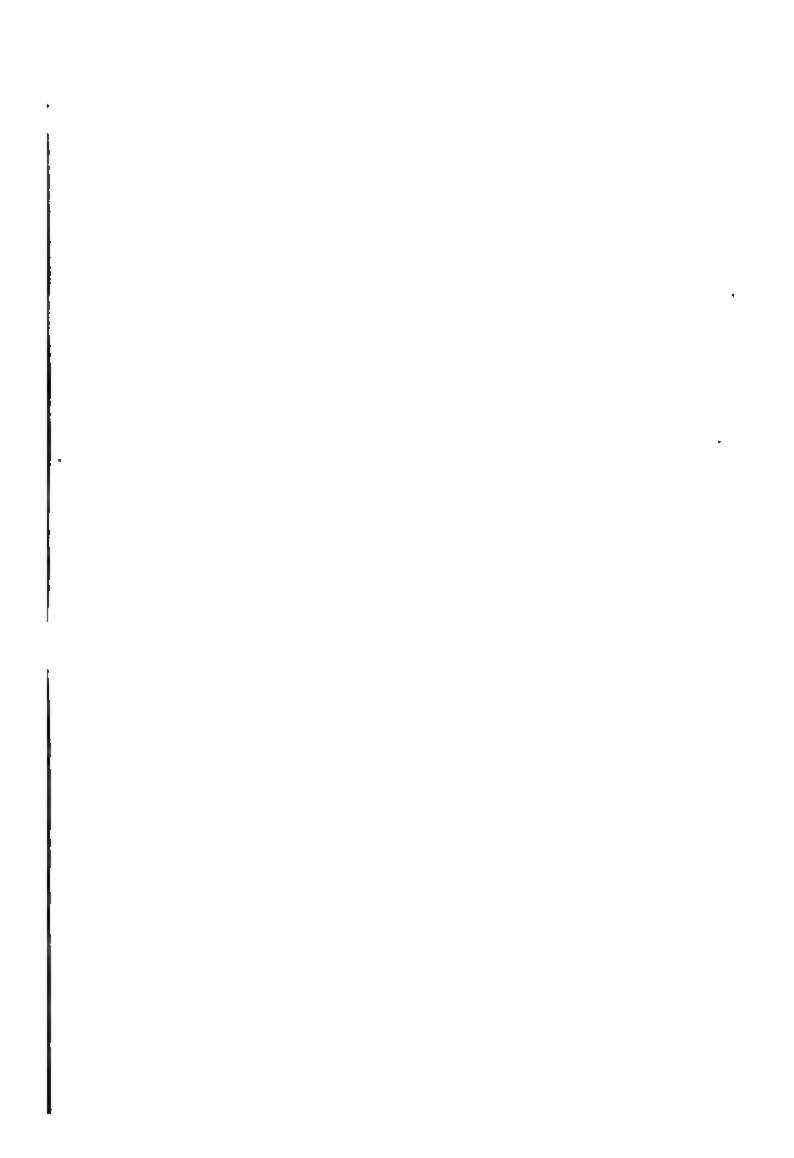
# LONGFE'LLOW'S POETICAL WORKS

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION

• • • . • • • ·

• • . . . . · . • • , .





## **CONTEN**

			•~•	-	-		
						AG#	
Prelude	٠					1	The lig
Hymn to the Night						al	The Be
A Psalm of Life .						ăl	Flowers
Footsteps of Angels					- •	- ă(	Midnig
The Reaper and the	F	owe	rs.			- š l	L'Envo
-						•	
				10	4.01	120	DOES
					AKI	.įek	POEN
An April Day .						0	The Sp
Autumn						اة	Sunrise
Hymn of the Mo	Cav	rian	N	uns	of	- 1	Woods
Bethlehem .						31	Burial o

			B	AL	LAT	OS (1842)
The Skeleton in Armour The Luck of Edenhall .	٠	•		:	15 17	The Wi

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS (1

The Village Blacksmith			٠			gz To the	
Endymion						22 Blind E 22 The Goblet of Life	_
The Two Locks of Hair			4		٠	22 The Goblet of Life	<b>=</b> 5
God's-Acre		•		•	٠	23 Maidenhood	20
The Point Day	*		•			24 Excelsion	27
The Rainy Day		•		•	*	#4	

### POEMS ON SLAVERY (1843).

To William E. Channing .	4		28 ] The Slave Singing at Midnight	30
The Slave's Dream		•	28 The Witnesses	30
The Stave in the Dismal Swamp		•	29 The Quadroon Girl	30
The Good Part		*	30 t the marning	31

### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS (1845).

Second and the second and second

					,					~~		
Carillon	٠				31	To a Child						38
The Belfry of Bruges		•			32	The Norman Baron	•	,	•		•	40
A Gleam of Sunshine	4	•	-	*	33	The Bridge		•	•	•		42
Nuremberg	4	•	•	•	34	The Bridge . To the Driving Clou	ď		•	•	•	43
					37	Curiew	~	•	•	. '	•	44

MITO3121

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

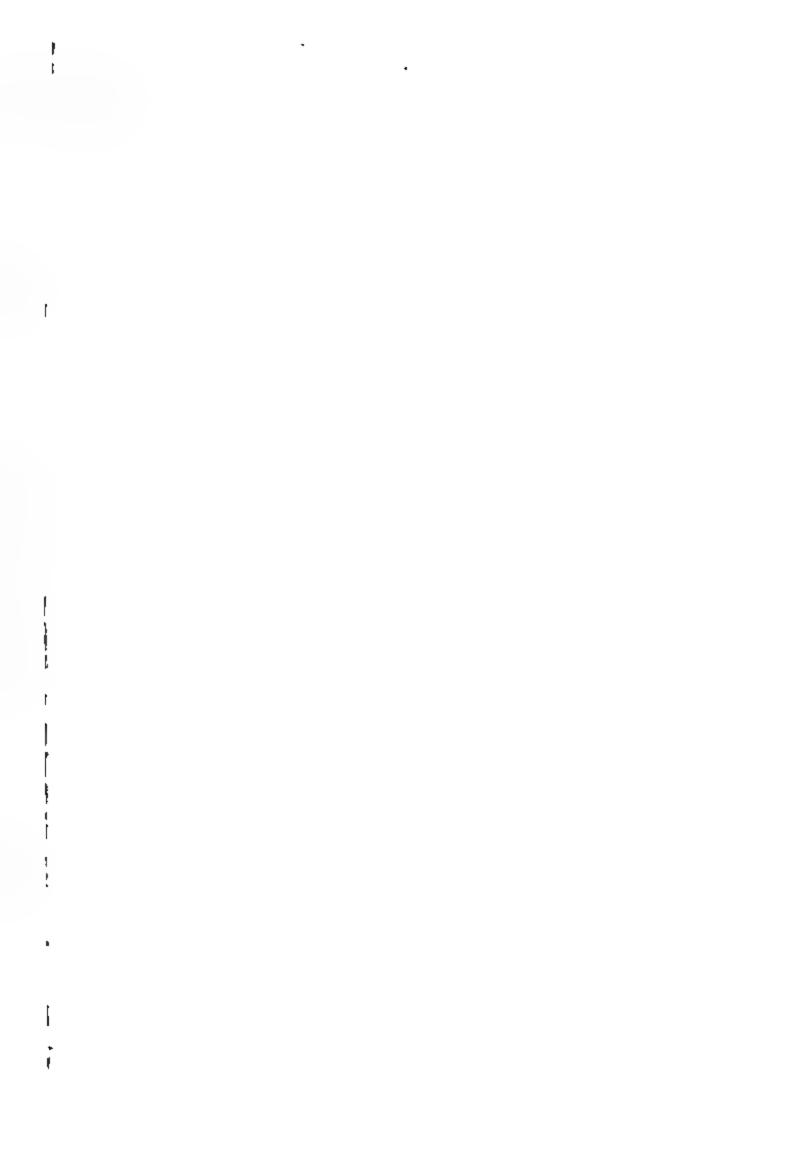


Ovid in Exile	. 291   Song (from the P	ortuguese) . 564
Seaweed The Day is Done Afternoon in February Walter Von Der Vogelweid	SONGS.  273   To an old Danish Drinking Song The Old Clock of The Arrow and t	Song book
The Evening Star Autumn Dante Three Friends of Mine Shakespeare Chaucer	SONNETS.  277 The Sound of the 278 A Summer Day 278 The Tides 278 A Shadow 279 A Nameleas Grav 279 Sleep 280 The Old Bridge of 281 Il Fonte Vecchion 281	Sea
	ONNETS (1878).	9
Milton Keats The Galaxy  Nature In the Churchyard at Tarrytown Eliot's Oak The Descent of the Muses Venice The Poets Cleveland arvest Mos River Rhs aree Silenc	283 The Two Rivers 283 Boston 284 St. John's, Camb 284 Moods 284 Woodstock Park 284 The Four Prince	ridge

he Artist. ire outh and . Id Age IX

A SECTION AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON ADDRESS OF THE





	(	CO	NT:	ENTS.				
KÉRAMOS (1878)		P.A	AGE					PAGE 512
	•	•		•	•	•	• •	3
The Chamber over the Gate	•		517	Garfield	• •	•		518
The Burial of the Poet. Helen of Tyre	•		518 518	Hermes Trismeg Mad River .	istus	•	•	519
icicii or Tyre	•	•	240 (	Blad River	• •	•	• •	520
•	ULTI	MA	<b>T</b> 1	HULE (1880).				
Dedication	•		521		eter .	•		525
Bayard Taylor	•		521 522		thercock	ζ	• •	526
From my Arm-chair .			522	The Tide Rises	the Tide	Falls	• •	526 526
The Iron Pen	•		523 524	My Cathedral Night	• •	•	• •	527
Elegiac	•	•	524	The Poet and his	Songs	•	• • •	527 527
Old St. David's at Radnor	•	•	525				•	
	IN	TH	E I	HARBOUR.				
Becalmed	•		528		Di ·	•		535
The Poet's Calendar Auf Wiedersehen	•		528 530	The Bells of San Prelude .	Blas	•	•	535 536
The Children's Crusade .	•	•	530	From the French				536
The City and the Sea	•		531 532	The Wine of Jur At La Chaudeau	ançon	•		536 536
Decoration Day	•	• ,	53 <b>2</b>	A Quiet Life		•	• • •	537
Chimes	•		532 533	Loss and Gain Autumn Within	• •	•	• •	53 <b>7</b> 53 <b>7</b>
The Four Lakes of Madison	•	•	533	Victor and Vanq	uished			<b>537</b>
Moonlight	•		533 533	Memories . My Books .	• •	•		538 538
Elegiac Verse	•		534		• •	•	• •	538
	יטנ	VEN	ILI	E POEMS.				
Thanksgiving	•		539			•		546
Autumnal Nightfall Italian Scenery			540 541	Song	•	•	•	546 547
The Lunatic Girl	•	•	<b>542</b>	Two Sonnets fr	om the	Span	rish of	
Dirge over a Nameless Grave	•		543 544	Agassiz		•	• •	547 548
A Song of Savoy The Indian Hunter	•	•	544	Inscription on	the Shar	nklin	Foun-	
Jeckoyva			544 545		• • •	•	• •	548 548
				•				
·								
		•						
•							•	
							xii.	

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings

The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage Ere Fancy has been quelled; Old legends of the monkish page, Traditions of the saint and sage, Tales that have the rime of age, And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,

Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,

Water the green land of dreams, The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their
wings,

And bishop's-caps have golden rings, Musing upon many things, I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild:

It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild! Still they looked at me and smiled, As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed
there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer! Like one in prayer I stood. Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted
through,

Spread a vapour soft and blue, In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay:
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies, Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,

Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly, Where the woodlands bend to see The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din Of iron branches sounds! A mighty river roars between, And whosoever looks therein Sees the heavens all black with sin, Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast, Soft rays of sunshine pour; Then comes the fearful wintry blast; Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;

Pallid lips say, 'It is past! We can return no more!'

"Look then into thine heart, and write!

Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

2

### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night

Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,

Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,

As of the one I love,

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,

The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,

Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air

My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—

From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear

What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,

And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!

Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for,
the most fair,

The best-beloved Night!

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

......

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and brave.

Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,

And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul, that slumbered, To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantoms grim and tall, Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door; The beloved, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished

Noble longings for the strife, By the road-side fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!

B 2

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine. And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

# THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,

And with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,

And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he:

"Have nought but the bearded grain?

Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,

I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eves.

He kissed their drooping leaves; It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay."

The Reaper said, and smiled; "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care, And saints, upon their garments white, These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love; She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

.^^^^^^^

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven, But the cold light of stars; And the first watch of night is given To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise, When I behold afar, Suspended in the evening skies, The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand And smile upon my pain; Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, He rises in my breast, Serene, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know ere long, Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong.

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,

Some legend strange and vague, That a midnight host of spectres pale Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead, There stood, as in an awful dream, The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there, No drum, nor sentry's pace; The mist-like banners clasped the air, As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell, Proclaimed the morning prayer, The white pavilions rose and fell On the alarmed air.

÷€o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o#o

### VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

 $\odot$ 

Bright and glorious is that revelation, Written all over this great world of ours;

Making evident our own creation, In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing, Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part

Of the self-same, universal being, Which is throbbing in his brain and

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,

Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues.

Flaunting gaily in the golden light; Large desires, with most uncertain issues.

Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;

Workings are they of the self-same powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing.

Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born:

Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,

flowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden
corn:

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,

And in Summer's green emblazoned field.

But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,

In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys.

On the mountain-top, and by the brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,

Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory, Not on graves of bird and beast alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and hoary, On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant, In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers.

Speaking of the Past unto the Present, Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons, Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,

How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affec-

We behold their tender buds expand;

Emblems of our own great resurrection,

Emblems of the bright and better land.

# MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

~~~~~~~~~~~

YES, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,

A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—Pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather, The foolish, fond Old Year,



### EARLIER POEMS.

Ye sounds, so low and calm, That in the groves of balm Seemed to me like an angel's psalm!

Go, mingle yet once more With the perpetual roar Of the pine forest, dark and hoar! Tongues of the dead, not lost, But speaking from death's frost, Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps, Amid the chills and damps Of the vast plain where Death encamps!

# Enrlier Poems.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART DURING MY COLLEGE LIFE, AND ALL OF THEM BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN.]

### AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun that brings Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,

'Tis sweet' to visit the still wood, where springs

The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,

oldeys

When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,

Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell

The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives:

Though stricken to the heart with Winter's cold,

The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and
coloured wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along

The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills, And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born, In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,

Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,

And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,

Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw;

And the fair trees look over, side by side,

And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed; Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,

Life's golden fruit is shed.

### AUTUMN.

~~~~~~~~

With what a glory comes and goes the year!

The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers

Of sunny skies, and cloudless times, enjoy

Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out.

And when the silver habit of the clouds

Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with

A sober gladness the old year takes up His high inheritance of golden fruits, A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now

Its mellow richness on the clustered trees.

And, from a beaker, full of richest dyes,

Pouring new glory on the autumn and woods, and dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

Morn critical mountain, the a summer lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales the blushing leaf, and stirs up her purple wing.

Kusses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life with the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned, and silver beech, and maple y.llow-leaved, Where Autumn, tilke a faint old man, sits down 10 what a glory doth this world put on 10 what

### EARLIER POEMS.

For him who, with a fervent heat, goes forth

Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks

On duties well performed, and days well spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves.

Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death

Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a
tear

# HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

^^^^^

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PU-LASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with
prayer

Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,

Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave Proudly o'er the good and brave; When the battle's distant wail Breaks the sabbath of our vale, When the clarion's music thrills To the hearts of these lone hills, When the spear in conflict shakes, And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,

Guard it!—till our homes are free!

Guard it!—God will prosper thee!

In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee
then.

"Take thy banner! But, when night

Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath
shared!

Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

"Take thy banner!—and if e'er Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier.

And the muffled drums should beat

To the tread of mournful feet
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for
thee."

The warrior took that banner proud, And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods, That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows:

Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,

The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,

The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.

With what a tender and impassioned voice

It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,

When the fast-ushering star of Morning comes

O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;

Or when the cowled and duskysandaled Eve,

In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,

Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves

In the green valley, where the silver brook.

From its full laver, pours the white cascade;

And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,

II.

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter. frequent, on the everlasting hills, Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself In all the dark embroidery of the storm, And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid The silent majesty of these deep woods, Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth, As to the sunshine and the pure bright air Their tops the green trees lift. Hence

gifted bards

shades.

in all

the sky looks in, and sunny vale, mighty trees, Have ever loved the calm and quiet doth fill For them there was an eloquent voice

The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,

The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,

Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle wings, -

The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun goes,— Asiant the wooded slope, at evening, Groves, through whose broken roof

Mountain, and shattered cliff, and

distant lake, fountains, -and

In many a lazy syllable, repeating Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,

Where, from their frozen uros, mute springs Pour into many and vinces fill the woodland side.

Alas I how changed from the fair scene.

When birds sang out their mellow And winds were soft, and woods were green, which will wind winds were soft, and woods were green.

And the song ceased not with the listen, and it cheers me long.

I listen, and it cheers me long.

I listen, and it cheers me long.

I listen, and it cheers me long. Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide, Shrilly the skater's from tings, And voices fill the woodland side, Shrilly the skater's from the fair scene, When birds sene, and the song ceased not with the last of the state of the s

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen swell The shadowed light of evening fell; And, where the maple's leaf way folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have fold the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have folds the weapons, made for the hard toils of war, were laid; Ish have fold the broad belt of shells and bead.

And the broad belt of shells and bead.

And the warn blush of evening shore.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard where the soft breath of evening shore.

They show the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard where the soft breath of evening shore.

They sang, that by his native bowers He stood, in the last moon of flowers.

He stood, in the last moon of flowers.

And thirty snows had not yet shed. Their glory on the warrior's head; But, as the summer fruit decays, So died he in those naked days.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following balled was suggested to me while riding on the seasone at Newport, a year or the profuses a sketcom had been deep ing; it with the swift an arrow cleaved its way. To his stern heart! One piercing reigh and the step with the long of the weapons, made for the profuse shall be a step with the long of the weapons, made for the profuse shall be a step with the long of the weapons, made for the profuse shall be a step with the long of the weapons, made for the profuse shall be a step with the long of the weapons and the stance of the step with the long of the weapons and the stance of the stanc

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same t mes may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad, though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it but one who had the like in his head."

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest! Who, with thy hollow breast Still in rude armour drest,

Comest to daunt me! Wrapt not in Eastern balms, But with thy fleshless palms Stretched, as if asking alms, Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes Pale flashes seemed to rise. As when the Northern skies Gleam in December; And, like the water's flow Under December's snow, Came a dull voice of woe From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old! My deeds, though manifold, No Skald in song has told, No Saga taught thee! Take heed, that in thy verse Thou dost the tale rehearse, Else dread a dead man's curse! For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land, By the wild Baltic's strand, I, with my childish hand,

Tamed the ger-falcon; And, with my skates fast-bound, Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, That the poor whimpering hound Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair Tracked I the grisly bear, While from my path the hare Fled like a shadow; Oft through the forest dark Followed the were-wolf's bark, Until the soaring lark Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew, Joining a corsair's crew, O'er the dark sea I flew With the marauders. Wild was the life we led; Many the souls that sped, Many the hearts that bled, By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout Wore the long Winter out; Often our midnight shout Set the cocks crowing, As we the Berserk's tale Measured in cups of ale, Draining the oaken pail, Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee Tales of the stormy sea, Soft eyes did gaze on me, Burning yet tender; And as the white stars shine On the dark Norway pine, On that dark heart of mine Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid, Yielding, yet half afraid, And in the forest's shade Our vows were plighted. Under its loosened vest Fluttered her little breast, Like birds within their nest

By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall Shields gleamed upon the wall, Loud sang the minstrels all, Chanting his glory; When of old Hildebrand I asked his daughter's hand, Mute did the minstrels stand To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed, Loud then the champion laughed, And as the wind-gusts waft The sea-foam brightly,

So the loud laugh of scorn, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep drinking-horn Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child, I but a Viking wild, And though she blushed and smiled, I was discarded! Should not the dove so white Follow the sea-mew's flight, Why did they leave that night Her nest unguarded?

### BALLADS.

"Scarce had I put to sea, Bearing the maid with me,— Fairest of all was she

Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast, Bent like a reed each mast, Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us; And with a sudden flaw Came round the gusty Skaw, So that our foe we saw

Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,

Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel

THE STATE OF THE S

これないというのは

Through the black water!
"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,

With his prey laden;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore, And when the storm was o'er, Cloud-like we saw the shore

Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years; Time dried the maiden's tears; She had forgot her fears,

She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then, Still as a stagnant fen! Hateful to me were men,

The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,

O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison-bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,

Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"\*
—Thus the tale ended.

# THE LUCK OF EDENHALL. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

^~~~~~

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart.; of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall the youthful Lord Bids sound the festal trumpet's call; He rises at the banquet board, And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,

"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain, The house's oldest seneschal, Takes slow from its silken cloth again The drinking glass of crystal tall; They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,

Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;

A purple light shines over all, It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,

"This glass of flashing crystal tall Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite; She wrote in it, If this glass doth fall, Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"Twas right a goblet the Fate should be

Of the joyous race of Edenhall!

Deep draughts drink we right willingly;

And willingly ring, with merry call, Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

\* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

urida e reconsider de la constant de

C

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

First rings it deep, and full, and mild, Like to the song of a nightingale; Then like the roar of a torrent wild; Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall, The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might, The fragile goblet of crystal tail; It has lasted longer than is right; Riling! klang I—with a harder blow than all Will I try the Luck of Edenhall! "As the goblet ringing flies apart, Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall; And through the rift the wild flames start; I the guests in dust are scattered all, With the breaking Luck of Edenhall. In storms the foe, with fire and sword; He in the night had scaled the wall. Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord, But holds in his hand the crystal tail, The shattered Luck of Edenhall. On the morrow the Dutler gropes alone. The graybeard in the desert hall, He seeks is Lord's burnt skeleton, He seeks is Lord's burnt skeleton, He seeks is the chismal truin's fall. One day like the Luck of Edenhall! "

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall side, Down must the stately columns fall; Glass is this carth's Luck and Prile; In atoms shall fall this earthly ball, One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

That sailed the wintry sea: And the skipper had taken his little daughter, To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, Her checks like the dawn of day, And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds

That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm, His pipe was in his mouth,

The skipper he stood beside the helm, His pipe was in his mouth,

gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves,

Looked soft as carded wool,

But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides.

Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice.

With the masts went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, A fisherman stood aghast,

A fisherman stood agnast,

To see the form of a maiden fair,

Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,

On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Christ save us all from a death like

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

# THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

~~~~~<del>~</del>

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's Danske Viser of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain, Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,

But never, ah never, can meet with the man

A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels
they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamondstone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helin
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eft-

If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth
he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
'Three modest maidens have me bedight."

THE PARTY OF THE P

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight;

So shalt thou ride a tilt this day, For all the Maidens' honour!"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best;

The third tilt they together rode, Neither of them would yield; The fourth tilt they together rode, They both fell on the field.

Now lie the Lords upon the plain, And their blood runs unto death: Now sit the Maidens in the high tower, The youngest sorrows till death.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,

You can hear his bellows blow; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow, Like a sexton ringing the village bell, When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,

Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes

A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close!
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

# ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars; Her level rays, like golden bars, Lie on the landscape green, With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams, As if Diana, in her dreams, Had dropt her silver bow Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this She woke Endymion with a kiss,

When, sleeping in the grove, He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, Love gives itself, but is not bought; Nor voice, nor sound betrays Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep

Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep, And kisses the closed eyes Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes! O drooping souls, whose destines Are fraught with fear and pain, Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own:

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"

# THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR. FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content, I wander through the world; Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent, And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife Close in my heart was locked, And in the sweet repose of life A blessèd child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream,—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropt the child asleep.

Put now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see; [more,
And wander thro' the world once
A youth so light and free.

#### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Two locks—and they are wondrous
Left me that vision mild; [fair—
The brown is from the mether's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

#### GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls

The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just; [walls,

It consecrates each grave within its And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre | Yes, that blessed name imparts

Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown [their hearts,

The seed that they had garnered in Their bread of life—alas! no more their own. Into its furrows shall we ail be cast, In the sure faith that we shall rise again

At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast

Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,

In the fair gardens of that second birth;

And each bright blossom mingle its perfume

With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

# 

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,

And spread the furrow for the seed we sow:

This is the field and Acre of our God, This is the place where human harvests grow!

#### IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pajaros en los nidos de antaño.
—Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue you winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind
blows.

The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,

That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,

And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay; Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth, To some good angel leave the rest; For Time will teach thee soon the

There are no birds in last year's nest!

#### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;

It rains, and the wind is never weary; The vine still clings to the mouldering

But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary; My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,

And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;

Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;

Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and dreary.

#### TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and
free.

Till at length thy rest thou findest In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling, Half in rest, and half in strife, I have seen thy waters stealing, Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!

Many a lesson, deep and long;

Thou hast been a generous giver;

I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee, Nor because thy waves of blue From celestial seas above thee Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,

And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me

Of three friends, all true and tried And that name, like magic, binds me Closer, closer to thy side.

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!

How like quivering flames they start,

When I fan the living embers
On the hearthstone of my heart!

'Tis for this, thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

#### BLIND BARTIMEUS.

~~~~~~~~

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a
breath

Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!" And calls, in tones of agony, Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase; Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace! But still, above the noisy crowd, The beggar's cry is shrill and loud; Until they say, "He calleth thee!" Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεί σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"

And he replies, "O give me light! Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!" And Jesus answers, Υπαγε' Ή πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty Voices Three. Ίησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με! Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε! Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

#### THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

~^^^^

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim; And though my eyes with tears are dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim, And chant a melancholy hymn With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, — no garlands green,

Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen, Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,

Like gleams of sunshine, flash between

Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art, Is filled with waters, that upstart When the deep fountains of the heart, By strong convulsions rent apart, Are running all to waste.

4000

4.44.0

16,2,0,0

0

· 原原的 在我的最后就是我就是我就是我就会我就是我就是我就就就就就就就就就是我就是我的一个,我们也会会会,我也会会会会,这么说,我就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们也会会会会会会会会会会会。

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and
crowned, [browned
Whose seed and foliage sun-imAre in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood:

And gladiators, fierce and rude, Mingled it in their daily food; And he who battled and subdued, A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress

New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learnt to know How false its sparkling bubbles show, How bitter are the drops of woe With which its brim may overflow, He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,

The blackness of that noonday night, He asked but the return of sight, To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief, [lief,—
The alarm,—the struggle,—the reThen sleep we side by side.



Deep and still, that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem, As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with undecision, When bright angels in thy vision Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered Birdsand blossoms many-numbered;—Age, the bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows, To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot witherand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth, In thy heart the dew of youth, Who bere, mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passes, A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passes, A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device, Excelsior!

The very recover the tempest overhead, To many a sunless heart, For a smile of God thou art, For a smile of God the art and the proper of the fall of the

# Poems on Slubery.

1843.

[The following Poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

# TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read, And as I closed each one, My heart, responding, ever said, "Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold:

At times they seem to me, Like Luther's, in the days of old, Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and
yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless
Wail,
This dread Apocalypse.

#### THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of
sleep,
He saw his Native Land.
Wide through the landscape of his

dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen Among her children stand;

They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,

They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their
flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind

O'er plains where the tamarind grew,

Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts, And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the
reeds

Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,

Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,

Shouted of liberty; And the Blast of the Desert cried

aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and
smiled

At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,

Nor the burning heat of day;

For Death had illumined the Land of

Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

STATEMENT OF THE PARTY OF THE P

#### THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL On his forehead he bore the brand of SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp The hunted Negro lay; He saw the fire of the midnight camp,

第二章 李子子子子,第三章 李子子,李子子子,只是李子子,是李子子,是《大学》,"我们是一个女子,"一个女子,一个女子,是李子子子,是他们的是一个人的,她们就是

And heard at times a horse's tramp And a bloodhound's distant bay,

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine.

In bulrush and in brake; Where waving mosses shroud the

[vine And the cedar grows, and the poisonous Is spotted like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,

Or a human heart would dare, On the quaking turf of the green morass grass

He crouched in the rank and tangled Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame; Great scars deformed his face;

shame, And the rags, that hid his mangled Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair, All things were glad and free; Lithe squirrels darted here and there, And wild birds filled the echoing air With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain, From the morning of his birth; On him alone the curse of Cain Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain, And struck him to the earth I

#### 10000 000000 THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY, SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side, In valleys green and cool; And all her hope and all her pride Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air That robes the hills above,

Though not of earth, encircles there All things with arms of love.
And thus she walks among her girls With praise and mild rebuke; Subdaing e'en rude village churls By her angelic looks.
She reads to them at eventide Of One who came to save; And liberate the slave.
And off the blessed time fortetlis When all men shall be free; And musical, as silver bells, Their falling chains shall be.
And following her beloved Lord, In decent powerty, She makes her life one sweet record And deed of charity.
For she was rich, and gave up all To break the iron bands Of those who waited in her hall, And laboured in her hall, I long since, beyond the Southern sea. Their outbound sails have sped, While she, in meek humility, Now earns her daily bread.
It is their prayers, which never cease, That clothe her with such grace; Their blessing is the light of peace That shines upon her face.
That I could not choose but hear.
Songs of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Zion, bright and free. In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang of Cion; the Lord arisen, Prejated with chains, Their wrists are cramped with gives. They giare from the abyss; They giare from the abys; They giare from the abyss; They giare from the abyss; They

The Planter, under his roof of thatch, Snoked thoughfully and slow; The Slaver's thumby was on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

He said, "My ship at anchor rides In yonder broad lagoon; I only wait the evening tides, And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised, In timid attitude, Like one half-curious, half-amazed, A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light, Her arms and neck were bare; No garment she wore save a kirtle bright, And her own long raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile. As holy, meek, and faint, As lights in some cathedral aisle. The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old, The thoughfull Planter said; Then looked upon the Slaver's gold, And then upon the maid.

His beart within him was at strife. With such accursed gains; [life, For he knew whose passions gave her Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak; He took the glittering gold! Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek, Her hands as iey cold.

The hands as iey cold.

The accuracy of his sightless woe; The poor, blind Slave, the sooff and jest of all, sharen,—the farm is old, Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek, Her hands as iey cold.

The pale as death grew the maiden's cheek, Her hands as iey cold.

The dual the voice of nature was too weak; He took the glittering gold! Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek, Her hands as iey cold.

The form the word of Bruges, In the quaint old Flemish city, As the evening shades descended, Low at times and loud at times, And changing like a poet's rhymes, Rang the beautiful wild chimes from the belify in the market Of the ancient town of Bruges, and changing like a poet's rhymes, Rang the beautiful wild chimes from the belify in the market Of the ancient town of Bruges, and the control of the control of the control of the control

Of some burgher home returning, By the street lamps faintly burning, For a moment woke the echoes Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers Still I heard those magic numbers As they loud proclaimed the flight And stolen marches of the night; Till their chimes in sweet collision Mingled with each wandering vision, Mingled with the fortune-telling Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies, Which amid the waste expanses Of the silent land of trances Have their solitary dwelling; All else seemed alseep in Bruges, In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes Are the poet's airy rhymes, All his rhymes and roundelays, His conceits, and songs, and ditties, From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in vain, On the roofs and stones of cities! For by night the drowsy ear Under its curtains cannot hear,

?"白兄是只在人员道法是我的人,是是这人是是我的人,他们是我们的人,他们是我们的人,他们是我们的人,他们是我们的一个,他们是我们的人,他们是我们的人,我们是我们 第二章 是是是是我们的人,是是我们是我们是我们是我们是我们的人,我们就是我们的一个,我们是我们的一个,我们是我们的一个,我们就是我们的一个,我们就是我们的一个,

And by day men go their ways, Hearing the music as they pass, But deeming it no more, alas! Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight, Lodging at some humble inn In the narrow lanes of life, When the dusk and hush of night Shut out the incessant din Of daylight and its toil and strife, May listen with a calm delight To the poet's melodies, Till he hears, or dreams he hears, Intermingled with the song, Thoughts that he has cherished long; Hears amid the chime and singing The bells of his own village ringing, And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes

Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, Listening with the wild delight To the chimes that, through the night, Rang their changes from the belfry Of that quaint old Flemish city.

#### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown; Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town. As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood, And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood. Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray, Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay. At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there, Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air. Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour, But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower. From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high; And the world beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky, Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times, With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes, Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir; And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar: Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain; They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again! All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer, Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre. I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;

\* Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold. **32** 

Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;\*

# THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies; Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground; I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound:

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen, And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold, Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west, Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.\*

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote; And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand, "I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!" †

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware, Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

## A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

This is the place. Stand still, my The clover-blossoms in the grass Let me review the scene, [steed, And summon from the shadowy Past The forms that once have been.

Ý

Ż

The Past and Present here unite Beneath Time's flowing tide, Like footprints hidden by a brook, . But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town; There the green lane descends, Through which I walked to church with thee,

O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees Lay moving on the grass; Between them and the moving boughs A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies, And they heart as pure as they: One of God's holy messengers Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees Bend down thy touch to meet, Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares, Of earth and folly born!" Solemnly sang the village choir On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden Poured in a dusty beam, Like the celestial ladder seen By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind, Sweet-scented with the hay, Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon, Yet it seemed not so to me; For he spake of Ruth the beautiful, And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered, Yet it seemed not so to me; For in my heart I prayed with him, And still I thought of thee.

\* The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent, by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

† The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is "Mynen naem is Roland; als ik blep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victoire in het land." My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

D

But now, alas! the place seems
Thou art no longer here: [changed,
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

XXXX

**እ**አአአ

XX

¥

Y

XXX

XXXXXXXXX

XXXXX

Ŷ

Y

X

Y Y Though thoughts, deep rooted in my heart,

Like pine-trees dark and high,

Subdue the light of noon, and breathe A low and ceaseless sigh;

Ä

**₩₩₩₩₩₩₩** 

This memory brightens o'er the past, As when the sun, concealed Behind some cloud that near us hangs,

Shines on a distant field.

### NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song, Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold, Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme, That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band, Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where, in old heroic days, Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art: Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone, By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust, And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare, Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart, Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes, Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild, Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme, And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom. In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft, Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

#### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor, And a garland in the window, and his sace above the door; Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,\* As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."

in a vision :-

anced a contraction of the contr

D 2

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care, Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard; But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil, The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

# THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.\*

**⑤→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•→•** 

I saw, as in a dream sublime, The balance in the hand of Time. O'er East and West its beam impended;

Andsday, with all its hours of light, Was slowly sinking out of sight, While, opposite, the scale of night Silently with the stars ascended. Like the astrologers of eld, In that bright vision I beheld Greater and deeper mysteries. I saw, with its celestial keys, Its chords of air, its frets of fire, The Samian's great Æolian lyre, Rising through all its sevenfold bars, From earth unto the fixed stars. And through the dewy atmosphere, Not only could I see, but hear, Its wondrous and harmonious strings, In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere, From Dian's circle light and near, Onward to vaster and wider rings, Where, chanting through his beard of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes, And down the sunless realms of space Reverberates the thunder of his bass. Beneath the sky's triumphal arch This music sounded like a march, And with its chorus seemed to be Preluding some great tragedy. Sirius was rising in the east; And, slow ascending one by one, The kindling constellations shone. Begirt with many a blazing star,

\* Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect, as I app'y to a constellation what can properly be app ied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science, and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she feared the voice of God,
Un'armed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and
try

Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace, And triumph in her sweet pale face, She reached the station of Orion. Aghast he stood in strange alarm! And suddenly from his outstretched arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the buil; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Œnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain-gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead, An angel with a trumpet said, "For evermore, for evermore, The reign of violence is o'er!" And like an instrument that flings Its music on another's strings, The trumpet of the angel cast

### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

Upon the heavenly lyre its blast, And on from sphere to sphere the words

Recchoed down the burning chords,—
"For evermore, for evermore,
1 of violence is o'er!"

\*\*\*\*

#### RSENAL AT SPRING-FIELD.

the Arsenal. From floor to ling,

huge organ, rise the burhed arms,

their silent pipes no anthem

, the village with strange

t a sound will rise, how wild 1 dreary,

the death-angel touches se swift keys i What loud lament and dismal Miserere

Will mingle with their awful symphonies; I hear even now the infinite flerce chorus,

The cries of agony, the endless groan,

Which through the ages that have gone before us, [own. In long reverberations reach our

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,

Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,

And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the
Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace

Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village,

The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;

The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;

The wail of famine in beleaguered towns:

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade:

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,

The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises, [these,

With such accursed instruments as Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices.

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,

There were no need for arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!

And every nation, that should lift again

Its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace; and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

#### TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,

With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,

Thou gazest at the painted tiles, Whose figures grace

Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the brave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

**ᢀ**ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ᠔ᡮ

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!

Those silver bells
Reposed of yore
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!

And thus for thee, O little child, Through many a danger and escape, The tall ships passed the stormy cape; For thee in foreign lands remote, Beneath the burning, tropic skies, The Indian peasant, chasing the wild

goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of dead centuries.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.

# THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison-walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles
Delight thee, nor the playthings on
the floor,

¥

Y

¥

\*\\*\\*\\*\\*\\*\\*\

Y

That won thy little beating heart before;

Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls, One whom memory oft recalls, The Father of his Country dwelt. And yonder meadows broad and damp The fires of the besieging camp Encircled with a burning belt. Up and down these echoing stairs, Heavy with the weight of cares, Sounded his majestic tread; Yes, within this very room Sat he in those hours of gloom, Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?

Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,

With cheeks as round and red as they; And now among the yellow stalks, Among the flowering shrubs and plants, As restless as the bee.

Along the garden-walks

The tracks of thy small carriagewheels I trace;

And see at every turn how they efface Whole villages of sand-roofed tents, That rise like golden domes Above the cavernous and secret homes Of wandering and nomadic tribes of Ah, cruel little Tamerlane, [ants. Who, with thy dreadful reign, Dost persecute and overwhelm These hapless Troglodytes of thy

These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

*ʹͺϫϧ;ϧ;ϧ;ϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧϧ* 

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,

And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,

Or murmuring sound of water as it flows.

Thou comest back to parley with repose!

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree, With its o'erhanging golden canopy Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues, | dews,

ンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポンポン

And shining with the argent light of Shall for a season be our place of rest. Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,

From which the laughing birds have taken wing,

By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.

Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;

A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,

And like it, to a sea as wide and deep, Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous
thought,

Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,

<u></u>

A luminous circle faint and dim, And scarcely visible to us here, Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;

A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.
Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth

And if a more auspicious fate. On thy advancing steps await, Still let it ever be thy pride To linger by the labourer's side; With words of sympathy or song To cheer the dreary march along

Of the great army of the poor, O'er desert sand, or dangerous moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they
smote

The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that
hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue, The secret of the sounding wire, And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer; I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
'And burns to ashes in the skies.

## THE NORMAN BARON.

"Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des sers, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes `son image."—Thierry, Conquête de l'Angleterre

<del>᠙</del>᠆᠙᠆᠈᠅᠆᠈᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᠵ᠅᠅᠙᠅᠅᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠅ᢣ᠈ᢣ᠈ᢣᢀᢣᢀᢣᢀᢣ᠐

In his chamber, weak and dying, Was the Norman baron lying; [dered, Loud, without, the tempest thun-And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer, Spite of vassal and retainer, And the lands his sires had plundered, Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated, Who in humble voice repeated Many a prayer and pater-noster From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighbouring
Rang for the Nativity. [kloster,

In the hall, the serf and vassal [sail; Held, that night, their Christmas was-Many a carol, old and saintly,

Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen Sang to slaves the songs of freemen, That the storm was heard but faintly, Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted Reached the chamber terror-haunted, Where the monk, with accents holy, Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened, As he paused a while and listened, And the dying baron slowly Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger Born and cradled in a manger! King, like David, priest, like Aaron, Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted Figures on the casement painted, And exclaimed the shuddering baron, "Miserere, Domine!"

# RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber
Looks at the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

oldsymboldsym

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
hide,
Stretches the plain,,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand!
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers underground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to
birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to

Climbing up once more to heaven,

Opposite the setting sun.

earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable
wheel

Turning for evermore In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

 $oldsymbol{c}$ 

# THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

#### THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance Of that lovely night in June, The blaze of the flaming furnace Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters, The wavering shadows lay, And the current that came from the

Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,

Rose the belated tide, And, streaming into the moonlight, The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing Among the wooden piers, A flood of thoughts came o'er me That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often, In the days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at midnight And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often, I had wished that the ebbing tide Would bear me away on its bosom O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless. And my life was full of care, And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me. It is buried in the sea; And only the sorrow of others Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river On its bridge with wooden piers, Like the odour of brine from the ocean Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands Of care-encumbered men, Each bearing his burden of sorrow, Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession Still passing to and fro, The young heart hot and restless, And the old subdued and slow!

And for ever and for ever, As long as the river flows, As long as the heart has passions, As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection And its shadows shall appear, As the symbol of love in heaven, And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws, Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken. Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints. What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints? How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies? [mountains?

How canst thou breathe in this, who hast breathed the sweet air of the Ah! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements, Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash! There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches. There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!

· 43

# THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

# The Seaside and the Fireside. 1849.

#### DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom, Hears round about him voices as it darkens, And seeing not the forms from which they come, Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here, in twilight, O my friends! I hear your voices, softened by the distance, And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told, Has ever given delight or consolation, Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold, By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown! Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token, That teaches me, when seeming most alone, Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land; Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history, In which we feel the pressure of a hand,— One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among Our household treasures take familiar places, And are to us as if a living tongue Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold, With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance; Therefore to me ye never will grow old, But live for ever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away! Your gentle voices will flow on for ever, When life grows bare and tarnished with decay, As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends, Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations, But the endeavour for the selfsame ends, With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk, Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion; Not interrupting with intrusive talk The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest, At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted, To have my place reserved among the rest, Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

# BY THE SEASIDE.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

" BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!

Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard; [heart For his heart was in his work, and the Giveth grace unto every art. A quiet smile played round his lips, As the eddies and dimples of the tide Play round the bows of ships, That steadily at anthor ride. And with a voice that was full of glee, He answered, "Ere lone we will launch

A vessel as goodly, staunch,

As ever weathered a

And first with nicest Perfect and finished

**90000000000000000**00

A little model the Master wrought, Which should be to the larger plan What the child is to the man, Its counterpart in miniature; That with a hand more swift and sure The greater labour might be brought To answer to his inward thought. And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er The various ships that were built of

And above them all, and strangest of

Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall, [wall, Whose picture was hanging on the

And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,

Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of
the blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast, Might not the sharp bows overwhelm; Broad in the beam but sloping aft With graceful curve and slow degrees, That she might be docile to the helm, And that the currents of parted seas, Closing behind, with mighty force, Might aid and not impede her course. In the ship-yard stood the Master,

LEAL LEASTENDER DE PORTO DE PORTO DE PORTO DE PORTO DE LE LEASTE DE LE LEASTE DE LEAST

With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with
these,

The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean, But every climate, every soil, Must bring its tribute, great or small, And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest
meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke In ripples on the pebbly beach, Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth, The old man and the fiery youth! The old man, in whose busy brain Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand, [land When he had built and launched from What the elder head had planned.

COCCERCE COCC

ののかんり

**せいののとうじゅんのいんののとうかいこうしょうじゅ** 

"Thus," said he, "we will build this ship!

Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the Union be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,

He saw the form of his promised bride,
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and
fair,

[sea-air.

With the breath of morn and the soft Like a beauteous barge was she, Still at rest on the sandy beach, Just beyond the billow's reach; But he

Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!
Thus with the rising of the sum
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-yard's
bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along

The blocks, well placed upon the slip. Happy, thrice happy every one Who sees his labour well begun, And not perplexed and multiplied, By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er, The young man at the Master's door Sat with the maiden, calm and still. And within the porch, a little more Removed beyond the evening chill, The father sat, and told them tales Of wrecks in the great September gales, Of pirates upon the Spanish Main, And ships that never came back again, The chance and change of a sailor's

Want and plenty, rest and strife, His roving fancy, like the wind, That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands, With shadows of palms and shining sands,

Where the tumbling surf, O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar, Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar, As he lies alone and asleep on the turf. And the trembling maiden held her breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea, With all its terror and mystery, The dim, dark sea, so like unto death, That divides and yet unites mankind! And whenever the old man paused, a

From the bowl of his pipe would a while illume

The silent group in the twilight gloom, And thoughtful faces, as in a dream; And for a moment one might mark What had been hidden by the dark, That the head of the maiden lay at rest, Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, With timbers fashioned strong and Stemson and keelson and sternson-Till, framed with perfect symmetry, A skeleton ship rose up to view! And around the bows and along the side

The heavy hammers and mallets plied, Till after many a week, at length, Wonderful for form and strength, Sublime in its enormous bulk, Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing, seething Rose from the boiling, bubbling, Caldron, that glowed, [sheathing. And overflowed With the black tar, heated for the And amid the clamours Of clattering hammers, He who listened heard now and then The song of the Master and his

"Build me straight, O worthy Master, Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band, Lay the rudder on the sand, That, like a thought, should have control

Over the movement of the whole; And near it the anchor, whose giant the land, Would reach down and grapple with And immovable and fast Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast! And at the bows an image stood, By a cunning artist carved in wood, With robes of white, that far behind Seemed to be fluttering in the wind. It was not shaped in a classic mould, Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old, Or Naiad rising from the water, But modelled from the Master's daughter!

On many a dreary and misty night, 'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,

Speeding along through the rain and the dark.

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark, The pilot of some phantom bark, Guiding the vessel, in its flight, By a path none other knows aright! Behold, at last,

Each tall and tapering mast Is swung into its place; \*

\* Vessels are sometimes, though not usually, launched fully rigged. I have availed myself of the exception, as be ter suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see by the following extract of a letter from a friend in Portland. Maine, that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic licence:

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a

stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched

48

 $oldsymbol{eta}$ 

## BY THE SEASIDE.

Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!
Long ago

In the deer-haunted forests of Maine, When upon mountain and plain

Lay the snow,

They fell,—those lordly pines! Those grand, majestic pines! 'Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers

\* \* \*

Panting beneath the goad, [road Dragged down the weary, winding Those captive kings so straight and tall.

To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not
see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless.

In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet
and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in his splendours dight, [sight. The great sun rises to behold the

The ocean old, Centuries old, Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled, Paces restless to and fro, Up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest; And far and wide,

last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day, and was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Heaves with the heaving of his breast. He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands,

His beard of snow

With her foot upon the sands, Decked with flags and streamers gay, In honour of her marriage-day,

Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,

Round her like a veil descending, Ready to be

The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said, The service read, Thead; The joyous bridegroom bows his And in tears the good old Master Shakes the brown hand of his son, Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek In silence, for he cannot speak, And ever faster Down his own the tears begin to run. The worthy pastor— The shepherd of that wandering flock, That has the ocean for its wold, That has the vessel for its fold, Leaping ever from rock to rock, Spake, with accents mild and clear, Words of warning, words of cheer, But tedious to the bridegroom's ear. He knew the chart Of the sailor's heart, All its pleasures and its griefs, All its shallows and rocky reefs, All those secret currents that flow With such resistless undertow, And lift and drift, with terrible force, The will from its moorings and its course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,

Seems at its distant rim to rise [skies, And climb the crystal wall of the And then again to turn and sink, As if we could slide from its outer brink.

Ah! it is not the sea, It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

<u> Proposition of the contraction of the contraction</u>

49

With ceaseless flow,

E

But ourselves That rock and rise With endless and uneasy motion, Now touching the very skies, Now sinking into the depths of ocean. Ah! if our souls but poise and swing Like the compass in its brazen ring, Ever level and ever true To the toil and the task we have to do, We shall sail securely, and safely reach beach The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining The sights we see, and the sounds we hear, Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

はなけられれははは

也是是这个人,也是是一个人。"他们是是一个人,他们是是一个人,他们们是一个人,他们们们们是一个人,他们们们们们的一个人,他们们们们是一个人,他们们们们们的一个人,他们们们

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves—she seems to
feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the

ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say,—
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and
gray,

Take her to thy protecting arms, . With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair She lies within those arms, that press

Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onard steer!

The moistened eye, the trembling lip, Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life, O gentle, loving, trusting wife, And safe from all adversity Upon the bosom of that sea Thy comings and thy goings be! For gentleness and love and trust Prevail o'er angry wave and gust; And in the wreck of noble lives Something immortal still survives! **建设的现在时间的现在分词的** 

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O UNION, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel. rope, Who made each mast, and sail, and What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! shock, Fear not each sudden sound and Tis of the wave and not the rock: 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest's roar, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes are all with Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

#### THE EVENING STAR.

•

JUST above you sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,

Lonely and lovely, a single star Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splendour,

And the gleam of that single star Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea, Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,

Leaving the arms of Callirhoe, For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion
brightly:

Is it a God, or is it a star

That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

50

e de la estación de la company de la company

xanalanananan kanan kana

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All the old romantic legends, All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal, Such as gleam in ancient lore; And the singing of the sailors, And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad Haunts me oft, and tarries long, Of the noble Count Arnaldos And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
- Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos, With his hawk upon his hand, Saw a fair and stately galley Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman Chant a song so wild and clear, That the sailing sea-bird slowly Poised upon the mast to hear

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous
song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered,

"Learn the secret of the sea? Only those who brave its dangers Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

#### TWILIGHT.

**~~~~~~~** 

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage There shines a ruddier light, And a little face at the window Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,

As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,

Drive the colour from her cheek?

#### SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.\*

おかれたのははのはないのでは、日本のののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本のでは、日

Southward with fleet of ice Sailed the corsair Death; Wild and fast blew the blast, And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed, And ice-cold grew the night;

\* "When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of Sept mber he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived through much tempest at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—BELK-NAP'S American Biography, i. 203.

And never more, on sea or shore, Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish
main:

Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward, They drift through dark and day; And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream Sinking, vanish all away.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea, And on its outer point, some miles away,

The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry, [day. A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by

Even at this distance I can see the tides, [base, Upheaving, break unheard along its A speechless with that rises and

A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides

In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright, [twilight air, Through the deep purple of the Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light

With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape [verge, And perilous reef along the ocean's

Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape, Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands [wave, Upon the brink of the tempestuous

Wading far out among the rocks and sands,

The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,

Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,

And ever joyful, as they see it burn, They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails

Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,

And eager faces, as the light unveils.

Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers, when a child, On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;

And when, returning from adventures wild, [brink.

He saw it rise again o'er ocean's

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same

Year after year, through all the silent night

Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame, [light! Shines on that inextinguishable

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the
kiss of peace;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,

And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm

Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,

And steadily against its solid form

Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din [cries, Of wings and winds and solitary

52

ner de la comparie de

#### BY THE FIRESIDE.

Blinded and maddened by the light within, [and dies. Dashes himself against the glare,

new Prometheus chained upon the

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock.

Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove, [shock,

It does not hear the cry, nor heed the But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!

And with your floating bridge the ocean span; [eclipse,

Be mine to guard this light from all Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

# THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

••••••••••

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the
bay. [cold.

Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town,

The lighthouse, the dismantled fort, The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

は、100mmので

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene, Of what we once had thought and said, [been,

Of what had been, and might have And who was changed, and who was dead:

And all that fills the hearts of friends, When first they feel, with secret pain, Their lives henceforth have separate ends,

And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but
mark:

The leaves of memory seemed to make A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed, [main,— We thought of wrecks upon the Of ships dismasted, that were hailed And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames, The ocean, roaring up the beach, The gusty blast, the bickering flames, All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the
brain,

The long-lost ventures of the heart, That send no answer back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!

They were indeed too much akin.
The driftwood fire without that burned, [glowed within.
The thoughts that burned and

# BY THE FIRESIDE.

### RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched The air is full of farewells to the dying, and tended,

And mournings for the dead;

But one dead lamb is there! [fended, There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted!

\*

Lct us be patient! These severe afflictions Not from the ground arise,

日本教育教育のないというないないはないないないないないのは、 これのはないないので

THE THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

Dut oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise,

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,

Amid these earthly damps; What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,

May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,--But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,

By guardian angels led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing

In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,

Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives,

## 

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold For when with raptures wild [her; In our embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,

Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion

Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion

And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning
like the ocean,

That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling

We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

### THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may
dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure; With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain

To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

# SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

/000000000000

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime

Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of
Time,

The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been

About these deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen.

How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelita
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's
sight
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare.

Crushed it beneath their tread; Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air

Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth Held close in her caress,

Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith

Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms

Pacing the Dead Sea beach, And singing slow their old Armenian psalms

In half-articulate speech;

inaperendungan perupakan kangan perupakan perupakan perupakan berapakan berapakan berapakan berapakan berapakan

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate | And borne aloft by the sustaining blast, With westward steps depart; Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of

Fate, And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have passed!

Now in this crystal tower

Imprisoned by some curious hand at

It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;-

Before my dreamy eye

Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,

Its unimpeded sky,

This little golden thread

Dilates into a column high and vast, A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting

Across the boundless plain. The column and its broader shadow

Till Thought pursues in valu.

The vision vanishes! These walls again

Shut out the lurid sun.

Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain: The half-hour's sand is run l

5ô

### THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

ò

あるがないなるなるないないとのなるとのとなるななななななななるの

グラれれがあかれたか

þ

高条彩新 我我我我我我我我也不好也必必以在

The large Newfoundland house-dog Was standing by the door; He looked for his little playmates, Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

## PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and
sheaves;

And, like living coals, the apples Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape, In its gleaming vapour veiled; Not the less he breathed the odours That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common, By the schoolboys he was found; And the wise men, in their wisdom, Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier, Ringing loud his brazen bell, Wandered down the street proclaiming

光色灰色灰灰

ू ,ध

6.4.4

"出共中"就然就就就就就就就就是这个人,中心也是这些我的,我就是我就是我就是我就是我就是我的,我也是是我们的,我们是是这个人,我们是是这个人,我们就是这些人,我们就是这个人,我们就是这个人,我们就是

o

0.00

也也也在我我也就然也就然

There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening Fell, with vapours cold and dim; But it brought no food nor shelter, Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently and still expectant,

Looked he through the wooden
bars.

Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape, Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring farmyard,

Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the greensward, Where his struggling hoofs had trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing Gladdens the whole region round, Strengthening all who drink its waters,

While it soothes them with its sound.

## KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons, Ere yet his last he breathed, To the merry monks of Croyland His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,

And drank from the golden bowl,

They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.
So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.
They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,

And to each of the Twelve Apostles
Who had preached his holy word.
They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.
And the reader droned from the
pulput,
Like the murmur of many bees,

### BY THE FIRESIDE.

气纸架架架架架头头拖床头笼夹头头头夹架架架架长头架在头架在头头上来来来看着大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大

The legend of good St. Guthlac, And St. Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent, From their prison in the tower, Guthiac and Bartholomæus, Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,

And the Abbot bowed his head, And the flamelets flapped and flickered.

But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels

The jovial monks forbore,

For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!

We must drink to one Saint more!"

### TEGNER'S DEATH.

.000000000000

I HEARD a voice that cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead!" And through the misty air Passed like the mournful cry Of sunward-sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice for ever cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead!" And died away Through the dreary night, In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air Bound were by magic spell Never to do him harm; Even the plants and stones; All save the mistletoe, The sacred mistletoe! Hæder, the blind old God, Whose feet are shod with silence, Pierced through that gentle breast With his sharp spear, by fraud Made of the mistletoe, The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship, With horse and harness, As on a funeral pyre. Odin placed A ring upon his finger, And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship! It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

44.4

٥

۵

0 0 0

440

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!
The law of love prevails!
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more, O ye bards of the North, Of Vikings and of Jarls! Of the days of Eld Preserve the freedom only, Not the deeds of blood.

### GASPAR BECERRA.

~~~~~~~

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of
fame.

Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

V V INTERNACIONAL ERECTORISTA DE LA CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA DE LA CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA DE LA CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA

LA CONTRACIONA DEL CONTRACIONA DEL

From a distant Eastern island Had the precious wood been brought; Day and night the anxious master

At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding, Sat he now in shadows deep, And the day's humiliation Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master! From the burning brand of oak Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"

**大大大大大** 

TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

And the startled artist woke,---

Woke, and from the smoking embers Seized and quenched the glowing wood:

And therefrom he carved an image, And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet! Take this lesson to thy heart: That is best which lieth nearest; Shape from that thy work of art.

### THE SINGERS.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

God sent his Singers upon earth With songs of sadness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of

The first, a youth, with soul of fire, Held in his hand a golden lyre; Through groves he wandered, and by streams,

Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face, Stood singing in the market-place, And stirred with accents deep and loud

The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last, Sang in cathedrals dim and vast, While the majestic organ rolled And bring them back to heaven again. | Contrition from its mouths of gold.

*፞፠ቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቚቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቚቚቚቘቘጜቘቘጜጜቔቚጜጜቚቚቚቚጜዿጜቘቘቘቘቘቘቘቜቜቚ* 

And those who heard the Singers three Disputed which the best might be; For still their music seemed to start Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see No best in kind, but in degree; I gave a various gift to each, To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,

And he whose ear is tuned aright Will hear no discord in the three, But the most perfect harmony.'

### SUSPIRIA. -

TAKE them, O Death! and bear [own! Whatever thou canst call thine Thine image, stamped upon this clay, Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie Folded upon thy narrow shelves, As garments by the soul laid by, And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity! Our little life is but a gust That bends the branches of thy tree, And trails its blossoms in the dust!

**老妹被将**我将我的人,我们是我们是是他的人,我们是是一个人,是是一个人,他们是这样,我们是是一个人,他们是一个人,我们是我们是我们的一个人,我们们是一个人,他们

### HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:

If thou wouldst perfect be, Sell all thou hast and give it to the And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, un-

Those sacred words hath said, And his invisible hands to-day have been

"我年"点水中分布发光彩彩彩彩彩的水光彩彩彩彩的的水子的

我就在然在水炭其我就就在我就就就就就就就就就

女ないなな

-ß

水學其然在然

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way The unseen Christ shall move, That he may lean upon his arm and

"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall

To make the scene more fair; Beside him in the dark Gethsemane Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest! Like the beloved John breast, To lay his head upon the Saviour's And thus to journey on!

# Translations.

# THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might Rehearse this little tragedy aright: Let me attempt it with an English quill; And take, O reader, for the deed the will.

JASMIN, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (la bouco pleno d'aouzelous). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

Those who may feel interested in knowing something about "Jasmin, Coiffeur"—for such is his calling—will find a description of his person and mode of life in the graphic pages of Bearn and the Pyrenees (vol. i. p. 369, et seq.), by Louisa Stewart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

AT the foot of the mountain height Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè, When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree In the plain below were growing white,

This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

This old Te Deum, rustic rights attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the clift, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valley,
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!
The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! low sweet it is 1
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gaily frolicking,
A band of wounesters

\* こから、かられたののな

A band of maidens Gaily frolicking, A band of youngsters Wildly rollicking! Kissing,

Caressing, With fingers pressing,

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,

They retreat and advance, Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish eyes, Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:

Those who catch me Married verily This year shall be!"

# TRANSLATIONS.

And all pursue with eager haste, And all attain what they pursue, And touch her pretty apron fresh and new, And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
And yet the bride is fair and young!
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers!—they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill,
In you cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendour,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged;
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane, Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.

She telleth fortunes, and none complain. She promises one a village swain, Another a happy wedding-day, And the bride a lovely boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers; She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her cyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;

Changing colour, as well he might,
When the beldame, wrinkled and gray,
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
Making the sign of the cross, doth say,—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"

And she was silent; and the maidens fair Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear; But on a little streamlet silver-clear, What are two drops of turbid rain? Saddehed a moment, the bridal train Resumed the dance and song again; The bridegroom only was pale with fear;

在午午之时,在是我不会我们是我们是我们的时候也不是我们的一个人,我们是一个女人,他们是我们的一个女人,我们是我们的一个女人,我们是我们的一个人,我们是这一个人

44

### TRANSLATIONS.

And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

11

And by suffering worn and weary, But beautiful as some fair angel yet, Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage ione and dreary:—

"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!

And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!
Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee?—what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me

For ever night! for ever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,

No more of grief! no more of lassitude! Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses, When seated by my side my hand he presses;

But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dving on the ground.

A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,

I need some bough to twine around!

In pity come! be to my suffering kind!

True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!

What then—when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!

O God! what thoughts within me waken!

Away! he will return! I do but rave!

He will return! I need not fear!

He swore it by our Saviour dear;

He could not come at his own will;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill!

Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,

Prepares for me some sweet surprise!

But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see!

And that deceives me not!—'tis he! 'tis he!"

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret

65

r

Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes; 'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—
'' Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send To tell her secret unto me! O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?" "My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends a while its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"
"I know it!" answered Margaret:

"I know it!" answered Margaret; Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet, Mastered again; and its hand of ice Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for a while alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold—art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?

It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
"Thy love I cannot all approve;

We must not trust too much to happiness;—

### TRANSLATIONS.

Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air;
Speaks of foul weather, or of fair,
At every word the maiden smiles!
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;

So that, departing at the evening's close, She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!

Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess!

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,

Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!

111

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting, How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray.

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray, But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare

At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All gloriousthat it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"
"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
Dost thou remember when our father said,

The night we watched beside his bed,
'O daughter, I am weak and low;
Take care of Paul, I feel that I am dying!'
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?

63

## TRANSLATIONS.

Come in! The bride will be here soon:
Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more—the blind girl, weak and weary!
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
"What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started;

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, impatient, urges evermore

Her steps towards the open door; And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,

And with her head, as Paul talks on again, Touches the crown of filigrane

Suspended from the low-arched portal, No more restrained, no more afraid, She walks, as for a feast arrayed,

And in the ancient chapel's sombre night They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
wedding ring is blessed: Baptiste recei

The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it. He must pronounce one word at least!

'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side
"Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath, Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee!"

And calmly in the air a knife suspended!

Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,

For anguish did its work so well,

That, ere the fatal stroke descended,

Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse, The De Profundis filled the air; Decked with flowers, a single hearse To the churchyard forth they bear: Village girls in robes of snow

69

### EVANGELINE.

Nuns in frigid cells At this holy tide, For want of something else. Christmas songs at times have tried. Let us by the fire Ever higher Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old, To the sound they beat, Sing by rivers cold, With uncovered heads and feet.

Let us by the fire Ever higher Sing them till the night expire!

Who by the fireside stands Stamps his feet and sings; But he who blows his hands Not so gay a carol brings. Let us by the fire Ever higher Sing them till the night expire!

# Ebungeline.

The second secon

# A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

THE story of "EVANGELINE" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Sejour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact or not has not been satisfactorily ascertained; the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simpleminded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect, when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed! Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean. Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest; List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

### PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant, Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut, Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

ć

### EVANGELINE.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway. There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys, Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within-doors Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens. Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them. Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens, Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome. Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment. Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of republics. Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners; There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance. Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oakleaves.

୵୬୫୯୭୭. ୧୬୫୯୭୭. ୧୬୫୮୭୧୭. ଅଟେ ଅଟେ ୧୭୧୭. ୧୭୧୭. ୧୫୫୭. ୧୫୫୭. ୧୫୫୭. ୧୫୫୭. ୧୫୫୭. ୧୫୫୫. ୧୫୫୫. ୧୫୫୫. ୧୫୫୫. ୧୫୫୫. ୧୫୫୫.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side, Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses! Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows. When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them, Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal, Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom, Handed down from mother to child, through long generations. But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty-Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow. Under the sycamore-trees were hives overhung by a penthouse, Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side, Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard:
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seragho, Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one Far of er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase, Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates Numberless noisy weathereocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré Lived on his sumy farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion; Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps, Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the willage,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of fixsil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men, For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and honoured of all men, For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and honoured of all men, For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and handson, least the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
But when the symm was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith,
But and the space with the serve of the safering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him; While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness. Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead. Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other, And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening. Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer, Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar, Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection. Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side, Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog, Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct, Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers; Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector, When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled. Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes, Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour. Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks, While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles, Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tessels of crimson, Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms. Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the firmyard, Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness; Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors, Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

oldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsymboldsym

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him, Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic, Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness. Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine. Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas, Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards. Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated, Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her. Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle, While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe, Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together. As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases, Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar, So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted, Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

76

### EVANGELINE.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith. And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him. "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as the footsteps paused on the threshold, "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee; Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco; Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes." Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith, Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:-"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad! Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them. Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe." Pausing a moment, to take pipe that Evangeline brought him, And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:-"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors, Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us. What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people." Then made answer the farmer:—" Perhaps some friendlier purpose Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

77

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children." "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith, Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:— "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal. Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds; Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower.' Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:— "Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields. Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean, Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon. Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract. Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth. René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn. Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?" As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's, Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken, And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

<u>ᲢᲢ</u>ᲠᲠᲛᲛᲠᲠᲝᲫᲛᲠᲠᲛᲢᲢᲠᲠᲛᲢᲢᲠᲛᲢᲧᲝᲛᲢᲠᲠᲛᲠᲑᲠᲠᲛᲛᲮᲠᲛᲛᲑᲠᲛᲢᲑᲠᲛᲢᲔᲑᲠᲛᲢᲢ₳ᲛᲛᲢᲠᲢᲛᲠᲠᲛᲛᲠᲠᲛᲢᲠᲠᲛᲢᲠᲛᲛᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢᲛᲛᲛᲛᲢᲢᲢᲢᲢ

BENT like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean, Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public; Shocks of yellow hairs, like the silken floss of the maize, hung Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal. Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick. Four long years in the time of the war had he languished a captive, Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English. Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion, Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike. He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children; For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses, And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children; And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable, And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell, And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes, With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village. Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith, Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand, "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village, And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand. Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,— "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser; And what their errand may be I know not better than others. Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?" "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith; "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore? Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"

### EVANGELINE.

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,-"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me, When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal." This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them. "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand, And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance, Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them. But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted, Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion Fell on an orphan girl who hved as maid in the household. She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold, Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice, As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

<del></del>

79

OF COORDACE CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance, And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven." Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language; All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table, Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré; While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn, Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties, Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed, And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin. Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver; And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare. Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed, While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside, Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner. Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre, Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row. Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure, Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household. Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness. Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone, And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer. Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed. Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness, Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden. Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber. Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven. This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage, Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife. Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean. Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber! Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard, Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

EVANGELINE.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment. And as she gazed from the window she saw serencily the moon pass Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps, As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré. Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas, Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor. Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning. Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlet Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows, Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward, Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway. Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced. Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doc Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together. Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted; For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together, All things were held in common, and what one had was another's. Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant: For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard, Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal. There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated; Threng good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith. Not far withdrawn from the leaves as the shade Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlets, Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard, Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones

(中华的大学家大家大家大家大学工程的大学工程的大学工程的大学工程的大学工程的大学工程的大学工程的

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission. "You are convened this day," he said, "by His Majesty's orders. Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness, Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds, Forfeited be to the Crown; and that you yourselves from this province Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs, Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures; So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker, Silent a monient they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose Louder and ever louder a wait of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway. Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith, As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

。 《中学》是中国的特殊的,是是一种的特殊的,但是一种的特殊的,但是一种的特殊的,也是一种的特殊的,但是一种的特殊的,也是一种的特殊的,也是一种的特殊的,也可以是一种的特殊的。

82

and the properties of the prop

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance. Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!' More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

4444

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,

EVANGELINE.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegian Death to these foreign soldiers; who seize on our homes and our harvests More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo I the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar. Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people.

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful Spake he, as, after the toesin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you? Forty years of my life have! I aboured among you, and taught you, Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another! Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness? This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred? Lo! where the crueified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer. O Father, forgive them! Let us repeat in one, and say, O Father, forgive them! Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak; And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!" Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak; And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!" Few series words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and solos of contrition succeeded that passionate outbrea There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;

ere en la company de la compan

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion, "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the livin Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father. Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper unt Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terr Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

8

.

### EVANGELINE.

In the dead of night she heard the whispering rain fall Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window. Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created! Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven; Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

ν

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house. Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women, Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore, Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland. Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen, While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants. All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply; All day long the wains came labouring down from the village. Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting, Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard. Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers. Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country, Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn, So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters. Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices, Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:— "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain! Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!" Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side, Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

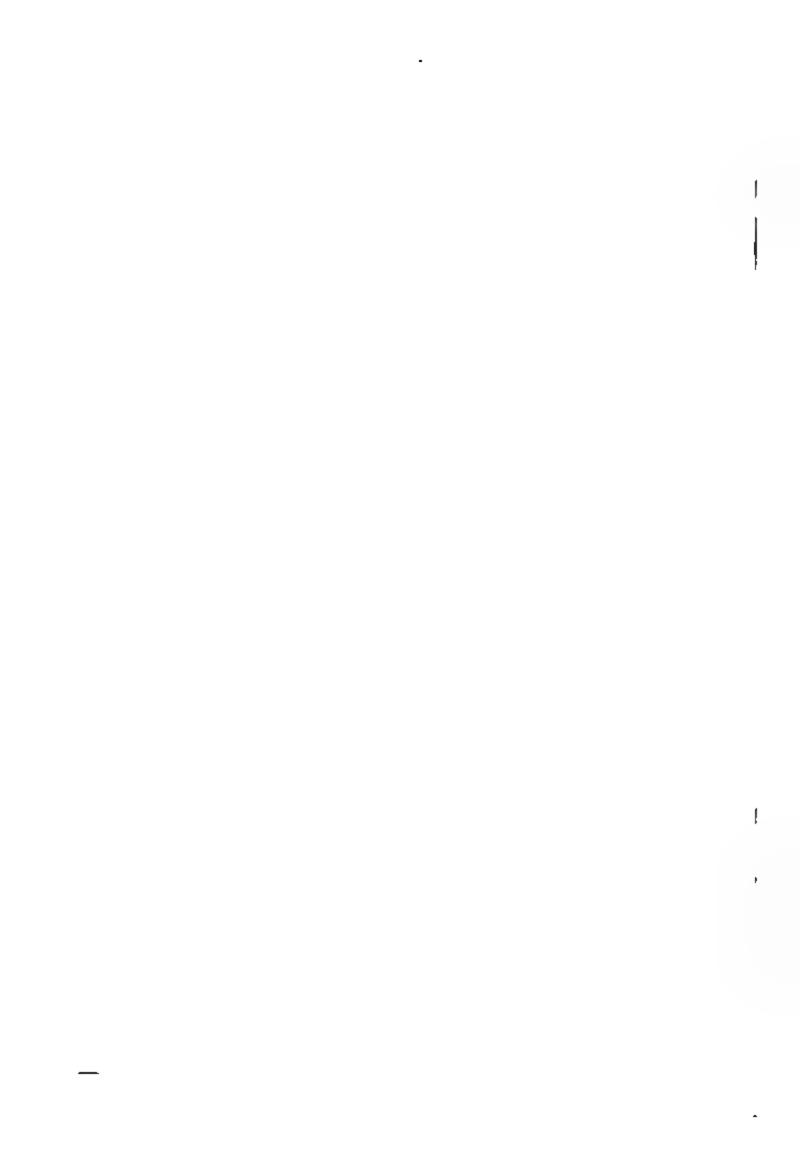
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children

Lest on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

observable of the content of the con



# 

### EVANGELINE.

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers. Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean, Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors. Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures; Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders; Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid. Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded, Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shore meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled, Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from the wrecks in the tempest. Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered. Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children. Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering, Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore. Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father, And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man, Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion, E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken. Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him, Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not, But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light. "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold, Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow. Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden, Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals. Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow, Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together. Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village, Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead. Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were [martyr. Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting, Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard. Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and their fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

87

TEXECTION OF THE TEXESTANCE TO THE TEXESTANCE TO THE TEXT TO THE T

RERECERE RECERCA RECER

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them; And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion, Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror. Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom. Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber; And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her. Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her; Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion. Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape, Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her, And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,-"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile, Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.' Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside, Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches, But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré. And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow, Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation, Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean, With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward. Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking; And with the ebb of that tide the ship sailed out of the harbour, Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

### PART THE SECOND.

BACARAGE CONTRACTOR CO

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré, When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed, Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile, Exile without an end, and without an example in story. Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland. Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,-From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean, . Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth. Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken, Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside. Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards. Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things. Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended, Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her, Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper, Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him, But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies; Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana." Then would they say,—" Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer? Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy! Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses. Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—"I cannot! Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway, Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness." And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor, Said, with a smile,—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee! Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment; That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain. Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection! Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike, Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike, Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!" Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited. Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean, But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!" Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort, Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence. Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps:— Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence; But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley: Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only; Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it, Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur; Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

Ħ.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River, Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash, Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi, Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen. It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together, Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune; Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay, Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician. Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests, Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river; Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

#### EVANGELINE.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current, Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin, Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded. Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river, Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens, Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots. They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer, Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron, Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine, Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters, Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction. Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals. Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset, Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter. Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water, Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches, Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin. Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them; And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,— Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies, Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa, So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil, Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it. But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight. It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom. Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her, And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

4 4

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen, And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle. Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang, Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest. Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music. Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance, Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches; But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness; And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence. Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight, Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs, Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers. And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert, Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest, Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya. Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

我也可以我的女子我也有我的我的我们是我们是我们的我们的我们,也是我们是我们就是我们的一个人,我们是我们的一个我们的我们的一个人就是我们的一个人的一个人的一个

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms, And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands, Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses, Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber. Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended. Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin, Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward, Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered. Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar. Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob, On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending, Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom. Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it. Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water, Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers. Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver. At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn. Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written. Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless, Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow. Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island, But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos, So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows, And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers; Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie. After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance, As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—"O Father Felician! Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?" Then, with a blush, she added,—"Alas for my credulous fancy! Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning. But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, -"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning. Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden. Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions. Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward, On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin. There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom, There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-fold. Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees; Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest. They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.'

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey. Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; Twinkling vapours arose; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

深密力保证法保护产品或保证法院的现在分词的现在分词法院的证法的证法的证法。

一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个

EVANGELINE.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud, with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water. Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. Touched by the nagic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling Glowed with a light of love, as the skies and waters around her. Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung of er the water, Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen. Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes. Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation; Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches. With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion, Slowly they entered the Tèche, where it flows through the green Opelousas, And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland, Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling;—Sounds of a horn they heard and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'crshadowed by oaks, from whose branches Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms, Filling the air with fragrance. The louse itself was of timbers Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together. Large and low was the roof; and on skender columns supported, Rose-wrenthed, vine-encireled, a broad and spacious veranda, Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it. At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden, Stationed right of the principal columns and the state of

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean. Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie, And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance. Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him. Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder; When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith. Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden. There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer, Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces, Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful. Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed, Broke the silence and said,—" If you came by the Atchafalaya, How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?" Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed. Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder, All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented. Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,— "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to day he departed. Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence. Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever, Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles, He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens, Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards. Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains, Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver. Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him. Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river, Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus, Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured, Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips, Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters. Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith, All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour; Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate, And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them:

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise. Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the airy veranda, Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

**LARGE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE RECONSTRUCTION** 

於獨我在各名先為此在何以為何以以一次及其他并不施此其也然為此日本九號就就在在此之

\* \$ 1.0 3 0 To

4. 12. ()

\$ . K

一次可以是各种中国各种的各种人的各种人的各种人的各种的各种的各种的各种的

Over the joyons feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent withut, and, illuming the landscape with silver, Fair rose the dewy coon and the myriad stars; but within doors, Fair rose the dewy coon and the myriad stars; but within doors, Fair rose the dewy coon and the myriad stars; but within doors, Fair rose the dewy coon and the myriad stars; but within doors, Fair rose the development of the fair rose of the fair ro

## EVANGELINE.

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship, Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple, As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin." And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies, Wandered alone, and she cried,—"O Gabriel! O my beloved! Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee? Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me? Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie! Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me! Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour, Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers! When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?" Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets, Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence. "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness; And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Ý

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal. "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold; "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine, And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the Bridegroom was coming." "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting. Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness, Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them, Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert. Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river; Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country; Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes, Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord That on the day before, with horses, and guides, and companions, Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon, Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walleway and the Owyhee, Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains, Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska; And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert, Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean, Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations. Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies, Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine, Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas. Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck; Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses; Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel; Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

te with proof and above more contine war.

H

iers;

>果の果の果の果の果の果の果と果ら果の果の果の果の果の果と

**作り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り乗り車** 

### EVANGELINE.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers. But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions, Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison, Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses. Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed. Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion, Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her, She in turn related her love and all its disasters. Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when see had ended Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis; Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam, Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine, Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest. Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation, Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom, That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight, Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden, Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest, And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people. Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress. Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose, Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland. With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers. Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret, Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror, As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom. And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western slope of these mountains Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,

And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,

Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

<<del>></del>

H 2

99

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines, Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it. This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers, Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches. Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching, Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions. But when the service was done, and the Benediction had fallen Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower, Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression, Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest, And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam. There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-car Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher. Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:— "Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!" Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness; But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed. "Far to the North he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn, When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission." Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow, Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions, Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Ý

answered!

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving before her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow, See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet; It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert. Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion, Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance, But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly. Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not; Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not. But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom. Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests, Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.

<del>^>^></del>`>``

#### EVANGELINE.

から 本の本の本の本の本の本の本の本の本を本を木を作る木の木の木の木

(水)从水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence, Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches, She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests, Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.

Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

v.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters, Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle. Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded. There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest, As if they fain would appeare the Dryads whose haunts they molested. There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile, Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

101

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants. Something at least there was in the friendly street of the city, Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger; And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers, For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters. So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour, Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining, Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps. As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us, Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets, So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image, Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him, Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence. Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not. Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured; He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent; Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her. So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices, Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma. Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city, Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected. Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city, High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper. Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market, Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city, Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons, Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn. And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September, Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow, So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin, Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence. Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor; But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants, Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless. Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;— Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you." Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there, Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour, Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

102

### EVANGELINE.

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial, Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse. Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden; And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them, That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty. Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind, Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church, While intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco. Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit; Something within her said,—" At length thy trials are ended;" And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness. Noiselessly moved about the assiduous careful attendants, Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces, Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-side. Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered, Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison. And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler, Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever. Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time; Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder, Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers, And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning. Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish, That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows. On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man. Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples; But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood; So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are dying. Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over. Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness, Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking. Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like, "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence. Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood; Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow, As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision. Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids, Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside. Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken. Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him, Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

<del>。</del>

103

res; but t by a gr ope, and estless uconstant are the liand mur

eval; bu ss grave:

⊭c∌e∌e∌⊨

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard, In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed. Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever, Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy, Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours, Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches Dwells another race, with other customs and language. Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom. In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy; Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun, And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

# The Courtship of Miles Standish.

1858.

#### MILES STANDISH.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims, To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling, Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather, Strode with a martial air Miles Standish the Puritan Captain. Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare, Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,— Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus, Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence, While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock. Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic, Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron; Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion, Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window; Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels." Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May-Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting, Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth. "Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection! This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dent of the bullet
Fired point blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging,
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,

ion.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!" This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose, Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,-Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape, Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east wind, Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean, Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadow and sunshine. Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape, Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion, Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded: "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish; Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside! She was the first to die of all who came in the May-Flower! Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there, Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people, Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!" Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding; Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar, Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London, And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible. Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort, Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans, Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians. Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman, Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin, Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-Flower. Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing! Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter, Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla, Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

### II. LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain, Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar. After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand palm downwards, Heavily on the page, "A wonderful man was this Cæsar! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful: "Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. Somewhere I have read, but where I forget, he could dictate Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs." "Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other, "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after; Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered; He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ! Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns; Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons; So he won the day, the battle of Something-or-other. That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-Flower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: "When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!" Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.". Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases: "Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it: Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary; Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship. Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla. She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, Patient, courageous and strong, and said to myself, that if ever There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned. Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it, Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part. So to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions, Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier,

 $\mathbf{c}$ 

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning; I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases. You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language, Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers, Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling, All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom, Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered: "Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it; If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!" But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose, Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth: "Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing. Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon, But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,— That, I confess, I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar, Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases." Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added: "Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me; Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred:
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!" So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler; Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

#### III.

#### THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest, Into the tranquil woods, where blue-birds and robins were building Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure, Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict, Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse. To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing, As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel, Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion? Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence? Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England? Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion: Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart of desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and implous idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Foliation best in the woods, and direct any through the Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Pirscilla!

So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting-gift will I take them;
For the still the part of the giver.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of a maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and music together,
Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkende and overhung by the running vine of the verses.

Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished.
All th

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway, Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then I perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time, Talked of their friends at home, and the May-Flower that sailed on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,

"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden; Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,

HII

And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard. Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion; Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

eta eta

A CORORDER DOCESTS

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you; Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage, Made by a good man and true, Miles-Standish the Captain of Piymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,— Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless; Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,-Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:

"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married, Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one, Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, Then you make known your desire, with abrubt and sudden avowal, And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing. This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me, Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me, Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.'

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction, How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth; He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England, Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish; Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded, Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent, Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon. He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature; Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;

112

## iv. JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside; Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind, Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him. Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendours, Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle, So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire, Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city. "Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation, "Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic! Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass, Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean! Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing, Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore. Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending; Love triumphed and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding, Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!

"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us? Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:

"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression. Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation, Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:

"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there Dimly the shadowy form of the May-flower riding at anchor, Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow; Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!" Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight. Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel, Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom, Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error, Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me, Hiding me, cutting me off from the cruel thoughts that pursue me. Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended. Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England, Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred; Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonour; Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness, Yes, as the marriage-ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution, Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,

114

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth, Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening. Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar, Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders, "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanour, Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue. "Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us; But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure, From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened; How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship, Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal. But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken, Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armour Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a-sound of sinister omen. All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it. Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me! Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me! One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler; Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor? Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship! You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother; You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping I have entrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,— You, too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter! Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber, Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples. But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway, Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance, Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians: Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley, Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed. Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance. Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness, Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult, Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood, Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council, Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming; Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment, Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven, Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth. God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting, Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation; So say the chroniclers old, and such is the faith of the people! Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant, Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;

u e de la lege de la lege de la la la lege de la lege de la lege de le

I 2

While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible, Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland, And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattle-snake glittered, Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare, Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance. This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace, Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting; One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder, Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted, Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behaviour! Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth, Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!" Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth, Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language: "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles: Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!" But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing: "Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous, Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture, Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage, Saying, in thundering tones, "Here, take it! this is your answer!" Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage, Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

THE PARTY OF THE P

#### V

#### THE SAILING OF THE MAY-FLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows, There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth; Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!" Given in tones suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence. Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village. Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army, Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men, Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage. Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David; Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines. Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning: Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing, Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours.

Sweet was the air and soft; slowly the smoke from the chimneys

in de la contraction de la con



Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty! Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth, Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May-Flower, Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber, Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever. He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council, Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur, Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing. Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence; Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him; Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking?" Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet, Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,-Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,-Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action. But with the dawn he arose: in the twilight Alden beheld him Put on his corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armour, Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus, Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber. Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him, Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon; All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions; But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,-Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult. So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not, Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not! Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying. Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture, And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore, Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

AND CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward. Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him, Speaking with this one and that and cramming letters and parcels Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered. Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale, One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors, Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish, Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas, Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him. But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing. Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention, Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient, That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose, As from a verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction. Strange is the heart of man, with its quick mysterious instincts; Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments, Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine! " Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him.

118

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness, Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong. "Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean. There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like, Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection. Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil! There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome, As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps. Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness; Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing, So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May-Flower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon was heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sail set to the west wind,
Blowing steady and strong: and the May-Flower sailed from the harbour,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the sand of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapped in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other, Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished. So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine, Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

enter of the content of the content

i de entre e

#### vi. PRISGILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean, Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla: And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone, Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?" said she, "Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward, Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum? Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it: For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion, That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together. Yesterday I was shocked when I heard you speak of Miles Standish. Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues, Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders, As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman, Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero. Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse. You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us, Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken! Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish: " I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry, Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping." "No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive; 'No, you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely. It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman, Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless, Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence. Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers. Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful, Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs. Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women: "Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden, More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing, Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden! "Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden, "How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying. When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving, Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness, Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct in earnest, Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases. This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you; For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble, Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level. Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many, If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women, But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Property of the particular contraction of the property of the particular contraction of the part

### THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

施格的变成白色化色质形态分词的对数数数解数数分类数数数数分数数 化染色型等分分式 电电影光光电影的现在分词

Mute and amazed was Alden: and listened and looked at Priscilla, Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty. He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another, Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer. So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless. "Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship. It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it: I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish, For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him." Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it, Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely, Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling; "Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest, and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May-Flower, Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon, Homeward together they walked with a strange indefinite feeling, That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert. But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine, Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said, very archly: "Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians, Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household, You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you, When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me." Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,-Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish. Whereat the maiden smiled, and said, between laughing and earnest, "He is a-little chimney, and heated hot in a moment! But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,— How he had even determined to sail that day in the May-Flower, And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent, "Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys, Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition; Slowly but steadily onward, receding, yet ever advancing, Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings, Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

#### VII.

### THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward, Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore. All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest. Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;

, o.

ٔ۳

0,40,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0,0

日日本在人民民共和共共共民共中中中中国民共共共党民共和共和共共党政党政党政会民

\$ 0 X

'n

然先後我我我我我不可

LONGRELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always.
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted I
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What was a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the eamp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?

Twas but a fram,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the head of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate, and sabre, and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two from among them advancing.
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribes were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Watawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the
traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then i

**《美景》《中华的《中华》《大学》《大学》《美典》《新闻》《新闻》《新闻》《《新闻》《《《大学》》《《大学》** 

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish, Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples. Headlong he leapt on the boaster, and snatching his knife from its scabbard, Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it. Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop, And, like a flurry of snow, on the whistling wind of December, Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows. Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning, Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it. Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket, Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat, Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them, Silent with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man. Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth: "Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish. When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress, All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from the spectre of terror. Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish; Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour.

# VIII. THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labours, Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with mere-stead, Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows, Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. All in the village was peace; but at times the rumour of warfare Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces, Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies, Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. Anger was still in his heart, but at times remorse and contrition, Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak, Came like a rushing tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current a while, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes; Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper, Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

644444

There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard: Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance, Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla, Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy, Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling; Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always, How all the days of her life she will do him good and not evil, How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness, How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff, How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household, Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn, Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers, As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune, After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle. "Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning, Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers, While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the Queen of Helvetia; She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood, Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!" Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden, Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest, Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning.
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives, Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands; Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it ready for knitting. Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners, Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!" Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted, He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him, She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers, Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding, Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it;— Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

**1**2

Lo I in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered, Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead I—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—Stain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle, Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces; All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstaring, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own and had gundered
Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom
Mingied with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leaped from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rus's together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So. hese lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his gaments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Helssing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a lave!

This was the wedding-morn of Priscilla, t

文九九九光恭

公平中央成式是中央政治的大型的政治的政治,以中国治院中华政府中部中的中央政治的法院的法法,成立、中心、

失意的或各种

C C, R. K. R. K. P. A. S. C.

3.440,000,000

**7** 

4,4

o o

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband,

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself: and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forthand stood with the bride at the doorway, Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning. Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine, Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation; There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore, There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows; But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden, Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure, Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying, Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted. Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder, Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla, Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master, Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils, Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle. She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday; Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant. Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband, Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.

"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff; Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation, Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together. Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest, Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its bosom, Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses. Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours, Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended, Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree, Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol. Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages, Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac, Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always, Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers. So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

0000000

o o

# The Song of Hiawatha.

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon; and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his Algic Researches, Vol. I. p. 134, and in his History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of

the Indians.

¥

Ă

Ý

XXX

Χ̈́

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions, With the odours of the forest, With the dew and damp of meadows, With the curling smoke of wigwams, With the rushing of great rivers, With their frequent repetitions, And their wild reverberations, As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands.

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Feeds among the reeds and rushes. I repeat them as I heard them From the lips of Nawadaha, The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha Found these songs, so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you, "In the birds'-nests of the forests, In the lodges of the beaver, In the hoof-prints of the bison, In the eyrie of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowlsang them to him, In the moorlands and the fenlands, In the melancholy marshes; Chetowaik, the plover, sang them, Mahng, the loon, the wild goose,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me, Saying, "Who was Nawadaha? Tell us of this Nawadaha," I should answer your inquiries Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,

And beyond them stood the forest, Stood the groves of singing pine-trees, Green in Summer, white in Winter, Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses, You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time, By the alders in the Summer, By the white fog in the Autumn, By the black line in the Winter; And beside them dwelt the singer, In the Vale of Tawasentha,\* In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha, Sang the song of Hiawatha, Sang his wondrous birth and being, How he prayed and how he fasted, How he lived, and toiled, and suffered, That the tribes of men might prosper, That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature, Love the sunshine of the meadow, Love the shadow of the forest,

\* This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

**७>┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०┽०⋞**⋺⋞⋺⋞⋺⋞⋺⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞⋻⋞

Love the wind among the branches, And the rain-shower and the snowstorm.

And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ÿ

¥

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, Who have faith in God and Nature, Who believe, that in all ages Every human heart is human, That in even savage bosoms There are longings, yearnings, strivings.

For the good they comprehend not, That the feeble hands and helpless, Groping blindly in the darkness, Touch God's right hand in that dark-

And are lifted up and strengthened;— Listen to this simple story, To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles Through the green lanes of the country, Where the tangled barberry-bushes Hang their tufts of crimson berries Over stone walls gray with mosses, Pause by some neglected graveyard, For a while to muse, and ponder On a half-effaced inscription, Written with little skill of song-craft, Homely phrases, but each letter Full of hope and yet of heart-break, Full of all the tender pathos Of the Here and the Hereafter;—Stay and read this rude inscription, Read this Song of Hiawatha!

i.
THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie, On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry, Gitche Manito, the mighty, He the Master of Life, descending, On the red crags of the quarry Stood erect, and called the nations, Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river, Leaped into the light of morning, O'er the precipice plunging downward Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet, And the Spirit, stooping earthward, With his finger on the meadow Traced a winding pathway for it, Saying to it, "Run in this way!" From the red stone of the quarry With his hand he broke a fragment, Moulded it into a pipe-head, Shaped and fashioned it with figures; From the margin of the river Took a long reed for a pipe-stem, With its dark green leaves upon it; Filled the pipe with bark of willow, With the bark of the red willow; Breathed upon the neighbouring forest, Made its great boughs chafe together, Till in flame they burst and kindled; And erect upon the mountains, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe, As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly, Through the tranquil air of morning, First a single line of darkness, Then a denser, bluer vapour, Then a snow-white cloud unfolding, Like the tree-tops of the forest, Ever rising, rising, rising, Till it touched the top of heaven, Till it broke against the heaven, And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana! By this signal from afar off, Bending like a wand of willow, Waving like a hand that beckons, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Calls the tribes of men together, Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies, Came the warriors of the nations, Came the Delawares and Mohawks, Came the Choctaws and Camanches, Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws, Came the Mandans and Dacotahs, Came the Hurons and Ojibways, All the warriors drawn together By the signal of the Peace-Pipe, To the Mountains of the Prairie, To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,

With their weapons and their war-gear, Painted like the leaves of Autumn, Painted like the sky of morning, Wildly glaring at each other; In their faces stern defiance, In their hearts the feuds of ages, The hereditary hatred, The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children, But as feuds and fights of children! Over them he stretched his right

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this

wise:—
"O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom, Listen to the words of warning, From the lips of the Great Spirit, From the Master of Life who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in, I have given you streams to fish in, I have given you bear and bison, I have given you roe and reindeer, I have given you brant and beaver, Filled the marshes full of wild fowl, Filled the rivers full of fishes; Why then are you not contented? Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels, Weary of your wars and bloodshed, Weary of your prayers for vengeance, Of your wranglings and dissensions; All your strength is in your union, All your danger is in discord; Therefore be at peace henceforward, And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you, A Deliverer of the nations, Who shall guide you and shall teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you. If you listen to his counsels, You will multiply and prosper; If his warnings pass unheeded, You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before

Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your
fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons, Break the red stone from this quarry, Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes, Take the reeds that grow beside you, Deck them with your brightest feathers,

Smoke the calumet together, And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of
deer-skin,

Threw their weapons and their war-

Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces,
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,

Clean and washed from all their war-

On the banks their clubs they buried, Buried all their warlike weapons. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The Great Spirit, the creator, Smiled upon his helpless children

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into PeacePipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river, Decked them with their brightest feathers,

And departed each one homeward, While the Master of Life ascending, Through the opening of cloud-curtains, Through the doorways of the heaven, Vanished from before their faces, In the smoke that rolled around him, The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

<del>></del>

## THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis!"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the belt of Wampum, From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa, From the Great Bear of the mountains, From the terror of the nations, As he lay asleep and cumbrous On the summit of the mountains, Like a rock with mosses on it, Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared
him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis, As he drew the belt of Wampum, Over the round ears, that heard not, Over the small eyes, that saw not, Over the long nose, and nostrils, The black muffle of the nostrils, Out of which the heavy breathing Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis. Then he swung aloft his war-club, Shouted loud and long his war-cry, Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa In the middle of the forehead, Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered, Rose the Great Bear of the mountains; But his knees beneath him trembled, And he whimpered like a woman, As he reeled and staggered forward, As he sat upon his haunches; And the mighty Mudjekeewis, Standing fearlessly before him, Taunted him in loud derision, Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

'Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,

And no brave, as you pretended; Else you would not cry and whimper Like a miserable woman! Bear! you know our tribes are hostile, Long have been at war together; Now you find that we are strongest, You go sneaking in the forest, You go hiding in the mountains! Had you conquered me in battle, Not a groan would I have uttered:

But you, Bear, sit here and whimper, And disgrace your tribe by crying, Like a wretched Shaugodaya, Like a cowardly old woman!"
Then again he raised his war-club, Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa In the middle of his forehead, Broke his skull, as ice is broken When one goes to fish in Winter. Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa, He the Great Bear of the mountains, He the terror of the nations.

"Honour be to Mudjekeewis!"
With a shout exclaimed the people,
"Honour be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and for ever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!"

**承承承承条条案未承条条条** 

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun; He it was who brought the morning, He it was whose silver arrows Chased the dark o'er hill and valley; He it was whose cheeks were painted With the brightest streaks of crimson, And whose voice awoke the village. Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gaily to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odours for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward. While the village still was sleeping, And the fog lay on the river, Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise, He beheld a maiden walking All alone upon a meadow, Gathering water-flags and rushes By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward, Still the first thing he beheld there Was her blue eyes looking at him, Two blue lakes among the rushes. And he loved the lonely maiden,

Who thus waited for his coming; For they both were solitary, She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses, Wooed her with his smile of sunshine, With his flattering words he wooed

With his sighing and his singing, Gentlest whispers in the branches, Softest music, sweetest odours, Till he drew her to his bosom, Folded in his robes of crimson, Till into a star he changed her, Trembling still upon his bosom; And for ever in the heavens They are seen together walking, Wabun and the Wabun-Annung, Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the ponds and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and heron
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes Found he Shingebis, the diver, Trailing strings of fish behind him, O'er the frozen fens and moorlands, Lingering still among the moorlands, Though his tribe had long departed To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
"Who is this that dares to brave me?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone south-

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Long ago departed southward? I will go into his wigwam, I will put his smouldering fire out!" And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the doorway.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;
Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him;
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire-burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in Springtime.

Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,

Could not bear the heat and laughter,

Could not bear the merry singing,

But rushed headlong through the

doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts, Stamped upon the lakes and rivers, Made the snow upon them harder, Made the ice upon them thicker, Challenged Shingebis, the diver, To come forth and wrestle with him, To come forth and wrestle naked On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver, Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten, To the kingdom of Wabasso, To the land of the White Rabbit,

Hearing still the gusty laughter, Hearing Shingebis, the diver, Singing, "O Kabibonokka, You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy, Had his dwelling far to southward, In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine, In the never-ending Summer. He it was who sent the wood-birds, Sent the Opechee, the robin, Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa, Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow, Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,

Sent the melons and tobacco, And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending Filled the sky with haze and vapour, Filled the air with dreamy softness, Gave a twinkle to the water, Touched the rugged hills with smooth-

Brought the tender Indian Summer, In the Moon when nights are brighest, In the dreary Moon of Snow-Shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee! In his life he had one shadow, In his heart one sorrow had he. Once, as he was gazing northward, Far away upon a prairie He beheld a maiden standing, Saw a tall and slender maiden All alone upon a prairie; Brightest green were all her garments, And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her, Day by day he sighed with passion, Day by day his heart within him Grew more hot with love and longing For the maid with yellow tressses. But he was too fat and lazy To bestir himself and woo her; Yes, too indolent and easy To pursue her and persuade her. So he only gazed upon her, Only sat and sighed with passion For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,

He beheld her yellow tresses Changed and covered o'er with white-

Covered as with whitest snow-flakes. Ah! my brother from the Northland,

From the kingdom of Wabasso, From the land of the White Rabbit! You have stolen the maiden from me, On the Muskoday, the meadow,

You have laid your hand upon her, You have wooed and won my maiden, With your stories of the Northland!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee Breathed into the air his sorrow: And the South-wind o'er the prairie Wandered warm with sighs of passion, With the sighs of Shawondasee, Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes, Full of thistle-down the prairie, And the maid with hair like sunshine Vanished from his sight for ever; Never more did Shawondasee See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee! 'Twas no woman that you gazed at, 'Twas no maiden that you sighed for, Twas the prairie dandelion That through all the dreary Summer You had gazed at with such longing, You had sighed for with such passion, And had puffed away for ever, Blown into the air with sighing. Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided; Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis Had their stations in the heavens, At the corners of the heavens; For himself the West-Wind only Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

TIT.

## HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,

In the days that are forgotten, In the unremembered ages, From the full moon fell Nokomis, Fell the beautiful Nokomis, She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women, Swinging in a swing of grape-vines, When her rival, the rejected, Full of jealousy and hatred, Cut the leafy swing asunder, Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines, And Nokomis fell affrighted Downward through the evening twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow, On the prairie full of blossoms. "See! a star falls!" said the people; "From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses, There among the prairie lilies,

In the moonlight and the starlight, Fair Nokomis bore a daughter, And she called her name Wenonah, As the firstborn of her daughters. And the daughter of Nokomis Grew up like the prairie lilies, Grew a tall and slender maiden, With the beauty of the moonlight, With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm

But she heeded not the warning, Heeded not those words of wisdom, And the West-Wind came at evening, Walking lightly o'er the prairie, Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,

Bending low the flowers and grasses, Found the beautiful Wenonah, Lying there among the lilies, Wooed her with his words of sweetness.

Wooed her with his soft caresses, Till she bore a son in sorrow, Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;

"O that I were dead!" she murmured.

"O that I were dead, as thou art! No more work, and no more weeping, Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

By the shores of Githche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis

Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the naked bear will get
thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and warclubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows, Running straight across the heavens, Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pinetrees.

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,

Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

Light me with your little candle,

And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw
her

Up into the sky at midnight;

<del>€○€٥€٥€</del>٥€○€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€>€

Right against the moon he threw her; Tis her body that you see there." Saw the rainbow in the heaven,

In the eastern sky the rainbow, Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:

All the wild flowers of the forest, All the lilies of the prairie, When on earth they fade and perish, Blossom in that heaven above us.'

When he heard the owls at midnight, Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried, in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: "That is but the owl and owlet, Talking in their native language, Talking, scolding at each other.'
Then the little Hiawatha

Learned of every bird its language, Learned their names and all their

How they built their nests in Summer, Where they hid themselves in Winter, Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens." Of all beasts he learned the language, secrets. Learned their names and all their How the beavers built their lodges, Where the squirrels hid their acorns, How the reindeer ran so swiftly, Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them whene'er he met them, Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers." Then Iagoo, the great boaster,

He the marvellous story-teller, He the traveller and the talker, He the friend of old Nokomis, Made a bow for Hiawatha; From a branch of ash he made it, From an oak bow made the arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers.

And the cord he made of deer-skin. Then he said to Hiawatha: "Go, my son, into the forest, Where the red deer herd together, Kill for us a famous roebuck, Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway All alone walked Hiawatha Proudly with his bow and arrows: And the birds sang round him, o'er him, All the village came and feasted,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" Sang the Opechee, the robin, Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him, Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, In and out among the branches, Coughed and chattered from the oak-

Laughed, and said between his laugh-"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway Leaped aside, and at a distance Sat erect upon his haunches, Half in fear and half in frolic, Saying to the little hunter,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" But he heeded not, nor heard them, For his thoughts were with the red

On their tracks his eyes were fastened, Leading downward to the river, To the ford across the river, And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes, There he waited till the deer came, Till he saw two antlers lifted, Saw two eyes look through the thicket, Saw two nostrils point to windward, And a deer came down the pathway, Flecked with leafy light and shadow. And his heart within him fluttered, Trembled like the leaves above him, Like the birch-leaf palpitated, As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising, Hiawatha aimed an arrow Scarce a twig moved with his motion, Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled, But the wary roebuck started, Stamped with all his hoofs together, Listened with one foot uplifted, Leaped as if to meet the arrow: Ah! the singing, fatal arrow, Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, By the ford across the river; Beat his timid heart no longer, But the heart of Hiawatha, Throbbed and shouted and exulted, As he bore the red deer homeward, And Iagoo and Nokomis Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis Made a cloak for Hiawatha. From the red deer's flesh Nokomis Made a banquet in his honour.

136

#### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

All the guests praised Hiawatha, Called him Strong-Heart, Soa Soan-getaha 1 [taysec ! Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

IV, HIAWATHA AND MUD-JEKEEWIS.

Our of childhood into manhood Now had grown my Hiawatha, Skilled in all the craft of hunters, Learned in all the lore of old men, In all youthful sports and pastimes, In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha; He could shoot an arrow from him, And run forward with such ficetness. That the arrow fell behind him ! Strong of arm was Hiawatha; He could shoot ten arrows upward Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,

That the tenth had left the bow-string Ere the first to earth had fallen !

137

He had mittens, Minjekahwun, Magic mittens made of deer-skin; When upon his hands he wore them, He could smite the rocks asunder, He could grind them into powder. He had moccasons enchanted,

Magic moccasons of deer-skin; When he bound them round his ankles, When upon his feet he tied them, At each stride a mile he measured!

Much he questioned old Nokomis Of his father Mudjekeewis; Learned from her the fatal secret Of the beauty of his mother, Of the falsehood of his father: And his heart was hot within him. Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis, "I will go to Mudjekeewis, See how fares it with my father, At the doorways of the West-Wind, At the portals of the Sunset!"

From his lodge went Hiawatha, Dressed for travel, armed for hunting; Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings, Richly wrought with quills and wampum;

On his head his eagle-feathers, Round his waist his belt of wampum, In his hand his bow of ash-wood, Strung with sinews of the reindeer; In his quiver oaken arrows, Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun, With his moccasons enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis, "Go not forth, O Hiawatha! To the kingdom of the West-Wind, To the realms of Mudjekeewis, Lest he harm you with his magic, Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha Heeded not her woman's warning; Forth he strode into the forest, At each stride a mile he measured; Lurid seemed the sky above him, Lurid seemed the earth beneath him, Hot and close the air around him, Filled with smoke and fiery vapours, As of burning woods and prairies, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him, Left the antelope and bison; Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,

Crossed the mighty Mississippi, Passed the Mountains of the Prairie, Passed the land of Crows and Foxes, Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet, Came unto the rocky Mountains, To the kingdom of the West-Wind, Where upon the gusty summits Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis, Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha At the aspect of his father. On the air about him wildly Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses.

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses, Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet, Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis When he looked on Hiawatha, Saw his youth rise up before him, In the face of Hiawatha, Saw the beauty of Wenonah From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha, To the kingdom of the West-Wind! Long have I been waiting for you! Youth is lovely, age is lonely, Youth is fiery, age is frosty; You bring back the days departed, You bring back my youth of passion, And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together, Questioned, listened, waited, swered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis Boasted of his ancient prowess, Of his perilous adventures, His indomitable courage, His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha, Listening to his father's boasting; With a smile he sat and listened, Uttered neither threat nor menace, Neither word nor look betrayed him, But his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis, Is there nothing that can harm you? Nothing that you are afraid of?' And the mighty Mudjekeçwis, Grand and gracious in his boasting, Answered, saying, "There is nothing, Nothing but the black rock yonder, Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek.'

And he looked at Hiawatha With a wise look and benignant, With a countenance paternal, Looked with pride upon the beauty

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Of his tall and gracful figure, Saying, "O my Hiawatha! Is there anything can harm you? Anything you are afraid of?"
But the wary Hiawatha Paused awhile, as if uncertain, And then answered, "There is nothing," Nothing but the bulrush yonder, Nothing but the bulrush yonder, Nothing but the great Apukwa! And as Mudjekeewis, Irsing, Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush wathan as Mudjekeewis, Irsing, "And the medical in terror, Cried in well-dissembled terror," "Kago! kago! do not touch it!" "Ah, kawen!" said Mudjekeewis, "No, indeed, I will not touch it!" "Ah, kawen!" said Mudjekeewis, "First of Wabun, of the East-Wind, Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee, Of the Grath will will be the beautiful Wenomah, Of her birth, upon the meadow, Took her young life and her beauty, Broke the Lily of the Prairie, Took her young life and her beauty, Broke the Lily of the Prairie, Trampled it beneath your footsteps. You confess it! you confe

Thus was fought that famous battle In the dreadful days of Shah-shah, In the days long since departed, In the kingdom of the West-Wind. Still the hunter sees its traces Scattered far o'er hill and valley; Sees the giant bulrush growing By the ponds and water-courses, Sees the masses of the Wawbeek Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha; Pleasant was the landscape round him, Pleasant was the air above him. For the bitterness of anger Had departed wholly from him, From his brain the thought of vengeance,

From his heart the burning fever. Only once his pace he slackened, Only once he paused or halted, Paused to purchase heads of arrows Of the ancient Arrow-maker, In the land of the Dacotahs. Where the falls of Minnehaha\* Flash and gleam among the oak-trees, Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker Made his arrow-heads of sandstone, Arrow-heads of chalcedony, Arrow-heads of flint and jasper, Smoothed and sharpened at the edges, Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha, With her moods of shade and sunshine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,

Feet as rapid as the river, Tresses flowing like the water, And as musical a laughter: And he named her from the river, From the water-fall he named her, Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows, Arrow-heads of chalcedony, Arrow-heads of flint and jasper, That my Hiawatha halted In the land of the Dacotahs?

\* "The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Missisippi. The Indians call them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—Mrs. Eastman's Dacotah, or Lepends of the Sioux. Introd., p. ii. gends of the Sioux, Introd., p. ii.

Was it not to see the maiden, See the face of Laughing Water Peeping from behind the curtain, Hear the rustling of her garments From behind the waving curtain, As one sees the Minnehaha glancing Gleaming, through branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water From behind its screen of branches? Who shall say what thoughts and visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men? Who shall say what dreams of beauty Filled the heart of Hiawatha? All he told to old Nokomis. When he reached the lodge at sunset, Was the meeting with his father, Was his fight with Mudjekeewis; Not a word he said of arrows, Not a word of Laughing Water!

v.

#### HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

~~~~~~

You shall hear how Hiawatha Prayed and fasted in the forest, Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumphs in the battle, And renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting, Built a wigwam in the forest, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, In the blithe and pleasant Spring-

In the Moon of Leaves he built it. And with dreams and visions many, Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting Through the leafy woods he wandered;

Saw the deer start from the thicket, Saw the rabbit in his burrow, Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming, Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Rattling in his horde of acorns Saw the pigeon, the Omeme, Building nests among the pine-trees, And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa, Flying to the fenlands northward, Whirring, wailing far above him. "Master of Life!" he cried, despond-

[things?"

"Must our lives depend on these

On the next day of his fasting By the river's brink he wandered, Through the Muskoday, the meadow, Saw the wild-rice, Mahnomonee, Saw the blueberry, Meenahga, And the strawberry, Odahmin, And the gooseberry, Shahbomin, And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut, Trailing o'er the elder-branches, Filling all the air with fragrance! "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting By the lake he sat and pondered, By the still, transparent water, Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping, Scattering drops like beads of wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, And the herring, Okahahwis, And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish! "Master of Life!" he cried, despond-

"Must our lives depend on these things?

On the fourth day of his fasting In his lodge he lay exhausted; From his couch of leaves and branches Gazing with half-open eyelids, Full of shadowy dreams and visions, On the dizzy, swimming landscape, On the gleaming of the water, On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching, Dressed in garments green and yellow, Coming through the purple twilight, Through the splendour of the sunset; Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead, And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway, Long he looked at Hiawatha, Looked with pity and compassion On his wasted form and features, And, in accents like the sighing Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops, Said he, "O my Hiawatha! All your prayers are heard in heaven, For you pray not like the others, Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumph in the battle, Nor renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descend-

I, the friend of man, Mondamin, Come to warn you and instruct you, How by struggle and by labour You shall gain what you have prayed

Rise up from your bed of branches, Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha Started from his bed of branches, From the twilight of his wigwam Forth into the flush of sunset Came, and wrestled with Mondamin; At his touch he felt new courage Throbbing in his brain and bosom, Felt new life and hope and vigour Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together In the glory of the sunset, And the more they strove and struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha; Till the darkness fell around them, And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gæh, From her haunts among the fenlands, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a scream of pain and famine.
"'Tis enough!" then said Monda-

min,

Smiling upon Hiawatha, "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, I will come again to try you." And he vanished, and was seen not: Whether sinking as the rain sinks, Whether rising as the mists rise, Hiawatha saw not, knew not, Only saw that he had vanished, Leaving him alone and fainting, With the misty lake below him, And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day, When the sun through heaven deପର୍ଜନପ୍ରତାଳୟ ଅଧିକ ଅନ୍ୟର୍ଜ ଅନ୍ୟର୍ଜ ଅନ୍ୟର୍ଜ ଅନ୍ୟର୍ଜ ପ୍ରକ୍ର ଅନ୍ୟର୍କ ଅନ୍ୟର୍ଜ ଅନ୍ୟର୍କ ଅନ୍ୟର୍କ ଅନ୍ୟର୍କ ଅନ୍ୟର୍କ ଅନ୍ୟର

scending, Like a red and burning cinder From the hearth of the Great Spirit, Fell into the western waters, Came Mondamin for the trial, For the strife with Hiawatha; Came as silent as the dew comes From the empty air appearing, Into empty air returning, Taking shape when carth it touches, But invisible to all men In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together, In the glory of the sunset, Till the darkness fell around them,

IĄI

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her haunts among the fenlands, Uttered her loud cry of famine, And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there, In his garments green and yellow; To and fro his plumes above him Waved and nodded with his breathing, And the sweat of the encounter Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha! Bravely have you wrestled with me, Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me, And the Master of Life who sees us, He will give to you the triumph!'

Then he smiled, and said: "Tomorrow

Is the last day of your conflict. Is the last day of your fasting. You will conquer and o'ercome me; Make a bed for me to lie in, Where the rain may fall upon me, Where the sun may come and warm

Strip these garments, green and vellow.

Strip this nodding plumage from me, Lay me in the earth, and make it Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber, Let no weed nor worm molest me, Let not Kahgahgee, the raven, Come to haunt me and molest me, Only come yourself to watch me Till I wake, and start, and quicken, Till I leap into the sunshine.

And thus saying, he departed: Peacefully slept Hiawatha, But he heard the Wawonaissa, Heard the whippoorwill complaining, Perched upon his lonely wigwam; Heard the rushing Sibowisha, Heard the rivulet rippling near him, Talking to the darksome forest; Heard the sighing of the branches, As they lifted and subsided At the passing of the night-wind, Heard them, as one hears in slumber Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers: Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis, On the seventh day of his fasting, Came with food for Hiawatha, Came imploring and bewailing, Lest his hunger should o'ercome him, Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not, Only said to her, "Nokomis,

Wait until the sun is setting, Till the darkness falls around us, Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Crying from the desolate marshes, Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis, Sorrowing for her Hiawatha, Fearing lest his strength should fail

him, Lest his fasting should be fatal. He meanwhile sat weary waiting For the coming of Mondamin, Till the shadows, pointing eastward, Lengthened over field and forest, Till the sun dropped from the heaven, Floating on the waters westward, As a red leaf in the Autumn Falls and floats upon the water, Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin, With his soft and shining tresses, With his garments green and yellow, With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckoned at the doorway. And as one in slumber walking, Pale and haggard, but undaunted, From the wigwam Hiawatha Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together, And his strong heart leaped within him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles In a net to break its meshes. Like a ring of fire around him Blazed and flared the red horizon, And a hundred suns seemed looking At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward All alone stood Hiawatha, Panting with his wild exertion, Palpitating with the struggle; And before him, breathless, lifeless, Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled, Plumage torn, and garments tattered, Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha Made the grave as he commanded, Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Stripped his tattered plumage from Laid him in the earth, and made it Soft and loose and light above him; And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From the melancholy moorlands, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha To the lodge of old Nokomis, And the seven days of his fasting Were accomplished and completed. But the place was not forgotten Where he wrestled with Mondamin; Nor forgotten nor neglected Was the grave where lay Mondamin, Sleeping in the rain and sunshine, Where his scattered plumes and gar-

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha Go to wait and watch beside it: Kept the dark mould soft above it, Kept it clean from weeds and insects, Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings, Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather From the earth shot slowly upward, Then another and another, And before the Summer ended, Stood the maize in all its beauty, With its shining robes about it, And its long, soft, yellow tresses; And in rapture Hiawatha Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin! Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis And Iagoo, the great boaster, Showed them where the maize was growing,

OOO

Told them of his wondrous vision, Of his wrestling and his triumph, Of this new gift to the nations, Which should be their food for ever. And still later, when the Autumn Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels, Grew like wampum hard and yellow, Then the ripened ears he gathered, Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler, Gave the first Feast of Mondamin, And made known unto the people This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

#### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha, Singled out from all the others, Bound to him in closest union, And to whom he gave the right hand Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;

Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasind. Straight between them ran the path-

Never grew the grass upon it; Singing-birds, that utter falsehoods, Story-tellers, mischief-makers, Found no eager ear to listen, Could not breed ill-will between them, For they kept each other's counsel, Spake with naked hearts together, Pondering much, and much contriving How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers. Beautiful and childlike was he, Brave as man is, soft as woman, Pliant as a wand of willow, Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened; All the warriors gathered round him, All the women came to hear him; Now he stirred their souls to passion, Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned Flutes so musical and mellow, That the brook, the Sebowisha, Ceased to murmur in the woodland, That the wood-birds ceased from sing-

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree, And the rabbit, the Wabasso, Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach my waves to flow in music, Softly as your words in singing!

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa, Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as wild and wayward, Teach me songs as full of frenzy!'

Yes, the Opechee, the robin, Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as sweet and tender.
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"
And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing said, "O Chibiabos,

Teach me tones as melancholy, Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature Borrowed sweetness from his singing, All the hearts of men were softened By the pathos of his music; For he sang of peace and freedom, Sang of beauty, love, and longing;

Sang of death, and life undying In the Islands of the Blessed, In the kingdom of Ponemah, In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers; For his gentleness he loved him, And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind, Very listless, dull, and dreamy, Never played with other children, Never fished and never hunted, Not like other children was he; But they saw that much he fasted, Much his Manito entreated, Much besought his Guardian Spirit

Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,

"In my work you never help me!

In the Summer you are roaming,

Idly in the fields and forests;

In the Winter you are cowering

O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!

In the coldest days of Winter

I must break the ice for fishing;

With my nets you never help me!

At the door my nets are hanging,

Dripping, freezing with the water;

Go and wring them, Yenadizze!

Go and dry them in the sunshine!"

 $oldsymbol{eta}$ 

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind Rose, but made no angry answer; From the lodge went forth in silence, Took the nets that hung together, Dripping, freezing at the doorway, Like a wisp of straw he wrung them, Like a wisp of straw he broke them, Could not wring them without break-

Such the strength was in his fingers.
"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
"In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting home-

ward."

Down a narrow pass they wan-

dered,

Where a brooklet led them onward, Where the trail of deer and bison

Marked the soft mud on the margin, Till they found all further passage Shut against them, barred securely By the trunks of trees uprooted, Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise, And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old

man,

"O'er these logs we cannot clamber; Not a woodchuck could get through them.

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straghtway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men.

As they sported in the meadow, "Why stand idly looking at us, Leaning on the rock behind you? Come and wrestle with the others, Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, Down the rapids of Pauwating, Kwasind sailed with his companions, In the stream he saw a beaver, Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers, Struggling with the rushing currents, Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing, Kwasind leaped into the river, Plunged beneath the bubbling surface, Through the whirlpools chased the

beaver,
Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders,
Brought the beaver, dead and
dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers,

144

And these two, as I have told you, Were the friends of Hiawatha, Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasind. Long they lived in peace together, Spake with naked hearts together, Pondering much and much contriving How the tribes of men might prosper.

#### VII.

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree! Growing by the rushing river.

Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!

[Tree!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Lay aside your white-skin wrapper, For the Summer-time is coming, And the sun is warm in heaven, And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

THE STATE OF THE S

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches Rustled in the breeze of morning, Saying, with a sigh of patience, "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar, Of your strong and pliant branches, My canoe to make more steady, Make more strong, and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar Went a sound, a cry of horror, Went a murmur of resistance; But it whispered, bending downward, "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!" Down he hewed the boughs of cedar, Shaped them straightway to a framework, [them, Like two bows he formed and shaped

Like two bows he formed and shaped Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree My canoe to bind together, So to bind the ends together, That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres, Shivered in the air of morning, Touched its forehead with its tassels, Said with one long sigh of sorrow, "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the LarchTree,

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree! or and the contraction of the co

Of your balsam and your resin, So to close the seams together That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre, Sobbed through all its robes of dark-

Rattled like a shore with pebbles, Answered wailing, answered weeping, "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedge-

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-I will make a necklace of them, Make a girdle for my beauty, And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog With his sleepy eyes looked at him, Shot his shining quills like arrows, Saying, with a drowsy murmur, Through the tangle of his whiskers, "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,

All the little shining arrows, Stained them red and blue and yellow With the juice of roots and berries; Into his canoe he wrought them, Round its waist a shining girdle,

Round its bows a gleaming necklace, On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded In the valley, by the river, In the bosom of the forest; And the forest's life was in it, All its mystery and its magic, All the lightness of the birch-tree, All the toughness of the cedar, All the larch's supple sinews; And it floated on the river Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served
him.

And his wishes served to guide him; Swift or slow at will he glided, Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river, Of its sunken logs and sandbars."

Straight into the river Kwasind Plunged as if he were an otter, Dove as if he were a beaver, Stood up to his waist in water, To his arm-pits in the river, Swam and shouted in the river, Tugged at sunken logs and branches, With his hands he scooped the sand-bars.

With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha,
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,

While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its
channel,

Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains.

To the waters of Pauwating, To the bay of Taquamenaw.

#### viii. HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee, On the shining Big-Sea-Water, With his fishing line of cedar, Of the twisted bark of cedar, Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma, Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes, In his birch canoe exulting All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water He could see the fishes swimming Far down in the depths below him: See the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish, Like a spider on the bottom, On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha, With his fishing line of cedar; In his plumes the breeze of morning Played as in the hemlock branches; On the bows, with tail erected, Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo; In his fur the breeze of morning Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the
water.

With his fins he fanned and winnowed, With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armour; On each side a shield to guard him, Plates of bone upon his forehead, Down his sides and back and shoulders Plates of bone with spines projecting ! Painted was he with his war-paints, Stripes of yellow, red, and azure, Spots of brown and spots of sable; And he lay there on the bottom, Fanning with his fins of purple, As above him Hiawatha In his birch canoe came sailing, With his fishing-line of cedar. "Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha Down into the depths beneath him, "Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma! Come up from below the water, Let us see which is the stronger!" And he dropped his line of cedar Through the clear, transparent water, Waited vainly for an answer, Long sat waiting for an answer, And repeating loud and louder, "Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

146

ecte celecteric contrateries in the contrateries of the contrateries in the contrateri

kanalangar rangangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan kanalangan k

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma, Fanning slowly in the water, Looking up at Hiawatha, Listening to his call and clamour, His unnecessary tumult, Till he wearied of the shouting; And he said to the Kenozha, To the pike, the Maskenozha, "Take the bait of this rude fellow, Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom Sank the pike in great confusion, And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma, Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish, "Take the bait of this great boaster, Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming Like a white moon in the water, Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, Seized the line of Hiawatha, Swung with all his weight upon it, Made a whirlpool in the water, Whirled the birch canoe in circles, Round and round in gurgling eddies. Till the circles in the water Reached the far-off sandy beaches, Till the water-flags and rushes Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting his great disc of whiteness,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Wavering downward, white and ghastly,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Heard the shout of Hiawatha, Heard his challenge of defiance, The unnecessary tumult, Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom Up he rose with angry gesture, Quivering in each nerve and fibre, Clashing all his plates of armour, Gleaming bright with all his war-paint; In his wrath he darted upward, Flashing leaped into the sunshine, Opened his great jaws, and swallowed Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern Plunged the headlong Hiawatha, As a log on some black river Shoots and plunges down the rapids, Found himself in utter darkness, Groped about in helpless wonder, Till he felt a great heart beating, Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gaily,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and for ever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon Nahma, Gasped and quivered in the water, Then was still and drifted landward Till he grated on the pebbles, Till the listening Hiawatha Heard him grate upon the margin, Felt him strand upon the pebbles, Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes, Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping, As of many wings assembling, Heard a screaming and confusion, As of birds of prey contending, Saw a gleam of light above him, Shining through the ribs of Nahma,

electererarendererererereitereteren betretererere

verenterante de la company de

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls, Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering, Gazing at him through the opening, Heard them saying to each other,

"'Tis our brother, Hiawatha!" And he shouted from below them, Cried exulting from the caverns, "O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers! Ihave slain the sturgeon, Nahma; Make the rifts a little larger, With your claws the openings widen, Set me free from this dark prison, And henceforward and for ever Men shall speak of your achievements, Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous seagulls

Toiled with beak and claws together, Made the rifts and openings wider In the mighty ribs of Nahma, And from peril and from prison, From the body of the sturgeon, From the peril of the water,

Was released my Hiawatha. He was standing near his wigwam, On the margin of the water, And he called to old Nokomis, Called and beckoned to Nokomis, Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma, Lying lifeless on the pebbles, With the sea-gulls feeding on him. "I have slain the Mishe-Nahma, Slain the King of Fishes!" said he; "Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him, Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls; Drive them not away, Nokomis, They have saved me from great peril In the body of the sturgeon. Wait until their meal is ended, Till their craws are full with feasting, Till they homeward fly, at sunset, To their nests among the marshes; Then bring all your pots and kettles, And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sunset, Till the pallid moon, the night-sun, Rose above the tranquil water, Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls, From their banquet rose with clamour, And across the fiery sunset Winged their way to far-off islands, To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha, And Nokomis to her labour, Toiling patient in the moonlight, Till the sun and moon changed places, Till the sky was red with sun-rise,

And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls, Came back from the reedy islands, Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alter-

的特别的特殊的特别的特别的

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma, Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer, And upon the sands lay nothing But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

## HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Of the shining Big-Sea-Water, Stood Nokomis, the old woman, Pointing with her finger westward, O'er the water pointing westward, To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending Burned his way along the heavens, Set the sky on fire behind him, As war-parties, when retreating, Burn the prairies on their war-trail; And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,

Suddenly, starting from his ambush, Followed fast those bloody footprints, Followed in that fiery war-trail, With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman, Pointing with her finger westward, Spake these words to Hiawatha: Yonder dwells the great Pearl-

Feather, Megissogwon, the Magician, Manito of Wealth and Wampum, Guarded by his fiery serpents, Guarded by the black pitch water. You can see his fiery serpents, The Kenabeek, the great serpents, Coiling, playing in the water; You can see the black pitch-water Stretching far away beyond them, To the purple clouds of sunset!

'He it was who slew my father, By his wicked wiles and cunning, When he from the moon descended, When he came on earth to seek me. He, the mightiest of Magicians, Sends the fever from the marshes, Sends the pestilential vapours, Sends the poisonous exhalations,

Sends the white foam from the fenlands,

APPROPRIES AND APPROPRIES AND APPROPRIES AND APPROPRIEST AND A

Sends disease and death among us!

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch cance for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch water;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fenlands,
And avenge my father's murder 1"

Straightway then my Hiawatha Armed himself with all his war-gear, Launched his birch canoe for sailing; With his palm its sides he patted, Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my

darling,
O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting, And the noble Hiawatha Sang his war-song wild and woful, And above him the war-eagle, The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Master of all fowls with feathers, Screamed and hurtled through the heavens, Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha, Cried aloud, and spake in this wise; "Let me pass my way, Kenabeek, Let me go upon my journey!" And they answered, hissing fiercely, With their fiery breath made answer: "Back, go back! O Shaugodaya! Back to old Nokomis, Faint-Heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek,

BROWN CONFERENCE CONTROL OF THE CONT

Weltering in the bloody water, Dead lay all the fiery serpents, And among them Hiawatha Harmless sailed, and cried exulting: "Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling! Onward to the black pitch-water!'

Then he took the oil of Nahma, And the bows and sides anointed, Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water All night long he sailed upon it, Sailed upon that sluggish water, Covered with its mould of ages, Black with rotting water-rushes. Rank with flags and leaves of lilies, Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal, Lighted by the shimmering moonlight, And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined, Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled, In their weary night encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight, All the water black with shadow, And around him the Suggema, The mosquitos, sang their war-song, And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee, Waved their torches to mislead him; And the bull-frog, the Dahinda, Thrust his head into the moonlight, Fixed his yellow eyes upon him, Sobbed and sank beneath the surface, And anon a thousand whistles Answered over all the fenlands, And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Far off on the reedy margin, Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha, Toward the realm of Megissogwon, Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather, Till the level moon stared at him, In his face stared pale and haggard, Till the sun was hot behind him, Till it burned upon his shoulders, And before him on the upland He could see the Shining Wigwam Of the Manito of Wampum, Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,

To his birch canoe said, "Onward!" And it stirred in all its fibres, And with one great bound of triumph Leaped across the water-lilies, Leaped through tangled flags and rushes.

And upon the beach beyond them Dryshod landed Hiawatha. Straight he took his bow of ash-tree, With his mittens torn and tattered,

One end on the sand he rested, With his knee he pressed the middle, Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed, Shot it at the Shining Wigwam, Sent it singing as a herald, As a bearer of his message, Of his challenge loud and lofty: "Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-

Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!" Straightway from the Shining Wig-

Came the mighty Megissogwon, Tall of stature, broad of shoulder, Dark and terrible in aspect, Clad from head to foot in wampum, Armed with all his warlike weapons, Painted like the sky of morning, Streaked with crimson, blue, yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers, Streaming upward, streaming outward.

"Well I know you, Hiawatha!" Cried he in a voice of thunder, In a tone of loud derision. " Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! Hasten back among the women, Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart! I will slay you as you stand there, As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered, Nothing daunted, fearing nothing: "Big words do not smite like warclubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string, Taunts are not so sharp as arrows, Deeds are better things than words are, Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle That the sun had ever looked on, That the war-birds ever witnessed. All a Summer's day it lasted, From the sunrise to the sunset; For the shafts of Hiawatha Harmless hit the shirt of wampum, Harmless fell the blows he dealt it With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Harmless fell the heavy war-club; It could dash the rocks asunder, But it could not break the meshes Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha, Leaning on his bow of ash-tree, Wounded, weary, and desponding, With his mighty war-club broken,

And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree;
From whose branches trailed the
mosses.

And whose trunk was coated over With the Dead-man's Moccason-leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.
Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,

Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Iust as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered forward,
Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness;
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honour of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water,
And above him wheeled and clamoured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sailing round in narrower circles, Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and
pouches; pum,

Quivers wrought with heads of wam-Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitchwater, [pents,
Homeward through the weltering serWith the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast and shouted:
"Honour be to Hiawatha!
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white-fog from the fenlands,
Sent disease and death among us!"

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

#### HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is, So unto the man is woman, Though she bends him she obeys him Though she draws him, yet she follows Useless each without the other!"

indapererreres estarer estarer

Thus the youthful Hiawatha Said within himself and pondered, Much perplexed by various feelings, Listless, longing, hoping, fearing, Dreaming still of Minnehaha, Of the lovely Laughing Water, In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people," Warning said the old Nokomis; "Go not eastward, go not westward, For a stranger whom we know not! Like a fire upon the hearth-stone Is a neighbour's homely daughter, Like the starlight or the moonlight Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis, And my Hiawatha answered Only this: "Dear old Nokomis, Very pleasant is the firelight, But I like the starlight better, Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:

"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling, answered Hiawatha:
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasons of magic, At each stride a mile he measured; Yet the way seemed long before him, And his heart outrun his footsteps; And he journeyed without resting, Till he heard the cataract's thunder, Heard the falls of Minnehaha Calling to him through the silence. "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured.

"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"
On the outskirts of the forest,
"Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"

Sent it singing on its errand, To the red heart of the roebuck; Threw the deer across his shoulder, And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild-goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall, and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

izeellazzzeeeleeleeleeleeleezzeezzezzezezee

152

<u>1</u>-

"After many years of warfare, Many years of strife and bloodshed, There is peace between the Ojibways And the tribe of the Dacotahs. Thus continued Hiawatha, And then added, speaking slowly, "That this peace may last for ever, And our hands be clasped more closely.

4

の本をある。なるなるなるなるなるなるなるないので

And our hearts be more united, Give me as my wife this maiden, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker Paused a moment ere he answered, Smoked a little while in silence, Looked at Hiawatha proudly, Fondly looked at Laughing Water, And made answer, very gravely, "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water, Seemed more lovely as she stood there, Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiawatha, Softly took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband!

This was Hiawatha's wooing! Thus it was he won the daughter

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water.
Hand in hand they went together
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man stantling lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labour,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying,
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!

Just when they have learned to help When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the road before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the
branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

154

Pleasant was the journey homeward, Through interminable forests, Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill, and hollow. Short it seemed to Hiawatha, Though they journeyed very slowly, Though his pace he checked and slackened

40.00

To the steps of Laughing Water. Over wide and rushing rivers In his arms he bore the maiden; Light he thought her as a feather, As the plume upon his head-gear: Cleared the tangled pathway for her, Bent aside the swaying branches, Made at night a lodge of branches, And a bed with boughs of hemlock, And a fire before the doorway With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with

O'er the meadow, through the forest; All the stars of night looked at them, Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;

From his ambush in the oak-tree Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Watched with eager eyes the lovers. And the rabbit, the Wabasso, Scampered from the road before them,

a. 只黑嘴黑黑雀素大鬼鬼鬼麻麻雀素大鬼鬼祟鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼<mark>鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼鬼</mark>鬼鬼

Thus it was they journeyed homeward:

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs, In the land of handsome women.

いってのなかなから、ちゅうのはのなかがっている

像然然形成为,我们,我我我我看着我就就是一种,我们我们我们的我们的我们就是我们的。我就就好命梦的我就就不好我们的 电线线线线 医克克特氏管 医克格特氏征 医克格特氏征

#### XI.

# HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, How the handsome Yennadizze, Danced at Hiawatha's wedding; How the gentle Chibiabos, He, the sweetest of musicians, Sang his songs of love and longing; How Iagoo, the great boaster, He the marvellous storyteller, Told his tales of strange adventure, That the feast might be more joyous, That the time might pass more gaily, And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis Made at Hiawatha's wedding. All the bowls were made of bass-wood, White-and polished very smoothly, All the spoons of horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village Messengers with wands of willow, As a sign of invitation, As a token of the feasting; And the wedding guests assembled, Clad in all their richest raiment, Robes of fur and belts of wampum, Splendid with their paint and plumage, Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma, And the pike, the Maskenozha, Caught and cooked by old Nokomis, Then on pemican they feasted, Pemican and buffalo marrow, Haunch of deer and hump of bison, Yellow cakes of the Mondamin, And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha, And the lovely Laughing Water, And the careful old Nokomis. Tasted not the food before them, Only waited on the others, Only served their guests in silence. And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red-willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis, Dance for us your merry dances, Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us, That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gaily, And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, 4.0.14

(《大京教院外外院院院院会会《大文院》中次第四次第四次的大学院院院院会会

0,4,0,0,0,0,4,0

400

4.4444644464

He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the StormFool,

Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.
Though the warriors called him Faint-

Called him coward, Shaugodaya, Idler, gambler, Yennadizze, Little heeded he their jesting, Little cared he for their insults, For the women and the maidens Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin, White and soft, and fringed with ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum; He was dressed in deer-skin leggings, Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,

And in moccasons of buck-skin
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's down,

On his heels were tails of foxes, In one hand a fan of feathers, And a pipe was in the other.

<del>埃塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞塞</del>塞塞

Barred with streaks of red and yellow, Streaks of blue and bright vermilion, Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis. From his forehead fell his tresses, Smooth and parted like a woman's, Shining bright with oil, and plaited,

Hung with braids of scented grasses, As among the guests assembled, To the sound of drues and singing, To the sound of drues and solemn measure, Very slow in step and gesture, In and out among the pine trees, Through the shadows and the sunshine. Then more swiftly and still swifter, Whirling, spinning round in circles, Leaping o'er the guests assembled, Eddying round and round the wigwam.

Till the leaves went whirling with him. Till the dust and wind together Swept in eddies round about him. Then along the sandy margin of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water, On he sped with frenzied gestures, Stamped upon the sand, and tossed th Wildiy in the air around him; Till the wind became a whirwind, Till the sand was blown and sifted and Like great snowdrifts o'er the Danes, Heaping all the shores with Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing There among the guests assembled, Sat and fanned himself serenely With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos, To the friend of Hawatha, To the sweetest of all singers, To the best of all musicians, "Sing to us, O Chibiabos! Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis Danced his Beggar's Dance to please, them,
And, returning, sat down laughing There among the guests assembled, Sat and fanned himself serenely With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos, To the friend of Hawatha, To the sweetest of all singers, To the best of all musicians, "Sing to us, O Chibiabos! The theology of the sweet and the merry of the friend of Hawatha, To the sweetest of all singers, To the best of all musicians, "Sing to us, O Chibiabos

Would you only give him credence, No one ever shot an arrow Half so far and high as he had; Ever caught so many fishes, Ever killed so many reindeer, Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could, None could dive so deep as he could, None could swim so far as he could; None had made so many journeys, None had seen so many wonders, As this wonderful lagoo, As this marvellous storyteller 1

Thus his name became a by-word And a jest among the people!
And whene'er a boastful hunter Praised his own address too highly, Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements, All his hearers cried, "Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us!"
He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews;
He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous storyteller.

仍然不然在我就在我来来来来我就是我就是我就是我就是我们是我们的人,我们的人,我们也不会有一个一个,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们

And they said, "O good Iagoo, Tell us now a tale of wonder, Tell us of some strange adventure, That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gaily, And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange advenOf Osseo, the Magician, [tures
From the Evening Star descended."

and the second of the second o

#### XII.

はなるななないのであるからなると

. .

5.1

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Can it be the sun descending O'er the level plain of water? Or the Red Swan floating, flying, Wounded by the magic arrow, Staining all the waves with crimson, With the crimson of its life-blood, Filling all the air with splendour, With the splendour of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are reddened!

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the heavens!

This with joy beheld Iagoo, And he said in haste: "Behold it! See the Sacred Star of Evening! You shall hear a tale of wonder, Hear the story of Osseo, Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

"Once, in days no more remembered,

Ages near the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters,
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors, Married brave and haughty husbands; Only Oweenee, the youngest, Laughed and flouted all her lovers, All her young and handsome suitors, And then married old Osseo, Old Osseo, poor and ugly, Broken with age and weak with coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo,'
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion,
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendour in his language!

**说我我我我我人的我们** 

A 43-4-4

۸

6,0,5,0,0,0,0,0

"And her lovers, the rejected, Handsome men with belts of wampum, Handsome men with paint and feathers.

Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: "I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter!
I am happy with Osseo!"

"Once to some great feast invited, Through the damp and dusk of even-

Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
All the others chatted gaily,
These two only walked in silence.

"At the Western sky Osseo Gazed intent, as if imploring, Often stopped and gazed imploring At the trembling Star of Evening, At the tender Star of Woman; And they heard him murmur softly, "Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!

Pity, pity me, my father!'
''Listen!' said the eldest sister,
'He is praying to his father!
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling!
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and
hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight, and strong, and
handsome.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty;
But, alas! for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured,
Changed into a weak old woman.
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

ひるることなれてなるながながないないのととなる

000000000

3,4,5,4

6.4.4

日ののでは日本の日の日の

000

0,000

000

4440

\$ \$ \psi

"But Osseo turned not from her, Walked with slower step beside her, Took her hand, as brown and withered As an oak-leaf is in Winter, Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha, Soothed her with soft words of kind-

Till they reached the lodge of feasting, Till they sat down in the wigwam, Sacred to the Star of Evening, To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming, At the banquet sat Osseo; All were merry, all were happy, All were joyous but Osseo. Neither food nor drink he tasted, Neither did he speak nor listen, But as one bewildered sat he, Looking dreamily and sadly, First at Oweenee, then upward At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whisper, Coming from the starry distance, Coming from the empty vastness, Low, and musical, and tender; And the voice said: 'O Osseo! O my son, my best beloved! Broken are the spells that bound you, All the charms of the magicians, All the magic powers of evil; Come to me; ascend, Osseo! [you: "'Taste the food that stands before

"'Taste the food that stands before It is blessed and enchanted, It has magic virtues in it, It will change you to a spirit. All your bowls and all your kettles Shall be wood and clay no longer; But the bowls be changed to wampum, And the kettles shall be silver; They shall shine like shells of scarlet, Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

"'And the women shall no longer Bear the dreary doom of labour, But be changed to birds, and glisten With the beauty of the starlight, Painted with the dusky splendours Of the skies and clouds of evening!' "What Osseo heard as whispers, What as words he comprehended, Was but music to the others, Music as of birds afar off, Of the Whippoorwill afar off, Of the lonely Wawonaissa Singing in the darksome forest.

ē<sup>rie</sup>,

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

我我不是白色大色已在白白年在

0,000

0

4,4,4,4,000

ø

ć. a

代かなかん

1. S. A. A. O. A.

"Then the lodge began to tremble, Straight began to shake and tremble, And they felt it rising, rising. Slowly through the air ascending, From the darkness of the tree-tops Forth into the dewy starlight, Till it passed the topmost branches; And behold! the wooden dishes All were changed to shells of scarlet! And behold! the carthen kettles All were changed to bowls of silver! And the roof-poles of the wigwam Were as glittering rods of silver, And the roof of bark upon them As the shining shards of beetles.

"Then Osseo gazed around him, And he saw the nine fair sisters, All the sisters and their husbands, Changed to birds of various plumage, Some were jays and some were

magpies,

Others thrushes, others blackbirds; And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers, Strutted in their shining plumage, And their tails like fans unfolded.

"Only Oweenee the youngest, Was not changed, but sat in silence, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly, Looking sadly at the others; Till Osseo, gazing upward, Gave another cry of anguish, Such a cry as he had uttered By the oak-tree in the forest.

"Then returned her youth and

beauty,

And her soiled and tattered garments Were transformed to robes of ermine, And her staff became a feather, Yes, a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam trembled, Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapour,

And amid celestial splendours
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome
Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring

there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: 'O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage Changed your sisters and their husbands:

Changed them thus because they mocked you

In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Oweenee, the faithful,

Saw your naked heart and loved you.
"In the lodge that glimmers you

In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapours on the left hand,
Lives the envious Evil spirit.
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him.
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet, On the peaceful Star of Evening Dwelt Osseo with his father; Many years, in song and flutter, At the doorway of the wigwam, Hung the cage with rods of silver. And fair Oweenee, the faithful, Bore a son unto Osseo, With the beauty of his mother, With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and pros-And Osseo, to delight him, [pered, Made him little bows and arrows, Opened the great cage of silver. And let loose his aunts and uncles, All those birds with glossy feathers, For his little son to shoot at. "Round and round they wheeled and darted.

Filled the Evening Star with music, With their songs of joy and freedom; Filled the Evening Star with splendour,

With the fluttering of their plumage; Till the boy, the little hunter, Bent his bow and shot an arrow, Shot a swift and fatal arrow, And a bird, with shining feathers, At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation!"Twas no bird he saw before him,
"Twas a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom!

"When her blood fell on the planet,
On the sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic, [ment,
Powerless was the strange enchantAnd the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and
vapours,

Till he rested on an island, On an island green and grassy, Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending All the birds with shining feathers, Fluttering, falling, wafted downward, Like the painted leaves of Autumn; And the lodge with poles of silver, With its roof like wings of beetles, Like the shining shards of beetles, By the winds of heaven uplifted, Slowly sank upon the island, Bringing back the good Osseo, Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.
"Then the birds, again transfigured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals, Took their shape, but not their stature:

They remained as Little People, Like the pigmies, the Puk-wudjies, And on pleasant nights of Summer, When the Evening Star was shining, Hand in hand they danced together On the island's craggy headlands, On the sand-beach low and level.

Still their glittering lodge is seen there.

On the tranquil Summer evenings, And upon the shore the fisher Sometimes hears their happy voices, See them dancing in the starlight!"

<del></del>

When the story was completed, When the wondrous tale was ended, Looking round upon his listeners, Solemnly Iagoo added:

"There are great men, I have known

Whom their people understand not, Whom they even make a jest of, Scoff and jeer at in derision. From the story of Osseo

Let them learn the fate of jesters!"
All the wedding-guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other,
"Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?"

Then again sang Chibiabos, Sang a song of love and longing, In those accents sweet and tender, In those tones of pensive sadness, Sang a maiden's lamentation For her lover, her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,\*
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Ah me! when I parted from him, Round my neck he hung the wampum, As a pledge, the snow-white wampum, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"I will go with you, he whispered, Ah me! to your native country; Let me go with you, he whispered, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"Far away, away, I answered, Very far away, I answered, Ah me! is my native country, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I looked back to behold him, Where we parted, to behold him, After me he still was gazing, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"By the tree he still was standing, By the fallen tree was standing, That had dropped into the water, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

"When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin?"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding, Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Such the story of Iagoo, Such the songs of Chibiabos;

\* The original of this song may be found in Oneota, p. 15.

Thus the wedding-banquet ended, And the wedding-guests departed, Leaving Hiawatha happy With the night and Minnehaha.

#### XIII.

## BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha, Of the happy days that followed, In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant land and peaceful! Sing the mysteries of Mondamin, Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations,
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village Stood the maize fields, green and shining, Waved the green plumes of Mondamin.

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'Twas the women who in Spring-time
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin;
'Twas the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.
Once, when all the maize was planted.

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water:
"You shall bless to-night the cornfields,

Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!

"In the night, when all is silence, In the night, when all is darkness,

<del>Ŏ>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>></del>

When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, Shuts the doors of all the wigwams, So that not an ear can hear you, So that not an eye can see you, Rise up from your bed in silence, Lay aside your garments wholly, Walk around the fields you planted, Round the borders of the corn-fields, Covered by your tresses only, Robed with darkness as a garment.

¥X¥

Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps Draw a magic circle round them, So that neither blight nor mildew, Neither burrowing worm nor insect, Shall pass o'er the magic circle; Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she, Nor the spider, Subbekashe, Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena, Nor the mighty caterpillar, Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin, King of all the caterpillars!"

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields Sat the hungry crows and ravens, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, With his band of black marauders. And they laughed at Hiawatha, Till the tree-tops shook with laughter, With their melancholy laughter,

162

基基

At the words of Hiawatha.
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the wise man!

Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended Broad and dark o'er field and forest, When the mournful Wawonaissa Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks, And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, Shut the doors of all the wigwams, From her bcd rose Laughing Water, Laid aside her garments wholly, And with darkness clothed and guarded,

Unashamed and unaffrighted, Walked securely round the corn-fields, Drew the sacred, magic circle Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness.
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw
her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Gathered all his black marauders, Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens, Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops, And descended, fast and fearless, On the fields of Hiawatha, On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,

"From the grave where he is buried, Spite of all the magic circles Laughing Water draws around it, Spite of all the sacred footprints Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-

tops.
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak, He had spread o'er all the corn-fields Snares to catch the black marauders, And was lying now in ambush In the neighbouring grove of pinctrees,

Waiting for the crows and blackbirds, Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the corn-fields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.
And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves imprisoned
In the snares of Hiawatha.

いかられ

人

入り入り入せ入

From his place of ambush came he, Striding terrible among them, And so awful was his aspect That the bravest quailed with terror. Without mercy he destroyed them Right and left, by tens and twenties, And their wretched, lifeless bodies Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows Round the consecrated corn-fields, As a signal of his vengeance, As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, He alone was spared among them As a hostage for his people. With his prisoner-string he bound him.\*

Led him captive to his wigwam, Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and sulky, Sitting in the morning sunshine On the summit of the wigwam, Croaking fiercely his displeasure, Flapping his great sable pinions, Vainly struggling for his freedom, Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war-party commonly carries several fastened about his waist; and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping."—Narrative of Captivity and Adventures, p. 412.

163

M 2

Breathed his sighs o'erall the landscape, From the South-land sent his ardours, Wafted kisses warm and tender; And the maize-field grew and ripened, Till it stood in all the splendour Of its garments green and yellow, Of its tassels and its plumage, And the maize-ears full and shining Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman, Spake and said to Minnehaha: "'Tis the moon when leaves are falling;

All the wild-rice has been gathered, And the maize is ripe and ready; Let us gather in the harvest, Let us wrestle with Mondamin, Strip him of his plumes and tassels, Of his garments green and yellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water Went rejoicing from the wigwam, With Nokomis, old and wrinkled; And they called the women round them, Called the young men and the maidens, To the harvest of the corn-fields, To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labour
Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the
magpies,

ÿ

Heard them laughing like the blue-jays, Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden,
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize ear red as blood is,
"Nushka!" cried they all together,
"Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband!"
,, Ugh!" the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pinetrees!

And whene'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields! Paimosaid, the skulking robber!"

Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,

Screamed and quivered in his anger,

And from all the neighbouring treetops

[ders.

Cawed and croaked the black marau"Ugh!" the old men all responded,

From their seats beneath the pinetrees!

Ă

不完成

Á

**米米米米米米** 

#### XIV.

### PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten, Wise men speak; their words of wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them, Do not reach the generations That, as yet unborn, are waiting In the great, mysterious darkness Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers Are no signs, no figures painted; Who are in those graves we know not, Only know they are our fathers. - Of what kith they are and kindred, From what old, ancestral Totem, Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver, They descended, this we know not, Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together, But we cannot speak when absent, Cannot send our voices from us To the friends that dwell afar off; Cannot send a secret message, But the bearer learns our secret, May pervert it, may betray it, May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking In the solitary forest, Pondering, musing in the forest, On the welfare of his people.

. 164

### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

From his pouch he took his colours, Took his paints of different colours, On the smooth bark of a birch-tree Painted many shapes and figures, Wonderful and mystic figures, And each figure had a meaning, Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles, Life was white, but Death was darkened;

Sun and moon and stars he painted, Man and beast, and fish and reptile, Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,

For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said: "Behold, your graveposts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures,
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know
them." [posts]

And they painted on the grave-Of the graves yet unforgotten, Each his own ancestral Totem,

Each the symbol of his household; Figures of the Bear and Reindeer, Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver, Each inverted as a token That the owner was departed, That the chief who bore the symbol Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the prophets, The Wabenos, the magicians, And the medicine-men, the Medas, Painted upon bark and deer-skin Figures for the songs they chanted, For each song a separate symbol, Figures mystical and awful, Figures strange and brightly coloured; And each figure had its meaning, Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic:
Headless men that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great warcaptains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!
Such as these the shapes they
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin; Songs of war and songs of hunting, Songs of medicine and of magic, All were written in these figures, For each figure had its meaning, Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, The most subtle of all medicines, The most potent spell of magic, Dangerous more than war or hunting! Thus the Love-Song was recorded, Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing, Painted in the brightest scarlet; 'Tis the lover, the musician, And the meaning is, "My painting Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing, Playing on a drum of magic, And the interpretation, "Listen! 'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!"

·>·>·>·>·>·>·

Then the same red figure seated In the shelter of a wigwam, And the meaning of the symbol,

@><del><</del>><del><</del></

"I will come and sit beside you In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman, Standing hand in hand together With their hands so clasped together That they seemed in one united; And the words thus represented Are, "I see your heart within you, And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island, In the centre of an island; And the song this shape suggested Was, "Though you were at a distance, Were upon some far-off island, Such a spell I cast upon you, Such the magic power of passion, I could straightway draw you to me!"

¥

¥,

XXXX

**\***\*\*\*

**Y Y Y** 

Then the figure of the maiden Sleeping, and the lover near her, Whispering to her in her slumbers, Saying, "Though you were far from

In the land of Sleep and Silence, Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the peo ple
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

xv.

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits, All the Manitos of mischief, Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom, And his love for Chibiabos, Jealous of their faithful friendship And their noble words and actions, Made at length a league against them, To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,

'Laughing shook his coal-black tresses, Answered ever sweet and childlike, "Do not fear for me, O brother! Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter, Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water, When the snow-flakes, whirling down-

Hissed among the withered oak-leaves, Changed the pine-trees into wigwams, Covered all the earth with silence,— Armed with arrows, shod with snow-

Heeding not his brother's warning, Fearing not the Evil Spirits, Forth to hunt the deer with antlers All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water Sprang with speed the deer before him. With the wind and snow he followed, O'er the treacherous ice he followed, Wild with all the fierce commotion And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
Dragged him downward to the bottom,
Buried in the sand his body.
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance Woke and answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted, With his robe his head he covered, In his wigwam sat lamenting, Seven long weeks he sat lamenting, Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees [him, Waved their dark green fans above Waved their purple cones above him, Sighing with him to console him, Mingling with his lamentation Their complaining, their lamenting.

#### SONG OF HIAWATHA. THE

Came the Spring, and all the forest Looked in vain for Chibiabos; Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha, Sighed the rushes in the meadow; From the tree-tops sang the blue-bird, Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa, "Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweet musician!" From the wigwam sang the robin, Sang the Opechee, the robin,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!

He is dead, the sweetest singer!" And at night through all the forest Went the whippoorwill complaining, Wailing went the Wawonaissa, "Chibiabos! Chibiabos! He is dead, the sweet musician! He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the medicine-men, the Medas, The magicians, the Wabenos, And the Jossakeeds, the prophets, Came to visit Hiawatha; Built a Sacred Lodge beside him, To appease him, to console him, Walked in silent, grave procession, Bearing each a pouch of healing, Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter, Filled with magic roots and simples, Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps ap-

proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting, Called no more on Chibiabos; Nought he questioned, nought he answered,

But his mournful head uncovered, From his face the mourning colours Washed he slowly and in silence, Slowly and in silence followed Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him, Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint, And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow, Roots of power, and herbs of healing; Beat their drums, and shook their

rattles:

Chanted singly and in chorus, Mystic songs like these they chanted:

"I myself, myself! behold me! 'Tis the great Gray Eagle talking; Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me; All the unseen spirits help me; I can hear their voices calling, All around the sky I hear them! • I can blow you strong, my brother, I can heal you, Hiawatha!'

Ŏ*>*•>•>•>•>•>•>•>•>•>•>•>•>

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus, "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus. "Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk! Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him; I can shoot your heart and kill it! I can blow you strong, my brother, I can heal you, Hiawatha!

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus, "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself! the prophet! When I speak the wigwam trembles, Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror, Hands unseen begin to shake it! When I walk, the sky I tread on Bends and makes a noise beneath me! I can blow you strong, my brother! Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!"
"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus,

"Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus. Then they shook their medicinepouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha, Danced their medicine-dance around

And upstarting wild and haggard, Like a man from dreams awakened, He was healed of all his madness. As the clouds are swept from heaven, Straightway from his brain departed All his moody melancholy; As the ice is swept from rivers, Straightway from his heart departed All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos From his grave beneath the waters, From the sands of Gitche Gumee Summoned Hiawatha's brother. And so mighty was the magic Of that cry and invocation, That he heard it as he lay there Underneath the Big-Sea-Water. From the sand he rose and listened, Heard the music and the singing, Came, obedient to the summons, To the doorway of the wigwam, But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,

Through the door a burning firebrand; Ruler in the Land of Spirits, Ruler o'er the dead they made him, Telling him a fire to kindle For all those that died thereafter, Camp-fires for their night encamp-

On their solitary journey

To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the land of the Hereafter. From the village of his childhood, From the homes of those who knew

him.

Passing silent through the forest, Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways, Slowly vanished Chibiabos!

Where he passed, the branches moved

Where he trod, the grasses bent not, And the fallen leaves of last year Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed on-

Down the pathway of the dead men; On the dead-man's strawberry feasted, Crossed the melancholy river, On the swinging log he crossed it, Came unto the Lake of Silver, In the Stone Canoe was carried To the Islands of the Blessed, To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly, Many weary spirits saw he, Panting under heavy burdens, Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles, And with food that friends had given For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they, "Lay such heavy burdens on us? Better were it to go naked, Better were it to go fasting, Than to bear such heavy burdens On our long and weary journey!"

Forth then issued Hiawatha. Wandered eastward, wandered westward,

Teaching men the use of simples And the antidotes for poisons, And the cure of all diseases. Thus was first made known to mortals All the mystery of Medamin, All the sacred art of healing.

#### XVI.

#### PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, He, the handsome Yenadizze, Whom the people called the Storm-Fool.

Vexed the village with disturbance; You shall hear of all his mischief,

And his flight from Hiawatha, And his wondrous transmigrations, And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, By the shining Big-Sea-Water Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis. It was he who in his frenzy Whirled these drifting sands together, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, When, among the guests assembled, He so merrily and madly Danced at Hiawatha's wedding, Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures, From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis, Came with speed into the village, Found the young men all assembled In the lodge of old Iagoo, Listening to his monstrous stories, To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker, How he made a hole in heaven, How he climbed up into heaven, And let out the Summer-weather, The perpetual, pleasant Summer; How the Otter first essayed it; How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger Tried in turn the great achievement, From the summit of the mountain Smote their fists against the heavens, Smote against the sky their foreheads, Cracked the sky, but could not break it:

How the Wolverine, uprising Made him ready for the encounter, Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,

Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo, "Once he leaped, and lo! above him Bent the sky, as ice in rivers When the waters rise beneath it; Twice he leaped, and lo! above him Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers When the freshet is at highest! Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above him Broke the shattered sky asunder, And he disappeared within it, And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel, With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis

As he entered at the doorway; "I am tired of all this talking, Tired of old Iagoo's stories, Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.

 $oldsymbol{0}$ 

Here is something to amuse you, Better than this endless talking." Then from out his pouch of wolf-

Forth he drew, with solemn manner, All the game of Bowl and Counters, Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces. White on one side were they painted And vermilion on the other; Two Kenabeeks or great serpents, Two Ininewug or wedge-men, One great war-club, Pugamaugun, And one slender fish, the Keego, Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks, And three Sheshebwug or ducklings. All were made of bone and painted, All except the Ozawabeeks; These were brass, on one side burnished,

And were black upon the other. In a wooden bowl he placed them, Shook and jostled them together, Threw them on the ground before

him, Thus exclaiming and explaining: "Red side up are all the pieces, And one great Kenabeek standing On the bright side of a brass piece, On a burnished Ozawabeek; Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces, Shook and jostled them together, Threw them on the ground before him.

Still exclaining and explaining: "White are both the great Kena-

White the Ininewug, the wedge-men, Red are all the other pieces; Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard, Thus displayed it and explained it, Running through its various chances, Various changes, various meanings; Twenty curious eyes stared at him, Full of eagerness stared at him.

" Many games," said old Iagoo, "Many games of skill and hazard Have I seen in different nations, Have I played in different countries. He who plays with old Iagoo Must have very nimble fingers; Though you think yourself so skilful, I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis, I can even give you lessons In your game of Bowl and Counters."

So they sat and played together, All the old men and the young men, . Played for dresses, weapons, wampum, Played till midnight, played till morn-

Played until the Yenadizze, Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Of their treasures had despoiled them, Of the best of all their dresses, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, crests of feathers, Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches. Twenty eyes glared wildly at him, Like the eyes of wolves glared at

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis, "In my wigwam I am lonely, In my wanderings and adventures I have need of a companion, Fain would have a Meshinauwa, An attendant and pipe-bearer. I will venture all these winnings, All these garments heaped about mc, All this wampum, all these feathers, On a single throw will venture All against the young man yonder!" Twas a youth of sixteen summers, Twas a nephew of Iagoo; Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him

As the fire burns in a pipe-head Dusky red beneath the ashes, So beneath his shaggy eyebrows Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo. "Ugh!" he answered, very fiercely! <mark>Ტ</mark>ᲝᲢᲢᲛᲝᲝᲑᲠ**™**ᲛᲛᲠᲝᲠᲝᲠᲝᲠᲚᲝᲑᲠᲓᲔᲠᲝᲑᲔᲠᲓᲔᲚᲡᲓᲛᲬᲛᲚᲡᲡᲓᲛᲛᲓᲠᲗᲑᲗᲠᲢᲑᲓൻᲑᲨᲛᲓᲛᲓᲠᲓᲛᲓᲠᲓᲛᲛᲠᲓᲛᲛᲠᲓᲛᲛᲠᲓᲛᲛᲓᲓᲛᲠᲓᲛᲛᲓᲛᲛᲓᲛᲛᲓ

"Ugh!" they answered all and each

Seized the wooden bowl the old man, Closely in his bony fingers Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon, Shook it fiercely and with fury, Made the pieces ring together As he threw them down before him

Red were both the great Kenabeeks, Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men, Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings, Black the four brass Ozawabeeks, White alone the fish, the Keego; Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis Shook the bowl and threw the pieces; Lightly in the air he tossed them, And they fell about him scattered: Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks, Red and white the other pieces, And upright among the others One Ininewug was standing, Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis Stood alone among the players, Saying, "Five tens! mine the game

is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely, Like the eyes of wolves glared at him, As he turned and left the wigwam, Followed by his Meshinauwa, By the nephew of Iagoo, By the tall and graceful stripling, Bearing in his arms the winnings, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

"Carry them, said Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Pointing with his fan of feathers, "To my wigwam far to eastward, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis As he came forth to the freshness Of the pleasant Summer morning. All the birds were singing gaily, All the streamlets flowing swiftly, And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis Sang with pleasure as the birds sing, Beat with triumph like the streamlets, As he wandered through the village, In the early gray of morning, With his fan of turkey-feathers, With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam, Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted; No one met him at the doorway, No one came to bid him welcome; But the birds were singing round it, In and out and round the doorway, Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding, And aloft upon the ridge-pole Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming, Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

All are gone! the lodge is empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis, In his heart resolving mischief;— "Gone is wary Hiawatha, Gone the silly Laughing Water, Gone Nokomis, the old woman,

And the lodge is left unguarded!" By the neck he seized the raven, Whirled it round him like a rattle, Like a medicine-pouch he shook it, Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven, From the ridge-pole of the wigwam Left its lifeless body hanging, As an insult to its master, As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,

Round the lodge in wild disorder Threw the household things about him,

Piled together in confusion Bowls of wood and earthen kettles, Robes of buffalo and beaver, Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine, As an insult to Nokomis, As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, Whistling, singing through the forest Whistling gaily to the squirrels, Who from hollow boughs above him Dropped their acorn-shells upon him, Singing gaily to the wood-birds, Who from out the leafy darkness Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee, Perched himself upon their summit, Waiting full of mirth and mischief The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;

Far below him plashed the waters, Plashed and washed the dreamy waters :

Far above him swam the heavens, Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens; Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled, Hiawatha's mountain chickens, Flock-wise swept and wheeled about

Almost brushed him with their pinions. And he killed them as he lay there, Slaughtered them by tens and twenties, Threw their bodies down the head-

Threw them on the beach below him, Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull, Perched upon a crag above them, Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis! He is slaying us by hundreds! Send a message to our brother, Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

## XVII. THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha When he came into the village, Found the people in confusion, Heard of all the misdemeanours, All the malice and the mischief, Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

#### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Hard his breath came through his

Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered

Words of anger and resentment, Hot and humming, like a hornet. "I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis, Slay this mischief-maker!" said he. "Not so long and wide the world is, Not so rude and rough the way is, That my wrath shall not attain him, That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed Hiawatha and the hunters On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis, Through the forest where he passed it, To the headlands where he rested; But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis, Only in the trampled grasses, In the whortleberry-bushes, Found the couch where he had rested, Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow, Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward, Made a gesture of defiance, Made a gesture of derision; And aloud cried Hiawatha, From the summit of the mountain: " Not so long and wide the world is, Not so rude and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river, Thorough bush and brake and forest, Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Like an antelope he bounded, Till he came unto a streamlet In the middle of the forest, To a streamlet still and tranquil, That had overflowed its margin, To a dam made by the beavers, To a pond of quiet water, Where knee-deep the trees were standing.

Where the water-lilies floated, Where the rushes waved and whis-

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, On the dam of trunks and branches, Through whose chinks the water spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the stream-

From the bottom rose a beaver, Looked with two great eyes of wonder, | Larger than the other beavers."

Eyes that seemed to ask a question, At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis. On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Flowed the bright and silvery water, And he spake unto the beaver, With a smile he spake in this wise:

'O my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver, Cool and pleasant is the water; Let me dive into the water, Let me rest there in your lodges; Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver, With reserve he thus made answer: "Let me first consult the others, Let me ask the other beavers." Down he sank into the water, Heavily sank he as a stone sinks, Down among the leaves and branches, Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Spouted through the chinks below him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath him, Spread serene and calm before him, And the sunshine and the shadows Fell in flecks and gleams upon him, Fell in little shining patches, Through the waving, rustling branFrom the bottom rose the beavers. Silently above the surface Rose one head and then another, Till the pond seemed full of beavers, Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis Spake entreating, said in this wise: Very pleasant is your dwelling, O my friends! and safe from danger; Can you not with all your cunning, All your wisdom and contrivance, Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes," replied Ahmeek, the beaver, He the King of all the beavers, "Let yourself slide down among us, Down into the tranquil water.'

Down into the pond among them Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Black became his shirt of deer-skin, Black his moccasons and leggings, In a broad black tail behind him Spread his fox-tails and his fringes; He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,

"Make me large and make me larger,

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Found the bottom covered over With the trunks of trees and branches, Hoards of food against the winter, Piles and heaps against the famine, Found the lodge with arching doorway Leading into spacious chambers. Here they made him large and larger, Made him largest of the beavers, Ten times larger than the others. "You shall be our ruler," said they; "Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis Sat in state among the beavers, When there came a voice of warning From the watchman at his station In the water-flags and lilies, Saying, "Here is Hiawatha! Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them, Heard a shouting and a tramping, Heard a crashing and a rushing, And the water round and o'er them Sank and sucked away in eddies, And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters Leaped and broke it all asunder; Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the door-

Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
'He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk Keewis! Vain are all your craft and cunning, Vain your manifold disguises!

Well I know you. Pau Puk Keewis!"

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
With their clubs they beat and bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis, Pounded him as maize is pounded, Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it.
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, was sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands,
Now their broad black beaks they
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the water, Now they darkened in the shadow, Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" criedPau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pishnekuh, my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him.

With two huge and dusky pinions, With a bosom smooth and rounded, With a bill like two great paddles, Made him larger than the others, Ten times larger than the largest, Just as, shouting from the forest, On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamour, With a whirr and beat of pinions, Rose up from the reedy islands, From the water-flags and lilies. And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis: "In your flying, look not downward, Take good heed and look not downward, ward, [happen,

Lest some strange mischance should Lest some great mishap befall you!"

#### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Fast and far they fled to northward, Fast and far through mist and sunshine, Fed among the moors and fenlands, Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed, Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind, Wafted onward by the South-wind, Blowing fresh and strong behind them, Rose a sound of human voices. Rose a clamour from beneath them, From the lodges of a village, From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village Saw the flock of brant with wonder, Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis Flapping far up in the ether, Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting, Knew the voice of Hiawatha, Knew the outcry of Iagoo, And, forgetful of the warning, Drew his neck in and looked downward, And the wind that blew behind him Caught his mighty fan of feathers, Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis Struggle to regain his balance! Whirling round and round and downward.

He beheld in turn the village And in turn the flock above him, Saw the village coming nearer, And the flock receding farther, Heard the voices growing louder, Heard the shouting and the laughter, Saw no more the flock above him, Only saw the earth beneath him; Dead out of the empty heaven, Dead among the shouting people, With a heavy sound and sullen, Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow, Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis, Took again the form and features Of the handsome Yenadizze, And again went rushing onward, Followed fast by Hiawatha, Crying: "Not so wide the world is, Not so long and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him, That his hand was stretched to seize him.

His right hand to seize and hold him, When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Whirled and spun about in circles,

Fanned the air into a whirlwind, Danced the dust and leaves about him. And amid the whirling eddies Sprang into a hollow oak tree, Changed himself into a serpent, Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha Smote amain the hollow oak tree. Rent it into shreds and splinters. Left it lying there in fragments. But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis, Once again in human figure, Full in sight ran on before him, Sped away in gust and whirlwind, On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Westward by the Big-Sea-Water, Came unto the rocky headlands, To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone, Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain, He the Manito of Mountains, Opened wide his rocky doorways, Opened wide his deep abysses, Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter In his caverns dark and dreary, Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha, Found the doorways closed against him, With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Smote great caverns in the sandstone, Cried aloud in tones of thunder, "Open! I am Hiawatha!" But the Old Man of the Mountain Opened not, and made no answer From the silent crags of sandstone, From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven, Called imploring on the tempest, Called Waywassimo, the lightning, And the thunder, Annemeekee; And they came with night and darkness, Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water From the distant Thunder Mountains: And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis Heard the footsteps of the thunder, Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning, Smote the doorways of the caverns, With his war-club smote the doorways, Smote the jutting crags of sandstone, And the thunder, Annemeekee, Shouted down into the caverns, "Where is Pau-Puk-Kee-Saying,

And the crags fell, and beneath them

Dead among the rocky ruins Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Lay the handsome Yenadizze, Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures, Ended were his tricks and gambols, Ended all his craft and cunning, Ended all his mischief-making, All his gambling and his dancing, All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!

Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures,
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds.

But above there in the heavens You shall soar and sail in circles; I will change you to an eagle, To Keneu, the great War-Eagle, Chief of all the fowls with feathers, Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis Lingers still among the people, Lingers still among the singers, And among the storytellers; And in Winter, when the snow-flakes Whirl in eddies round the lodges, When the wind in gusty tumult O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles, "There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village, He is gathering in his harvest!"

#### XVIII.

~~~~~~~~

#### THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations Spread the name and fame of Kwasind:

No man dared to strive with Kwasind, No man could compete with Kwasind. But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies, They the envious Little People, They the fairies and the pigmies, Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow Goes on thus a little longer, Tearing everything he touches, Rending everything to pieces,

Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Ne-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the Water!"

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwa-

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown, too; was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce
him.

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon

That could wound him, that could slay
him.

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree, Was the blue cone of the fir-tree. This was Kwasind's fatal secret, Known to no man among mortals; But the cunning Little People, The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret, Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin
Jutting overhang the river.
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer:
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows:
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong

In his birch canoe came Kwasind, Floating slowly down the current Of the sluggish Taquamenaw, Very languid with the weather, Very sleepy with the silence.

174

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

From the tassels of the birth trees, Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended! By his airy hosts surrounded, His invisible attendants, Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, Like the burnished Drab-kwo-ne-she, Like a dragon-fly, he howered O'er the drowy head of Kwasind. To his ear there came a murmur As of waves upon a seashore As of far-off turnbling waters, As of winds among the pine-trees; And he felt upon his forehead Blows of little airy war-clubs, Wielded by the slumbrous legions O'f the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, As of some one breathing on him. At the first blow of their war-clubs, Fell a drowniness on Kwasind; As the bird, before his vision Reled the landscape into darkness, Very sound askeep was Kwashnd. So he floated down the Taquamenaw, Underneath the trembling birch-trees; Underneath the wooded headlands, Underneath th

He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

A BABA CABA CORRESPONDE CONTROP CONTRO

smoke-flue.

ききり

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smokewreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,

Strangers seemed they in the village; Very pale and haggard were they, As they sat there sad and silent, Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smokeflue.

Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:
"These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt
you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah, From the land of the Hereafter!"

Howeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her;
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,

Cowering, crouching with the shadows;

Said within himself, "Who are they? What strange guests has Minnehaha?" But he questioned not the strangers, Only spake to bid them welcome To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready, And the deer had been divided, Both the pallid guests, the strangers, Springing from among the shadows, Seized upon the choicest portions, Seized the white fat of the roebuck, Set apart for Laughing Water, For the wife of Hiawatha; Without asking, without thanking, Eagerly devoured the morsels,

Flitted back among the shadows In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha, Not a motion made Nokomis, Not a gesture Laughing Water; Not a change came o'er their features; Only Minnehaha softly Whispered, saying, "They are

spered, saying, "They are famished;

Let them do what best delights them; Let them eat, for they are famished." Many a daylight dawned and dark-

ened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes
From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing firewood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

IN TO TO THE CONTRACTION OF THE CONTRACT CONTRAC

Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha

By a word or look reproved them;

Never once had old Nokomis

Made a gesture of impatience;

Never once had Laughing Water

Shown resentment at the outrage.

All had they endured in silence,

That the rights of guest and stranger,

That the virtue of free-giving,

By a look might not be lessened,

By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha, Ever wakeful, ever watchful, In the wigwam dimly lighted By the brands that still were burning, By the glimmering, flickering fire-light, Heard a sighing, oft repeated, Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha, From his shaggy hides of bison, Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain, Saw the pallid guests, the shadows, Sitting upright on their couches, Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: "O guests! why is it

176

### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

kazazazazazazazararazazazazazazazazazararara

That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting, And they said with gentle voices: "We are ghosts of the departed, Souls of those who once were with you. From the realms of Chibiabos Hither have we come to try you, Hither have we come to warn you.

"Cries of grief and lamentation Reach us in the Blessed Islands; Cries of anguish from the living, Calling back their friends departed, Sadden us with useless sorrow. Therefore have we come to try you; No one knows us, no one heeds us, We are but a burden to you, And we see that the departed Have no place among the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawatha! Speak of it to all the people, That henceforward and for ever They no more with lamentations Sadden the souls of the departed In the Islands of the Blessed.

"Do not lay such heavy burdens In the graves of those you bury, Not such weight of furs and wampum, Not such weight of pots and kettles, For the spirits faint beneath them. Only give them food to carry, Only give them fire to light them.

"Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha! We have put you to the trial, To the proof have put your patience, By the insult of our presence, By the outrage of our actions. We have found you great and noble. Fail not in the greater trial, Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden dark-

ness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam. Hiawatha heard a rustle As of garments trailing by him, Heard the curtain of the doorway Lifted by a hand he saw not, Felt the cold breath of the night-air, For a moment saw the starlight; But he saw the ghosts no longer, Saw no more the wandering spirits From the kingdom of Ponemah, From the land of the Hereafter.

# xx. THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,

and the contraction of the contr

Saw no track of deer or rabbit, In the snow beheld no footprints, In the ghastly, gleaming forest Fell, and could not rise from weak-

Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!

O the blasting of the fever!

O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished, Hungry was the air around them, Hungry was the sky above them, And the hungry stars in heaven Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said, "Behold me!

I am Famine, Buckadawin!"

ezzataterrierreiereeterrerrerrerrerrerrerrerrerre

N

And the other said, "Behold me! I am Fever, Ahkosewin!

And the lovely Minnehaha Shuddered as they looked upon her, Shuddered at the words they uttered, Lay down on her bed in silence, Hid her face, but made no answer; Lay there trembling, freezing, burning At the looks they cast upon her, At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest Rushed the maddened Hiawatha; In his heart was deadly sorrow, In his face a stony firmness; On his brow the sweat of anguish Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs, and armed for hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree, With his quiver full of arrows, With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Into the vast and vacant forest On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!" Cried he with his face uplifted In that bitter hour of anguish, "Give your children food, O father! Give us food, or we must perish! Give me food for Minnehaha, For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest, Through the forest vast and vacant, Rang that cry of desolation, But there came no other answer Than the echo of his crying, Than the echo of the woodlands, "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha In that melancholy forest, Through the shadow of whose thickets, In the pleasant days of Summer, Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer, He had brought his young wife homeward,

From the land of the Dacotahs; When the birds sang in the thickets, And the streamlets laughed and glistened.

And the air was full of fragrance, And the lovely Laughing Water Said, with voice that did not tremble, "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis, With those gloomy guests that watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever, She was lying, the Beloved, She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rush-

Hear a roaring and a rushing, Hear the falls of Minnehaha Calling to me from a distance!" "No, my child!" said old Nokomis,

"Tis the night-wind in the pinetrees!"

"Look!" she said, "I see my father Standing lonely at his doorway, Beckoning to me from his wigwam, In the land of the Dacotahs! "No, my child!" said old Nokomis, "'Tis the smoke that waves and

beckons!" Pauguk "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Glare upon me in the darkness; I can feel his icy fingers

Clasping mine amid the darkness!

Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

And the desolate Hiawatha, Far away amid the forest, Miles away among the mountains, Heard that sudden cry of anguish, Heard the voice of Minnehaha Calling to him in the darkness, Hiawatha! Hiawatha!

Over snow-fields waste and pathless, Under snow-encumbered branches, Homeward hurried Hiawatha, Empty-handed, heavy-hearted, Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing, " Wahonomin! Wahonomin! Would that I had perished for you, Would that I were dead as you are! Wahonomin! Wahonomin! And he rushed into the wigwam, Saw the old Nokomis slowly Rocking to and fro and moaning, Saw his lovely Minnehaha Lying dead and cold before him; And his bursting heart within him Uttered such a cry of anguish, That the forest moaned and shuddered,

destactions and the constant and the constant constant and the constant an

That the very stars in heaven Shook and trembled with his anguish. Then he sat down, still and speechless.

On the bed of Minnehaha, At the feet of Laughing Water, At those willing feet, that never More would lightly run to meet him, Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered, Seven long days and nights he sat

As if in a swoon he sat there,

Speechless, motionless, unconscious Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha: In the snow a grave they made her, In the forest deep and darksome, Underneath the moaning hemlocks; Clothed her in her richest garments, Wrapped her in her robes of ermine; Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted, On her grave four times was kindled, For her soul upon its journey. To the Islands of the Blessed. From his doorway Hiswatha Saw it burning in the forest, Lighting up the gloomy hemilocks; Lighting up the gloomy hemilocks; From his seepless bed uprising. From the bed of Minnehaha, Saw it burning in the forest, Lighting up the gloomy hemilocks; That it might not be extinguished, Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Frarewell!" said be, "Minnehaha! Farewell, O my Laughing Water!" All my heart is buried with you. All my thoughts go ownard wyou! Come not back again to suffer, Cure not back again to suffer, Cure not back again to suffer, West the heart and waste the body. Soon my task will be completed, Soon your footsteps I shall follow To the Islands of the Blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah!

To the land of the Hereafter!"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.
In his lodge beside a river, Sat and long the source, Sat and the seven where with seems the source of the sat soon becomes the water!"

And the old man as a sonow-drift; Dull and low his fire was burning, And the old man shook and trembled, Folded in his Wathewyon.
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper, Hearing nothing but the some-store. Seeing nothing but the some-store. Seeing nothing but the some-store. Seeing nothing but the some-store. And the earth becomes as finistone! "When I shake my flowing ring-test, and the fire was slowly dying, As a young man, walking lightly, At the open doorway entered. Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,

1799

(Bestable estable parter in energe estable estable estable en 1777)

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL

Come the wild-goose and the heron, Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow, Sing the blue-bird and the robin; And where'er my footsteps wander, All the meadows wave with blossoms, All the woodlands ring with music, All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake the night departed;

From the distant realms of Wabun, From his shining lodge of silver, Like a warrior robed and painted, Came the sun, and said, "Behold me! Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,

And the air grew warm and pleasant, And upon the wigwam sweetly Sang the blue-bird and the robin, And the stream began to murmur, And a scent of growing grasses Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger, More distinctly in the daylight Saw the icy face before him; It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing, As from melting lakes the streamlets, And his body shrunk and dwindled As the shouting sun ascended, Till into the air it faded, Till into the ground it vanished, And the young man saw before him, On the hearthstone of the wigwam, Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flowers of Spring-time, Saw the beauty of the Spring-time, Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland, After that unheard of coldness, That intolerable Winter, Came the Spring with all its splendour, All its birds and all its blossoms, All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward, Flying in great flocks, like arrows, Like huge arrows shot through heaven, Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee, Speaking almost as a man speaks; And in long lines waving, bending Like a bowstring snapped asunder, The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa; And in pairs, or singly flying, Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa; On the summit of the lodges Sang the Opechee, the robin; In the covert of the pine-trees Cooed the Omeme, the pigeon; And the sorrowing Hiawatha, Speechless in his infinite sorrow, Heard their voices calling to him, Went forth from his gloomy doorway, Stood and gazed into the heaven, Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to east-

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

· 中国中国中国中国中国中国中国中国中国中国

ward,

From the regions of the morning, ' From the shining land of Wabun, Homeward now returned Iagoo, The great traveller, the great boaster, Full of new and strange adventures, Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village Listened to him as he told them Of his marvellous adventures, Laughing answered him in this wise: "Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo: No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water, Broader than the Gitche Gumee, Bitter so that none could drink it! At each other looked the warriors, Looked the women at each other, Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so! Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water Came a great canoe with pinions, A canoe with wings came flying, Bigger than a grove of pine-trees, Taller than the tallest tree-tops! And the old men and the women Looked and tittered at each other. "Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe

From its mouth, he said, to greet him.

Came Waywassimo, the lightning, Came the thunder, Annemeekee! And the warriors and the women Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo; "Kaw!" said they, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people, In the great canoe with pinions Came, he said, a hundred warriors; Painted white were all their faces, And with hair their chins were covered! And the warriors and the women Laughed and shouted in derision,

Like the ravens on the tree-tops, Like the crows upon the hemlocks. "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us:

Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vison,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in
blossom.

THE PARTY OF THE PROPERTY OF T

COCCUPATION CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers, Hail them as our friends and brothers, And the heart's right hand of friendship Give them when they come to see us. Gitche Manito, the Mighty, Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision All the secrets of the future, Of the distant days that shall be. I beheld the westward marches Of the unknown, crowded nations. All the land was full of people, Restless, struggling, toiling, striving, Speaking many tongues, yet feeling But one heart-beat in their bosoms. In the woodlands rang their axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys, Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloudlike.

I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

#### XXII.

#### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, At the doorway of his wigwam, In the pleasant Summer morning, Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighbouring
forest,

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo, Passed the bees, the honey-makers, Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens, Level spread the lake before him; From its bosom leaped the sturgeon, Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine; On its margin the great forest Stood reflected in the water, Every tree-top had its shadow, Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As a fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,\*

Both the palms spread out against it, And between the parted fingers Fell the sunshine on his features, Flecked with light his naked shoulders, As it falls and flecks an oak-tree Through the rifted leaves and branches,

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Shingebis, the diver?
Was it the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

\* In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his Voyages et Déconvertes, Section V.

181 ·

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Paleface,

With the cross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you:
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give
you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gaily, Never shone the sun so brightly, As to-day they shine and blossom, When you come so far to see us! Never was our lake so tranquil, Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars; For your birch canoe in passing Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

"Never before had our tobacco Such a sweet and pleasant flavour, Never the broad leaves of our cornfields

Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!"
And the Black-Robe chief made
answer.

Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"
Then the generous Hiawatha

Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,

Water brought in birchen dippers, And the calumet, the peace-pipe, Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nations,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Paleface.

From the wigwam came to greet them, Stammering in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar; "It is well," they said, "O brother, That you come so far to see us!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,

Told his message to the people.
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour:
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and laboured;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified
him;

How he rose from where they laid him,

Walked again with his disciples, And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent
them

From the shining land of Wabun. Heavy with the heat and silence

· 182

#### THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the corn-fields shrill and cease-

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena; And the guests of Hiawatha, Weary with the heat of Summer, Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape Fell the evening's dusk and coolness, And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam,

volunt tepovez profit britter bet interposter interposter interposter in the second second in the second in the second in the second in the second interposter in the second in the second interposter in the second in the second interposter in the second

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Spake in whispers, spake in this wise, Did not wake the guests that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,

18

On a long and distant journey, To the portals of the Sunset, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin. But these guests I leave behind me, In your watch and ward I leave them;

See that never harm comes near them. See that never fear molests them, Never danger nor suspicion, Never want of food or shelter, In the lodge of Hiawatha |

Forth into the village went he, Bade farewell to all the warriors, Bade farewell to all the young men,

**医皮肤性 医皮肤 医医皮肤 医医皮肤 医克里斯氏征 医克里斯氏 医克里斯氏氏征 医多种子氏征** 

Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
"I am going, O my people, On a long and distant journey; Many moons and many winters Will have come and will have vanished, Ere I come again to see you. But my guests I leave behind me: Listen to their words of wisdom, Listen to the truth they tell you, For the Master of Life has sent them From the land of light and morning!

On the shore stood Hiawatha, Turned and waved his hand at part-

ing; On the clear and luminous water Launched his birch canoe for sailing, From the pebbles of the margin Shoved it forth into the water; Whispered to it, "Westward! westward I"

And with speed it darted forward. And the evening sun descending Set the clouds on fire with redness. Burned the broad sky, like a prairie, Left upon the level water One long track and trail of splendour, Down whose stream, as down a river, Westward, westward Hiawatha. Sailed into the fiery sunset, Sailed into the purple vapours, Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin Watched him floating, rising, sinking, Till the birch canoe seemed lifted High into that sea of splendour, Till it sank into the vapours Like the new moon slowly, slowly Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell for ever!" Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the forests, dark and lonely, Moved through all their depths of darkness.

Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha I" And the waves upon the margin Rising, rippling on the pebbles, Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha I" And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her haunts among the fenlands, Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha, Hiawatha the Beloved, In the glory of the sunset, In the purple mists of evening, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin, To the Islands of the Blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the land of the Hereafter !

## VOCABULARY TO HIAWATHA.

eccessos e expessos especial expessos especial especial especial expessos especial e

ka thumber

riar.

lend of Hiamatha;

Dush-kwo-ne'-she, Kwo-se'-she. dragon-fly. Ran, shame upon you.

Ran, shame upon you.

Ewn-yea', inilaby.

Gutche Gu'mee, the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.

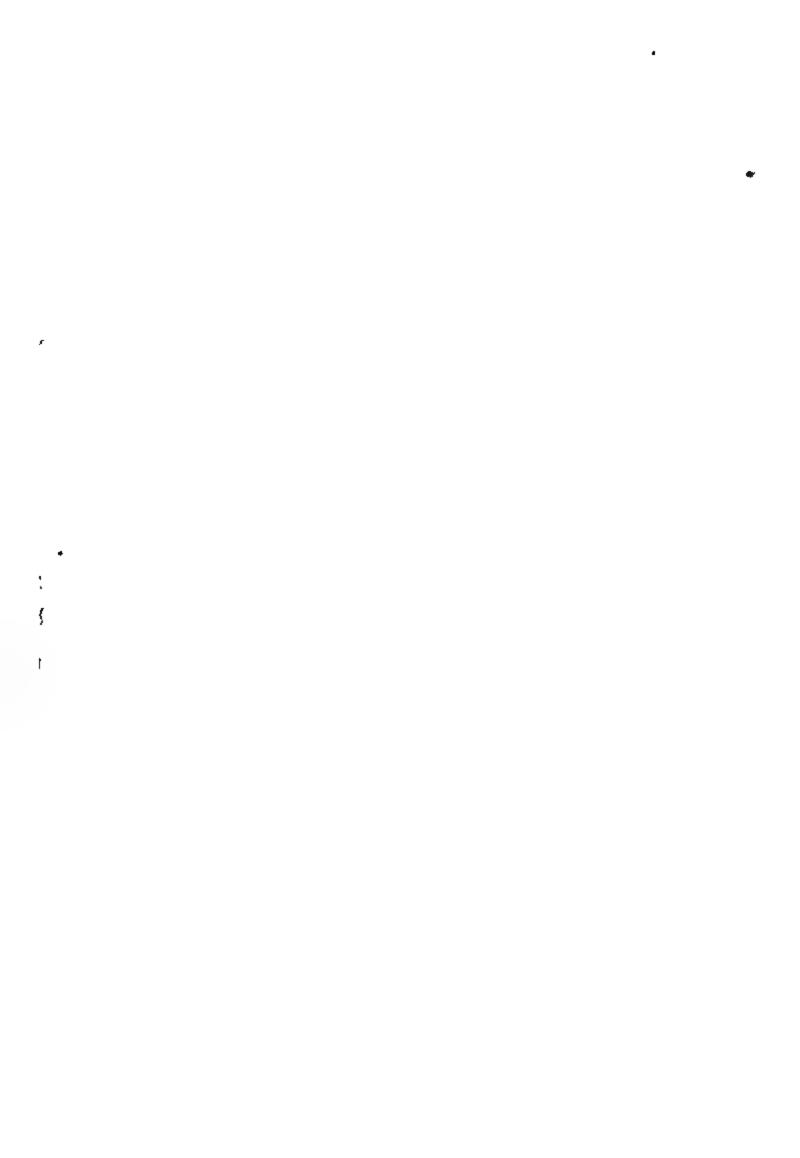
Gitche Man'ito, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.

Life.

Gushkewau', the darkness.

Hiawn'tha, the Prophet, the Teacher; son of Mudjeharn's the West-Wind, and Wessenah, daughter of Nehomis.

The a resat boaster and storyteller.



| ZKKKKKKKKKKKKKK                           | 也,我我就就就就就就就要我们的我就就要我的我的我就会会会就就 <b>是</b>                                          |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| LONGFEI                                   | LLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.                                                           |
| <b>~</b>                                  |                                                                                  |
| The                                       | Spanish Student.                                                                 |
|                                           | 1843.                                                                            |
|                                           |                                                                                  |
| Victorian }                               | DRAMATIS PERSONÆ Students of Alcalá.                                             |
| HYPOLITO } THE COUNT OF LARA              | Gentlemen of Madrid.                                                             |
| Don Carlos The Archbishop of T A Cardinal | •                                                                                |
| BELTRAN CRUZADO .<br>BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN      |                                                                                  |
| THE PADRE CURA OF PEDRO CRESPO            | GUADARRAMA.  Alcalde.                                                            |
| Pancho<br>Francisco                       |                                                                                  |
| CHISPA                                    | . Victorian's Servant. Innkeeper.                                                |
| Preciosa<br>Angelica                      | A Gypsy Girl. A poor Girl.                                                       |
| Martina<br>Dolores                        | . The Padre Cura's Niece. Preciosa's Maid.                                       |
|                                           | Gypsies, Musicians, &c.                                                          |
|                                           |                                                                                  |
| constant The Cossistant                   | ACT I.                                                                           |
|                                           | OF LARA's chambers. Night. The COUNT in smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS. |
| Lara. You w                               | vere not at the play to-night, Don Carlos;                                       |
| How happened Don C.                       |                                                                                  |
| Pray who                                  | was there?                                                                       |
| Lara. The house was                       | Why, all the town and court. crowded; and the busy fans                          |
| Among the gai                             | ily dressed and perfumed ladies                                                  |
|                                           | butterflies among the flowers.  Countess of Medina Celi;                         |
|                                           | ady with her Phantom Lover, on Diego; Doña Sol,                                  |
| And Doña Sera                             | afina, and her cousins.                                                          |
| Don C. What Lara.                         | at was the play?  It was a dull affair!                                          |
| One of those co                           | omedies in which you see,                                                        |
|                                           | the history of the world from Genesis to the day of judgment.                    |
| There were the                            | ree duels fought in the first act,                                               |
| Laying their ha                           | en receiving deadly wounds, ands upon their hearts and saying,                   |
| "O, I am dead<br>An old hidalgo           | l!" a lover in a closet,<br>o, and a gay Don Juan,                               |
| A Doña Inez v                             | with a black mantilla,                                                           |
| Followed at tw<br>Who looks into          | vilight by an unknown lover, ently where he knows she is not!                    |
| Don C. Of c                               | course, the Preciosa danced to-night?                                            |
|                                           | never better. Every footstep fell sunbeam on the water.                          |
| I think the gir                           | l extremely beautiful.                                                           |

# THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman! I saw her in the Prado yesterday, Her step was royal, -queen-like, -and her face As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise, And be no more a saint?

Don C. Why do you ask?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell, And though she is a virgin outwardly, Within she is a sinner; like those panels Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary On the outside, and on the inside Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look you, friend. There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid, In this whole city! And would you persuade me That a mere dancing girl who shows herself, Nightly, half-naked, on the stage for money, And with voluptuous motions fires the blood Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held A model for her virtue?

Don C. You forget

She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won

The easier.

Nay, not to be won at all! Don C. The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes Is chastity. That is her only virtue. Dearer than life she holds it. I remember A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd, Whose craft was to betray the young and fair; And yet this woman was above all bribes. And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty, The wild and wizard beauty of her race, Offered her gold to be what she made others, She turned upon him with a look of scorn, And smote him in the face!

And does that prove Lara.

That Preciosa is above suspicion?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed, When he thinks conquest easy. I believe That woman, in her deepest degradation, Holds something sacred, something undefiled, Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature, And, like the diamond in the dark, retains Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light! Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.

But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer, And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

Yes; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear! Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!

Don C. And so good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams, And greater faith in woman. [Exit.

Lara. Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?
Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

#### THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maraved for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[Exeunt.

# Scene III.—Preciosa's chamber. She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the hilac-scented air Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky; And sweetly from you hollow vaults of shade The nightingales breathe out their souls in song. And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds, Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in you azure deeps,

Hide, hide, your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western ste:ps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!
Wind of the summer night!
Where vonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

#### (Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

Did no one see thee?

Vict.

None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone I chide myself for letting thee come here Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been? Since yesterday I have no news from thee. Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.

Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa, When that dull distance shall no more divide us, And I no more shall scale thy wall by night To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested, And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue, As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious! I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night..

I saw thee at the play.

なるかないのが大大大大大人のなかなかかか

o'

我我我就我我的自己的人的女子,我也会我也就是我的人,我们是我我的我们

Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired And garmented in beauty as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

*Prec.* Am I not always fair?

Ay, and so fair Vict. That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

*Prec.* And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see! The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sarabands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas,

In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace The Archbishop of Toledo.

Is this?

What mad jest

Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop

Has sent for me-

That thou mayst dance before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men!

Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.

190

0.0

# THE SPANISH STUDENT.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms; With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee I gave my heart away!

Prec. Dost thou remember

When first we met?

Vict. It was at Córdova, In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy. The priests were singing, and the organ sounded, And then anon the great cathedral bell. It was the elevation of the Host. We both of us fell down upon our knees, Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.

I never had been happy till that moment. Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day. But from that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa! I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love! Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our fate. We hear The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it! I cannot reason; I can only feel! But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings. Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think We cannot walk together in this world! The distance that divides us is too great! Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic!

Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

我去我是我来来来来来来来来来来来来去,在来去来来来来来来来来来来,他也是这些人,他们也是我们的一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一

The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its fame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

\*\*Free.\*\* Yes, that I love thee as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

\*\*Vict.\*\* Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Dind still do thirs for more.

\*\*A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria
Purissima! "Tis midnight and serene!

\*\*Vict.\*\* Hear's thou that cry?
\*\*Pree.\*\* It is a hateful sound,
The moor-fowl from his mate.

\*\*Pree.\*\* Pree.

\*\*Pree.\*\* Pree.

\*\*Pree.\*\* Pree.

\*\*Pree.\*\* Pree.

\*\*In wust away to Alcala to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

\*\*Pree.\*\* Pree.

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

\*\*Vict.\*\* (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this;
A seppent, emblem of Elernity;
A ruby.—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

\*\*Pree.\*\* It is an ancient saying, that the ruby Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

\*\*Drives away evil dreams.\*\* But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

\*\*Vict.\*\* What consent of barefooted Carmelites

\*\*Taught thee so much theology?\*\* Pree. (laying her a ring). Sade sa my love for thee!

\*\*Pree.\*\* Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

\*\*Vict.\*\* (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But

\*\*Others can climb a balcomy by moonlight
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night

That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

\*\*Pree.\*\* (Livening down her handkersheft). Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

Vict.

\*\*And brings to me.\*\*

\*\*Jone Pree.\*\* (Livening down her handkersheft). Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

#### THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind Wasts to the out-bound mariner the breath Of the beloved land he leaves behind. *Prec.* Make not thy voyage long.

To-morrow night Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star To guide me to an anchorage. Good night! My beauteous star! My star of love, good night! Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

Scene IV.—An inn on the road to Alcald. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn, this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

**Bal.** Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some?" to a dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my

Chispa. What! are you on fire too, old haystack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa!

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. Exeunt.

O

@<del>\</del>

Scene V.—Victorian's chambers at Alcalá. Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep! And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be late. Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo, The only place in which one cannot find him Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom Feels the caresses of its master's hand. Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument! And make dull midnight merry with a song.

### (He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrice her from every sin.

### (Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito! Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito? Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin, I am the greatest sinner that doth live. I will confess the sweetest of all crimes, A maiden wooed and won. The same old tale Нур. Of the old woman in the chimney-corner, Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child; I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.' Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full That I must speak. Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter

The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova

Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Precioca.

Vict. Ay, the same. Thou knowest how her image haunted me Long after we returned to Alcalá.

She's in Madrid.

 $H_{yp}$ . I know it.

Vict.

And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

194

**⋞**○⋞○⋞○⋞○⋞○⋞○⋞

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.
Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary—

Ave! cujus calcem clare Nec centenni commendare Sciret Seraph studio!

Vict. Pray do not jest! This is no time for it! I am in earnest! Seriously enamoured? What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá Enamoured of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly, How meanest thou? Vict. I mean it honestly. Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her! Why not? Vict. Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé, If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy Who danced with her at Córdova. They quarrelled, Vict. And so the matter ended. But in truth Hyp. Thou wilt not marry her. In truth I will. Vict. The angels sang in heaven when she was born! She is a precious jewel I have found Among the filth and rubbish of the world. I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here, Set on my forehead like the morning star, The world may wonder, but it will not laugh. Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead, 'Twill be indeed a wonder. Out upon thee With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me, Is there no virtue in the world? Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

Vict.

She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to ere she fell asleep.

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep, Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams, Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose, She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

195

ű

À

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass To see her as she lies, in childlike sleep!

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would! Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflect How much lies hidden in that one word, now?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!
What groups should we behold about the death-bed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!
What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling! What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread. This magic glass, these magic spells of thine, Might tell a tale were better left untold. For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin, The Lady Violante, bathed in tears Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis, Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut, Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love, Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

# (Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good night. We'll speak more largely Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep, Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night!

Vict.

Good night.

But not to bed; for I must read a while.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypolito has left, and lays a large book upon his knees.)

Must read or sit in reverie and watch
The changing colour of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

# THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom Upon Olympus, making us immortal? Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grow Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans, At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away, And make the mind prolific in its fancies? I have the wish, but want the will, to act! Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words Have come to light from the swift river of Time, Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed, Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore? From the barred visor of Antiquity Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth, As from a mirror! All the means of action— The shapeless masses, the materials-Lie everywhere about us. What we need Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal, bright and clear. That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits At evening in his smoky cot, and draws With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall. The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel, And begs a shelter from the inclement night. He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand, And, by the magic of his touch at once Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine, And, in the eyes of the astonished clown, It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed, Rude popular traditions and old tales Shine as immortal poems, at the touch Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard, Who had but a night's lodging for his pains. But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame, Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, As from some woodland fount a spirit rises And sinks again into its silent deeps, Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe! 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man, Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain, Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream; Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters, Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many The stream flows evermore, Must wait in vain! But from its silent deeps no spirit rises! Yet I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal of my dreams. Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel, Here, as I sit at midnight and alone, Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel The pressure of her head! God's benison Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes, Sweet Sleep; and all the flowers that bloom at night With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

#### ACT II.

Scene I.—Preciosa's chamber. Morning. Preciosa and Angelica.

Prec. WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet a while. The poor too often turn away unheard From hearts that shut against them with a sound That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me. What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara. Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man! Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him! And rather die an outcast in the streets Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much

As any woman may, and yet be pure. As you would keep your name without a blemish, Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do? I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness, Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair Should have no friends but those of her own sex. What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will. Prec. Pray do not go. I have much more to say. Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her. Prec. Some other time then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

# (Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ĭ

Ang.

I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time..

But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,

If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady, how shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

<del>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽>৽></del>

I deserve no thanks, Prec.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you, Exit.

And all good angels.

Prec. May they guard thee too, And all the poor; for they have need of angels. Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña, My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress, And my most precious jewels! Make me look Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

#### (Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Crus. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!

What seekest thou here to-day?

Thyself,—my child. Cruz.

*Prec.* What is thy will with me?

Crus. Gold! gold!

*Prec.* I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Crus. The gold of the Busné,—give me his gold!

*Prec.* I gave the last in charity to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

It is the truth. Prec.

Crus. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me? Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

What, I, who lurk about

In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands. Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné! Give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth, So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times, Never denied thee: never had a wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and ere long

Thou shalt have more.

And if I have it not, Cruz.

Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,

And live in idleness; but go with me,

Dance the Romalis in the public streets,

And wander wild again o'er field and fell:

For here we stay not long.

Prec.

What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town! I cannot breathe shut up within its gates! Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky, The feeling of the breeze upon my face, The feeling of the turf beneath my feet, And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops. Then I am free and strong,—once more myself, Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.
Cruz. Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). O, I beseech thee,
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man! I am afraid of him!
I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone!

Cruz.

O, child, child!

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us: and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee.

[Exit.

Prec. Woe is me!
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

# Scene II.—A room in the Archbishop's Palace. The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated.

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals, And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten By such excesses, we have sent to Rome, Beseeching that his Holiness would aid In curing the gross surfeit of the time, By seasonable stop put here in Spain To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage. All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And further,

That by a mandate from his Holiness, The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust for ever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.
Card. Yet the people

<del>ପକ୍ର</del> ପ୍ରକ୍ର ପ THE SPANISH STUDENT. Murmur at this; and if the public dances Should be condemned upon too slight occasion, Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure. As Panem et Circenses was the cry Among the Roman populace of old, So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain. Hence I would act advisedly herein; And therefore have induced your Grace to see These national dances, ere we interdict them. (Enter a Servant.) Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without. Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony. (Enter. PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.) Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell! Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace. If I intrude upon your better hours, I proffer this excuse, and here beseech Your holy benediction. Árch. May God bless thee, And lead thee to a better life. Arise. Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet! I did not look for this! Come hither, child. Is thy name Preciosa? Prec. Thus I am called. Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father? Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés. Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man; He was a bold and reckless character, A sun-burnt Ishmael! Dost thou remember Card. Thy earlier days? Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side My childhood passed. I can remember still The river, and the mountains capped with snow; The villages, where, yet a little child, I told the traveller's fortune in the street; The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd; The march across the moor; the halt at noon; The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted The forest where we slept; and, further back, As in a dream or in some former life, Gardens and palace walls. 'Tis the Alhambra, Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched. But the time wears; and we would see thee dance. *Prec.* Your Grace shall be obeyed. (She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity dance begins. and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.) 

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. The slightest shade of green would be becoming, For thou art jealous. No, I am not jealous. Vict. Hyp. Thou shouldst be. Why? Vict. Because thou art in love Hyp. And they who are in love are always jealous. Therefore thou shouldst be. Vict. Marry, is that all? Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos. Thou sayest I should be jealous? Hyp. Ay, in truth, I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard. I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara Lays siege to the same citadel. Vict. Indeed! Then he will have his labour for his pains. Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me He boasts of his success. How's this, Don Carlos? Vict. Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips. He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue, As a gay man might speak. Vict. Death and damnation! I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth, And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no! This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest. Trifle with me no more. For otherwise We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child Exit. Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death, And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode To Paris for the ears of Oliver, Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth! But come; we will not follow. Let us join The crowd that pours into the Prado. There We shall find merrier company; I see The Marialonzos and the Almavivas. Exeunt. And fifty fans that beckon me already. Scene IV.—Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The Count OF LARA enters behind unperceived. Prec. (reads). All are sleeping, weary heart? Thou, thou only sleepless art? Heigho! I wish Victorian were here. I know not what it is makes me so restless! (The bird sings.) Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat, That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest, Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee, I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day! All are sleeping, weary heart! Thou, thou only sleepless art! All this throbbing, all this aching, Evermore shall keep thee waking, For a heart in sorrow breaking Thinketh ever of its smart! 204 

#### © © MAC DE MAC DE MAC DE MAC DE MAC DE MAC DE DATA THE SPANISH STUDENT. Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks More hearts are breaking in this world of ours Than one would say. In distant villages And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage Scattered them in their flight, do they take root, And grow in silence, and in silence perish. Who hears the falling of the forest leaf? Or who takes note of every flower that dies? Heigho! I wish Victorian would come. Dolores! (Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.) Lara. Señora, pardon me! Prec. How's this? Dolores! Lara. Pardon me-Prec. Dolores! Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting. If I have been too bold-Prec. (turning her back upon him). You are too bold! Retire! retire, and leave me! Lara. My dear lady, First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak! 'Tis for your good I come. Prec. (turning toward him with indignation). Begone! begone! You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds Would make the statues of your ancestors Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honour, Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong? O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman, Should be so little noble in your thoughts As to send jewels here to win my love, And think to buy my honour with your gold! I have no words to tell you how I scorn you! Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me! Begone, I say.! Lara. Be calm: I will not harm you. Prec. Because you dare not. I dare anything! Therefore beware! You are deceived in me. In this false world, we do not always know Who are our friends and who our enemies. We all have enemies, and all need friends. Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court Have foes, who seek to wrong you. Prec. If to this I owe the honour of the present visit, You might have spared the coming. Having spoken, Once more I beg you, leave me to myself. Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you What strange reports are current here in town. For my own self, I do not credit them; But there are many who, not knowing you, Will lend a readier ear. Prec. There was no need 205

```
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me,
But if without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman s glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!
Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or me.
Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand love.
Misunderstand me not I so not deceived.
The love wherewith of love not deceived.
As you would offer me. For you commere
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends.
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara.
I would not take your honour, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—
Viel. (raiking forward). Hold! Hold! This is too much.
What means this outrage?

Lara.
First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?
Viel. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara.
First, what right have you
To destion thus a nobleman of Spain?
Viel. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara.
First, what right have you
To destion thus a nobleman of Spain?
Viel. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara.
Hat he better and you
To destion thus a nobleman of Spain?
Viel. I too am noble, and y
```

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. O speak not in that tone! Prec. It wounds me deeply. 'Twas not meant to flatter. Vict. Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man Is hateful to me! Yet I saw thee stand And listen to him when he told his love. Prec. I did not heed his words. Indeed thou didst, And answeredst them with love. Hadst thou heard all-Prec. Vict. I heard enough. Be not so angry with me. Prec. Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm. Prec. If thou wilt let me speak-Nay, say no more. Vict. Thou art false! I know too much already. I do not like these Gypsy marriages! Where is the ring I gave thee? In my casket. Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted! Prec. I call the Heavens to witness-Nay, nay, nay! Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips! They are forsworn! Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian! Vict. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame, My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul! And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on! Laugh at my folly with thy paramour, And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee, Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was! (He casts her from him and rushes out.) Prec. And this from thee! (Scene closes.) SCENE V .- The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT. Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love, And next to love the sweetest thing is hate! I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged. A silly girl to play the prude with me! The fire that I have kindled-(Enter FRANCISCO.) Well, Francisco, What tidings from Don Juan? Good, my lord; Fran. 3 He will be present. And the Duke of Lermos? 不受的多数的强化 Fran. Was not at home. How with the rest? Lara. I've found Fran. The men you wanted. They will all be there, And at the given signal raise a whirlwind (3) (3) 

Of such discordant noises, that the dance Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

Excunt.

Scene VI.—A retired spot beyond the city gutes. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me, And voices, and familiar sights and sounds, Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness! Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows, Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face Expresses some suspicion of my shame, And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong, We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold! for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him, A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me! God! she is false! But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward; A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward. I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime, And therefore be not over-confident, He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count. Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference, But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe. Too long Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me From sending your vile soul to its account?

200

HAND IN THE SELECT SELE

e de la comparta del la comparta de la comparta de

Lara. Strike! strike!

ではなるのではないないできません

You are disarmed. I wil. not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian A generous one as ever. Now be friends. Put up your swords: for, to speak frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing

To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words, Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay something more than that.

I understand you. Lara.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path. To me the door stood open, as to others. But, had I known the girl belonged to you, Never would I have sought to win her from you. The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out These awful doubts that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all.

Here is my page, who was the messenger Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring! Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara, We both have been abused, been much abused! I thank you for your courtesy and frankness. Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain, Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you. I now can see the folly I have done, Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well! To-night I leave this hateful town for ever. Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Farewell! farewell! Thus have I cleared the field of my worse foe I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

Exit with Francisco.

Scene VII.—A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one? Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time

comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The circuit plays the tachacha. Sound of the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.

#### Scene IX.—The Count of Lara's chambers. Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks! You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated! Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom Tumultuous as the sea!

I pitied her. Don L.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenae Lara. No music! no more music! Will you serenade her?

Why not music? Don L.

It softens many hearts.

Not in the humour

She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Yes, try Don Dinero: Don L.

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

21 I

en en la contraction de la con

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid. But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine. A bumper and away; for the night wears. A health to Preciosa!

(They rise and drink.)

All. Preciosa!

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue, Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth Shall mortal lips press thine! and nevermore A mortal name be whispered in thine ear. Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don 7.

Ite! missa est!

(Scene closes.)

Scene X.—Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOME.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.
Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers.
Good night! good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way. Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-lear above!

All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love!
Moon that shinest,

All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!
Crus. Be quiet. They are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss!

212.

CETTURE LEGISTRE LEGI

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the Count of LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco, And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over. Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns. Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.)

(They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI.—PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. Dolores watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the streets,

And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence! Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps.

*Prec.* Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;

I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there?

A friend. Voice (from below).

Dol.-I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! Save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

It is midnight. Dol.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

So! have at you! Lara.

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

也是是这个人,也是是这个人的,也是是一个人的,也是是一个人,也是是一个人的,他们也是一个人的,他们也是一个人的,他们也是一个人的,他们也是一个人的,他们也是一个人

## 

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORK'S.

#### ACT III.

Scene I.—A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

Song.
Ah! Love!
Perjured, 'alse, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee,
Woe is me!
The fa'cen has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. YES, Love is ever busy with his shuttle, Is ever weaving into life's dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian; Hanging our gloomy prison-house about With tapestries, that make its walls dilate In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pasts

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures, Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).
Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are che ts,
Thorns below and flowers above
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

ierenalingen begenne bestern bestern bestern bester bester

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink. There rises from below a hand that grasps it, And waves it in the air; and wailing voices Are heard along the shore.

And yet at last Down sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time, To make them jog on merrily with life's burden, Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels. Thou art too young, too full of lusty health,

To talk of dying.

Yet I fain would die! Vict. To go through life, unloving and unloved; To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse, And struggle after something we have not And cannot have; the effort to be strong; And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile, While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks; All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone! Would I were with them!

We shall all be soon. Hyp. Vict. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary Of the bewildering masquerade of Life, Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers; Where whispers overheard betray false hearts; And through the mazes of the crowd we chase Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons, And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,— Not knowing friend from foe.

Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth! Take each fair mask for what it gives itself, Nor strive to look beneath it.

I confess, But Hope no longer That were the wiser part. Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man, Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner, Who, struggling to climb up into the boat, Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off, And sinks again into the weltering sea, Helpless and hopeless!

Yet thou shalt not perish. The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation. Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

indiana and contraction and co

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry! A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide Over the red roofs of the cottages, And bids the labouring hind a-field, the shepherd, Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer, And all the crowd in village streets, stand still, And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin!

ezossersersezzuer??essessessezzezzezzezzezzezzezzez

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence

The village lies.

This path will lead us to it, Vict. Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail Across the running sea, now green, now blue, And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

Exeunt.

Scene II.—Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves! Make room for the Alcalde and for me! Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the market-place. Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura.

Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it! Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies !

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence! Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command, That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers, Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds And beggars; and if, after seventy days, Any be found within our kingdom's bounds, They shall receive a hundred lashes each; The second time, shall have their ears cut off; The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them, Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King.' Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized! You hear the law! Obey and disappear! Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone, Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law! Pray you, sit down. Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say. Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,— How came these Gypsies into Spain? Padre C. Why look you; They came with Hercules from Palestine, And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

\*\*

。《大学·人名英文·人名古·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名英格兰·人名 · · · · · · · ·

依然在我就就被我就就被我就就就就就就就要我就就就就就就就就就就要我就就要我就要我就要我就会就会就会这个

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

#### (Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C: And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village;

And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,

You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.

You know this mark?

#### (Touching the wooden spoon in his hatband.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit.

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;—

Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion, "That is the Padre Cura: mark my words!" Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I, "Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench, Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!
Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.

He's out of humour with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you! You do mé honour! I am but too happy To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

217

It is not often that I have occasion

To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores*,

Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C.

No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C.

Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero! Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony.

Exeunt.

#### Scene III.—A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.)

Padre C. So then, Sesior, you come from Alcalá.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C.

of of of the text of the text

Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your Honour's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C.

From the Marquis,

Not from the poet.

Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more! once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,

And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Cueva? Cueva? Hyp.

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

#### (Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that. I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero ! Your servant, fair Martina. Mart. Servant, sir. Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it. Let us have supper. 'Twill be ready soon. Mart. Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself. Exit. Pray you, Sefior, excuse me. Hist! Martina! One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes! To-day there have been Gypsies in the village, Is it not so? There have been Gypsies here. Mart. Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune. Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said, The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown, And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart. (surprised). How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that. What a soft little hand! And then they said, A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall, And rich, should come one day to marry you And you should be a lady. Was it not? He has arrived, the handsome cavalier. (Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.) Vict. The muleteer has come. Hyp. So soon? Vict. I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern door, And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood red wine. Hyp. What news from Court? Vict. He brought this letter only. (Reads.) O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa, Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged! Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale, And thy hand tremble? O, most infamous! The Count of Lara is a worthless villain! Hyp. That is no news, forsooth. He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp. To renew again

219

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp. O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict.

Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

#### (Enter the PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura, Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,

I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,

Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,

He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

#### (Enter DON CARLOS.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood. Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. Exit.

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. Exeunt.

Scene V.—The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand, With a crown of red gold in my hand, Wild Moors come trooping over the lea, O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee? O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier And thus his ditty ran; God send the Gypsy lassie he e, And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelm.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began To show her silver flame, There came to him no Gypsy man, The Gypsy lassic came.

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left.) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Cypries, Ay!

Crus. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papugayo, take or your unmpers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypties, Ay!

Crus. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. CRULADO walks up the stage, and disappears amon's the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

Proc. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beekoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the filckering flame.
The red light of the forge! Wild, beekoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and non
Rising and bending with the filckering flame.
The red light of the shadow. Wo is me!

How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOME rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosal

Prec.

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec.

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever I Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec.

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's burse is on thy sou!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec.

Bart.

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, cent in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunled from the kingdom, like a wolf!

THE SPANISH STUDENT

Prec.
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand?

Bart.
And heart more false!
Prec.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What wouldst thou with me,
Andeble girl, who have not long to live,
What would be the come to live the come to live,
What would be the come to live the come to live the come to live the come to live the live the

I thank thee Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer, And sent me this protector! Now be strong, Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here. False friend or true? A true friend to the true; Vict. Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes? Come nearer to the fire. Prec. Not in the dark. Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see. Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand). There is the cross. Prec. Is't silver? Vict. No, 'tis gold. *Prec.* There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you, And for yourself alone. Vict. Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money; Not this old woman's tale! Prec. You are passionate; And this same passionate humour in your blood Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now; The line of life is crossed by many marks. Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you! How could you do it? I never loved a maid; Vict. For she I loved was then a maid no more. Prec. How know you that? A little bird in the air Whispered the secret. There, take back your gold! Prec. Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand! There is no blessing in its charity!

Make her your wife, for you have been abused; And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers. Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman, When pleading in another's cause her own! That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.) Prec. No; never from my hand Shall that be taken! Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring. I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it, Will give you gold to buy you twenty such. *Prec.* Why would you have this ring? Vict. A traveller's fancy, A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it As a memento of the Gypsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid. Pray, let me have the ring. Prec. No, never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die; But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus, That it may not fall from them. Tis a token Of a beloved friend, who is no more. How? dead? Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.

€○€○€○€○€○€○€○€○€○€○€○€

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter, To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.

Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine, And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare

To utter such a falsehood!

X ¥

Vict. I not dare? Look in my face, and say if there is aught I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

#### (She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected! My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come-

I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent? Oh, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool

That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara-

That bad man

Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on! Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy; For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me. Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

#### (They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,

All passionate love scenes in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,

All soft adventures, which the liberal stars Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Not to-night; Hyp.

For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding-day would last from now till Christmas.

225

Q

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado! Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enter booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now? Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (to Preciosa). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father, But your true father has returned to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

And we have all Chispa.

Been drinking at the tavern to your health, As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

As the old song says, Chispa.

His body is in Segovia, His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream, Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet! Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived; Say that I do not dream! I am awake; This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision bright

Of that rare happiness, which even on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and good;

And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still

A hand to give.

¥

Y

Ă

Chispa (aside). And I have two to take.

I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Nothing more. Chispa.

<u>૽</u>

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,

The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,

Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;

And probably they'll hang her for the crime,

To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

So farewell.

The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night,

And all that makes vacation beautiful! To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcala,

Ř

人人人人

**たられられられられられられられられられられられ** 

To you, ye radiant visions of romance, Written in books, but here surpassed by truth, The Bachelor Hypolito returns, And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

Scene VI.—A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

> SONG. If thou art sleeping, maiden,
> Awake and open thy door,
> 'Tis the break of day, and we must away
> O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet,
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Ola.

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia? Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains? Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What? Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed, And I march me hurried, worried! Onward, cabillito mio, With the white star in thy forehead! Onward, for here comes the Ronda, And I hear their rifles crack
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

Enter Preciosa on horseback, attended by Victorian, (Song dies away. HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!

<del>ѵ</del>᠉᠈<del>᠈</del>᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈᠈

O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,

227

ハンあったこんらんらんらんらんな人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人の人

Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds, San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries, Sends up a salutation to the morn, As if an army smote their brazen shields, And shouted victory!

Prec. And which way lies

Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

Hyp. Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes! I see it now.

Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea.

(She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate! But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more, Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted And filled with my affection.

Prec.

Stay no longer!

My father waits. Methinks I see him there,

Now looking from the window, and now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,

And saying, "Hark! she comes!" Offather! father!

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunderstorm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite!

(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)

Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!

228

★·木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木

## JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo! Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.)

# Indas Maccabaus.

1872.

#### ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

Scene I.—Antiochus; Jason. Antiochus. O Antioch, my An- Stage-plays and festivals, and most of

tioch, my city! Queen of the East! my solace, my delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra

When she was wed to Ptolemy, and

Won back and made more wonderful by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once more Among the players and the dancing

Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes.

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my art mine, High-Priest, For I have made thee so, and thou Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful? Jason. Never, my lord.

Then hast thou never seen ·Ant. The wonder of the world. This city of David

Compared with Antioch is but a village, And its inhabitants compared with Greeks

Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians, And mannerless.

They must be civilized. They must be made to have more gods than one:

And goddesses besides.

They shall have more. Ant. They must have hippodromes, ! and games, and baths,

The Dionysia.

They shall have them all. Ant. By Heracles! but I should like to see arrayed

These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes and thyrsi,

Revel and riot through the solemn streets

Of their old towns. Ha, ha! It makes me merry [laugh. Only to think of it!—Thou dost not

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly. Ant. The new Greek leaven Works slowly in this Israelitish dough! Have I not sacked the Temple, and on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus To Hellenize it?

Jason. Thou hast done all this. Ant. As thou wast Joshua once and now art Jason,

And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be translated. [changed,

Their very natures and their names be And all be Hellenized.

It shall be done. Ant. Their manners and their laws and ways of living

Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn their language,

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch. Where hast thou been to-day? Thou comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the other priests

In the Gymnasium.

\*;\*;\*;\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

X

¥

¥

Ant. Thou hast done well. There's nothing better for you lazy priests people.

Than discus-playing with the common Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews call me

When they converse together at their games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my lord:

Antiochus the Illustrious.

O, not that; That is the public cry; I mean the

They give me when they talk among themselves,

And think that no one listens; what is that?

Jason. Antiochus Epimanes,

Ant. Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that

And who hath said it? Who has set in motion

That sorry jest?

The Seven Sons insane Jason. Of a weird woman, like themselves insane.

Ant. I like their courage, but it shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh of swine.

Where are they? Or they shall die. In the dungeons Jason. Beneath this tower.

Ant. There let them stay and starve. Till I am ready to make Greeks of

them,

After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.—
My lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria Await thy pleasure.

Why not my displeasure? Ambassadors are tedious. They are men

Who work for their own ends, and not for mine;

There is no furtherance in them. Let them go

To Apollonius, my governor

There in Samaria, and not trouble me. What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction To give a name unto a nameless temple Upon Mount Gerizim.

Ant. Then bid them enter. This pleases me, and furthers my designs.

The occasion is auspicious. Bid them

Scene II.—Antiochus; Jason; the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

Ant. Approach. Come forward: stand not at the door

Wagging your long beards, but demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors. What seek ye?

An Ambassador. An audience from the King.

Ant. Speak, and be brief. Waste not the time in useless rhetoric. Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). "To King Antiochus,

The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem.

Ant. Sidonians?

Ay, my lord. Ambassador. Go on, go on! And do not tire thyself and me with

bowing! Ambassador (reading). "We are a colony of Medes and Persians.'

Ant. No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten Tribes;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me; Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews. When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians:

I know that in the days of Alexander Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said, Your fields had not been planted in that year.

Ambassador (reading). "Our fathers, upon certain frequent plagues, And following an ancient superstition, Were long accustomed to observe that

day Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath.

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim

230

# JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our saviour,

Not to confound us with these wicked lews.

Jews, But to give royal order and injunction To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor, Thy procurator, no more to molest us; And let our nameless temple now be named

The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

Ant. This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews, But Greeks; if not by birth, yet Greeks by custom,

Your nameless temple shall receive the name

Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III.—Antiochus; Jason.

Ant. My task is easier than I dreamed. These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said They were not Jews? that they were Medes and Persians,

They were Sidonians, anything but Jews?

Jews?
'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason. My lord, 'These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah

• Is of a different temper, and the task Will be more difficult.

Ant. Dost thou gainsay me? Jason. I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,

Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather death

By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

Ant. The life is in the blood, and the whole nation

Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith!

Jason. Hundreds have fled already to the mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus That I and mine have not been deemed

Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

Ant. I will burn down their city, and will make it

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** 

ンネのネンネンボの木の木の木の木つ木/木

Waste as a wilderness. Its thorough-

Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes, It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is! This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my name.

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!—Where are those Seven Sons?

Jason. My lord, they wait

Thy royal pleasure.

Ant. They shall wait no longer!

#### ACT II.

The Dungeons in the Citadel.

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS alone, listening.

The Mother. BE strong, my heart!

Break not till they are dead,

All, all my Seven Sons; then burst asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented soul

Leap and rush out like water through the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.
O my dear children, mine in life and death,

I know not how ye came into my womb:
I neither gave you breath nor gave
you life,

And neither was it I that formed the members

Of every one of you. But the Creator, Who made the world, and made the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind,

And found out the beginning of all things,

He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard Not your own selves, but his eternal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee,
God,
[unworthy

21

To suffer for thy sake and for thy law, And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark! I can hear within the sound of scourges!

I feel them more than ye do, O my sons!

But cannot come to you. I, who was

To wake at night at the least cry ye made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest hurt,—

I cannot take you now into my lap And soothe your pain, but God will take you all

Into his pitying arms, and comfort you,

And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die, but we will never Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my first-born! O brave

And noble boy! Thou hast the privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

The same Voice (within). God looketh on us, and hath comfort in us;

As Moses in his song of old declared, He in his servants shall be comforted. The Mother. I knew thou wouldst

not fail!—He speaks no more,

He is beyond all pain!

Ant. (within). If thou eat not Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?

Second Voice (within). No.

The Mother. It is Adaiah's voice. I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the wind,

And swift to change, gentle and yielding always.

Be steadfast, O my son!

The same Voice (within). Thou, like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but God.

Who rules the world, shall raise us up again

Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God. I thank thee

That thou hast breathed into that timid heart

Courage to die for thee. O my Adaiah,

Witness of God! if thou for whom I feared

Canst thus encounter death, I need not fear:

The others will not shrink.

Third Voice (within). Behold these hands

Held out to thee, O King Antiochus, Not to implore thy mercy but to show That I despise them. He who gave them to me

Will give them back again.

The Mother. O Avilan, It is thy voice. For the last time I hear it;

For the last time on earth, but not the last.

To death it bids defiance and to torture.

It sounds to me as from another world, And makes the petty miseries of this Seem unto me as nought, and less than nought. Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should say,

Welcome, my Avilan; for I am dead Before thee. I am waiting for the others.

Why do they linger?

Fourth Voice (within). It is good, O King,

Being put to death by man, to look for hope [him.

From God, to be raised up again by But thou—no resurrection shalt thou have

To life hereafter.

Ŏ**~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~** 

The Mother. Four! already four! • Three are still living; nay, they all are living,

Half here, half there. Make haste, Antiochus,

To reunite us; for the sword that cleaves

These miserable bodies makes a door Through which our souls, impatient of release,

Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou hast the power; [while, Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide a And thou shalt see the power of God, and how

God, I thank thee He will torment thee and thy seed.

1)

I am not Joshua, I cannot say

thou Moon,

"Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and

In Ajalon!" Nor am I one who wastes

234

Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

of thee!

Ant.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am proud

Be silent!

JUDAS MACCABÆUS. The fateful time in useless lamentation; The beauty of the women hath been But one who bears his life upon his changed. Judas. And are there none to die hand To lose it or to save it, as may best for Israel? Serve the designs of Him who giveth Tis not enough to mourn. Breastplate and harness life. Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women Scene II.—Judas Maccabæus; Lament for Israel; the men should die. JEWISH FUGITIVES. Fugitives. Both men and women Judas. Who and what are ye, that die; old men and young; with furtive steps Old Eleazer died: and Máhala Steal in among our tents? With all her Seven Sons. O Maccabæus. Fugitives. Judas. Antiochus, Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou At every step thou takest there is left A bloody footprint in the street, by Tews of Jerusalem, that have escaped which From the polluted city, and from The avenging wrath of God will track death. thee out! Judas. None can escape from death. It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents: Those of you who are men, put on such armour Say that ye come To die for Israel, and ye are welcome. What tidings bring ye?
Fugitives. Tidings of despair. As ye may find; those of you who are women, The temple is laid waste; the precious Buckle that armour on; and for a vessels. watchword Censers of gold, vials and veils and Whisper, or cry aloud, "The Help of crowns, God." And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures, Scene III.—Judas Maccabæus; Have all been taken from it, and the NICANOR. Gentiles Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus! With revelling and with riot fill its Hail!—Who art thou courts. That comest here in this mysterious And dally with harlots in the holy places. guise Judas. All this I knew before. Into our camp unheralded? Upon the altar A herald Fugitives. Nic. Are things profane, things by the law Sent from Nicanor. Judas. Heralds come not thus. forbidden; Armed with thy shirt of mail from Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts. head to heel, But on the festivals of Dionysus Thou glidest like a serpent silently Must walk in their processions, bearing Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn ivy Thy face from me? A herald speaks To crown a drunken god. This too I know. his errand, Judas. But tell me of the Jews. How fare With forehead unabashed. Thou art the Jews? a spy Sent by Nicanor. Fugitives. The coming of this mischief hath been sore No disguise avails! Nic. Behold my face! I am Nicanor's self. And grievous to the people. All the Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I land Is full of lamentation and of mourning. salute thee. The Princes and the Elders weep and What brings thee hither to this hostile camp The young men and the maidens are Thus unattended?

Nic.

Confidence in thee.

made feeble;

concealed,

and children.

But meekly perished with their wives

236

Law,

scattered

The torn and trampled pages of the

Blown through the windy streets.

Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter down
The cliadel of Antiochus, while here we sweep away his altars and his gods.

Scene II.—Judas Maccaeus;
Jason; Jews.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple,
Deep in its inner courts, we found this man.
Clad as High-Priest.

I hads: I ask not who thou art. I know thy face, writ over with deceit As are these tattered volumes of the Wast thou in other days, but thou art now as the seathers and it would it become me to conceal My name or office.

What a hould prevent me now, thou what should prevent me now, thou should prevent me now, thou handled prevents thee.

Judas: I not pusite prevents thee.

Judas: Justice? Thou art stained Who born a Jew hath made himself a Justice? The mangs the head of one who was Greek?

Who born a Jew hath made himself a Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas: Justice? Thou art stained With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue Thunders with all its thunder.

Juston: I not pusite, Judas:

And the would is the come me to conceal with every crime 'gainst which the Justice, Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Justice? Thou art stained With every crime 'gainst which the Justice, Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Justice? Thou art stained With every crime 'gainst which the Decalogue Thunders with all its thunder.

Justice? Thou art stained With every crime 'gainst which the profaned by strangers, —by Antiochus Antiochus Antiochus Commanded me.

Justice, Thou hast been the weapon with which he struck; but hast been such a weapon.

So flexible, so fitted to his hand,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand, 

That is not lost nor marred.

and banquets?

The splendours of my court, my baths

O, where are now

Ant.

To other days. I see myself among

As I was then; and the old super-

stition

read; I cannot;

A moment more.

240

cannot stand. I am become at once

Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name Thou wouldst be named,—it is alike to me,—

Treat if I knew how to pray, I would ento the die.

To live a little longer.

Philip. On my lord, Thou shalt not die; we will not let thee die!

Ant. How canst thou help it, Philip. Oh the pain!

Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against

This unseen weapon. God of Israel, Since all the other gods abandon me, Help me. I will release the Holy City.

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy In the son the son me. I will release the Holy City.

Garnish will become a Jew and will declare Through all the worth that it inhabited The power of God!

New Jews of God!

Philip. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flouristed in the last half of the freenth century, its followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Since all the other poems of the same profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. The power of God!

Philip. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the freenth century, its followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle string here the royal litter. We will bear him freenth century, its followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle string here the royal will release the field of battle string here the royal will release to fine a greater potentate, King Death—Epiphanes—the litustrious!

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Parceles and Maestire de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and sone.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Parceles and Maestire de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history, and high moral reflections, mourned the death string here is sone of the sumbers break, Let thought be quickened, and awake: Awake to see

How soon this life is past

Onward its course the present keeps, Onward the constant current sweeps, Till life is done;

And, did we judge of time aright, The past and future in their flight Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope in all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free. To that unfathomed, boundless sea, The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast Roll, to be swallowed up and lost In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray, Thither the brook pursues its way, And tinkling rill. There all are equal; side by side The poor man and the son of pride Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few:
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise, The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise,

To Him I ory.

Who shared on earth our common lot.

But the world comprehended not His Deity.

This world is but the rugged road Which leads us to the bright abode Of peace above; So let us choose that narrow way, Which leads no traveller's foot astray From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place, Life is the running of the race, We reach the goal When, in the mansions of the blest, Death leaves to its eternal rest The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky, Up to that better world on high, For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love, To guide us to our home above, The Saviour came; Born amid mortal cares and fears, He suffered in this vale of tears A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace,

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek In the clear eye and blushing cheek, The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts, The glorious strength that youth imparts

In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward
To weary age. [gate

The noble blood of Gothic name, Heroes emblazoned high to fame, In long array; How, in the onward course of time, The landmarks of that race sublime Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust, Prostrate and trampled in the dust, Shall rise no more; Others, by guilt and crime, maintain The scutcheon, that, without a stain, Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride, With what untimely speed they glide, How soon depart! Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay, The vassals of a mistress they, Of fickle heart.

242 Xerrendurerendurerendurerenduren 242

(ERLEBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBERTREBER

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found:

Her swift revolving wheel turns round, And they are gone! No rest the inconstant goddess knows, But changing, and without repose, Still hurries on.

自然教育なないないないないないのは

THE CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

Even could the hand of avarice save Its gilded baubles, till the grave Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust Are passions springing from the dust, They fade and die; But, in the life beyond the tomb, They seal the immortal spirit's doom Eternally!

The pleasures and delights, which mask In treacherous smiles life's serious task, What are they, all, But the fleet coursers of the chase, And death an ambush in the race, Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed, Brook no delay, but onward speed With loosened rein; And, when the fatal snare is near, We strive to check our mad career, But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart, And fashion with a cunning art The human face, As we can clothe the soul with light, And make the glorious spirit bright With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour Should we exert that magic power, What ardour show, To deck the sensual slave of sin, Yet leave the freeborn soul within, In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong, Famous in history and in song Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong? Pontiffand priest, and sceptred throng? On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death, As when it stays the shepherd's breath Beside his stall. **计二部分数据的记录** 

COLCULULUS CON CONTRACTOR CONTRAC

I speak not of the Trojan name, Neither its glory nor its shame Has met our eyes; Nor of Rome's great and glorious

Though we have heard so oft, and read, Their histories.

Little avails it now to know Of ages passed so long ago, Nor how they rolled; Our theme shall be of yesterday, Which to oblivion sweeps away, Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where Each royal prince and noble heir Of Aragon? Where are the courtly gallantries? The deeds of love and high emprise, In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,

And scarf, and gorgeous panoply, And nodding plume, What were they but a pageant scene? What but the garlands, gay and green.

What but the garlands, gay and green, That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where

Their gay attire, and jewelled hair, And odours sweet? Where are the gentle knights, that

To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,

Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with
gold,

The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed, Henry, whose royal court displayed Such power and pride; O, in what winning smiles arrayed, The world its various pleasures laid His throne beside!

But O how false and full of guile That world, which wore so soft a smile But to betray!

She, that had been his friend before, Now from the fated monarch tore Her charms away.

はんのないとう かいかいかい ちゅう

The countless gifts, the stately walls, The royal palaces, and halls All filled with gold; Plate with armorial bearings wrought, Chambers with ample treasures fraught Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright, And gallant lord, and stalwart knight, In rich array,

Where shall we seek them now? Alas! Like the bright dewdrops on the grass, They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal, Usurped the sceptre of Castile, Unskilled to reign; What a gay, brilliant court had he, When all the flower of chivalry Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of
Blasted his years; [Death,
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true And gallant Master, whom we knew Most loved of all; Breathe not a whisper of his pride, He on the gloomy scaffold died, Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care, His villages and villas fair, His mighty power, What were they all but grief and shame, Tears and a broken heart, when came The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high, Masters, who, in prosperity, Might rival kings; Who made the bravest and the best The bondsmen of their high behest, Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name, Marquis and count of spotless fame, And baron brave, That might the sword of empire wield, All these, O Death, hast thou concealed. の知的ないできます。

TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms, In peaceful days, or war's alarms, When thou dost show, O Death, thy stern and angry face, One stroke of thy all-powerful mace Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh, Pennon and standard flaunting high, And flag displayed; High battlements intrenched around, Bastion, and moated wall, and mound, And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep; All these cannot one victim keep, O Death, from thee, When thou dost battle in thy wrath, And thy strong shafts pursue their path Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live, Would that the life which thou dost give Were life indeed! Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast, Our happiest hour is when at last The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief, And sorrows neither few nor brief Veil all in gloom; Left desolate of real good, Within this cheerless solitude No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

# TRANSLATIONS.

His signal deeds and prowess high Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds! [sung? Why should their praise in verse be The name, that dwells on every tongue, No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to all The vassals of this ancient hall And feudal fief! To foes how stern a foe was he! And to the valiant and the free How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise; What grace in youthful gaieties; In all how sage! Benignant to the serf and slave, He showed the base and falsely brave A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star, The rush of Cæsar's conquering car At battle's call; His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill And the indomitable will Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine, Aurelius' countenance divine, Firm, gentle, still; The eloquence of Adrian, And Theodosius' love to man, And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray, An Alexander's vigorous sway And stern command; The faith of Constantine; ay, more, The fervent love Camillus bore His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground, Brave steeds and gallant riders found A common grave; And there the warrior's hand did gain The rents, and the long vassal train, That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that
more
And fairer regions, than before,

These are the records, half effaced, Which, with the hand of youth, he traced On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

His guerdon were.

By his unrivalled skill, by great And veteran service to the state, By worth adored, He stood, in his high dignity, The proudest knight of chivalry, Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the
glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valour strong That neither history nor song Can count them all; Then, on Ocaña's castled rock, Death at his portal came to knock, With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare To leave this world of toil and care With joyful mien;

<u>ier ele presentation de la colonia de la co</u>

Let thy strong heart of steel this day Put on its armour for the fray, The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife, So prodigal of health and life, For earthly fame, Let virtue nerve thy heart again; Loud on the last stern battle-plain They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
"Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky, Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high And proud estate; The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit A joy so great.

"But the good monk in cloistered cell, Shall gain it by his book and bell, His prayers and tears; [dures And the brave knight, whose arm en-Fierce battle, and against the Moors His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure, Strong in the faith entire and pure Thou dost profess, Depart, thy hope is certainty, The third, the better life on high, Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay! My spirit longs to flee away, And be at rest; The will of Heaven my will shall be, I bow to the divine decree, To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign
will
That we shall die.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take A human form, and humbly make Thy home on earth; Thou, that to thy Divinity A human nature didst ally By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here Torment, and agony, and fear, So patiently; By thy redeeming grace alone, And not for merits of my own, Oh, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose:
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE PERSON OF THE PROPERTY AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with thine amorous sylvan songs

Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,

Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree,

On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long!

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;

For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be;

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying,

Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou

Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

Oh, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying.

Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when

With feet nailed to the cross, thou're waiting still for me?

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

\*\*\*\*\*

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD I who seest, from you starry height

Centred in one the future and the past [how fast]
Fashioned in thine own image, see

247

The world obscures in me what once was bright |

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;

Yet in the hoary winter of my days, For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

Celestial King I Oh let thy presence pass

Before my spirit, and an image fair Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,

As the reflected image in a glass Doth meet the look of him who

<u>Preservation de la compania del compania de la compania de la com</u>

Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,

And owes its being to the gazar's eye.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

# TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care.

Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait.

Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,

And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

O strange delusion! that I did not greet

Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,

If my ingratitude's unkindly frost Has chilled the bleeding wounds

upon thy feet. How oft my guardian angel gently

cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and

thou shalt see How he persists to knock and wait

for thee!"
And, oh! how often to that voice of

sorrow,

"To-morrow we will open," I replied,

And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

### THE NATIVE LAND.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,

Bright with a glory that shall never fade!

Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,

**经验证的证明的证明的证明的证明的证明的证明的证明** 

Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,

Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;

But. sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence

With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore,

A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!

ari e con la company de la com

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore

Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,

That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

TEREFORE THE

### THE BROOK.

~~~~~~~~~~

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain !—lyre of bird and tree!

Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!

The soul of April, unto whom are born

The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

Although, where'er thy devious current strays,

The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,

To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems

Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent

As the pure crystal, let the curious eve

Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by! Thou shunn'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

### THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

And now, behold! as at the approach of morning,

Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red

Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!—

A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,

Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little

Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor.

河畔保護武法英宗武武公公,义文文张院代施就院院张宗宗成《《成院院》《成长成长张禄府院院《成院成长张元宗张元明张成成张汉

Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared I knew not what of white, and underneath,

Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word, While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;

But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,

He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee!

Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!

Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

See, how he scorns all human arguments,

So that no oar he wants, nor other sail

Than his own wings, between so distant shores!

See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,

Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,

That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!"

And then, as nearer and more near us came

The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,

So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it; and he came to shore

With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,

So that the waters swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot!

Beatitude seemed written in his face! And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

"In exitu Israel de Ægypto!"

Thus sang they all together in one voice.

With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,

Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,

And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

先共文本

ç G

おかなかなが

洗纸

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

Longing already to search in and round

The heavenly forest, dense and living green,

Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank, Crossing the level country, slowly, slowly,

Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no muta-

Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,

No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily

Did all of them bow downward towards that side

Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent

So that the little birds upon their tops Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime

Singing received they in the midst of foliage

That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,

Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,

When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco. Already my slow steps had led me on Into the ancient wood so far, that I Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my further course cut off a river,

Which, tow'rds the left hand, with its little waves

Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang. [are

All waters that on earth most limpid Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,

Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

热热和充流

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current, Under the shade perpetual, that never Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons, shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave. Wearing again the garments of the flesh, So, upon that celestial chariot, A hundred rose ad vocent tanti sentis, Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying, "Benedictus graivanis," And scattering flowers above and round about, "Manibus o date titia plenis," Oft have I seen, at the approach of day. The orient sky all stained with roseate hues, And the other heaven with light serene adorned, And the sun's face uprising overshadowed, So that by temperate influence of vapours, The eye sustaimed his aspect for long while; Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers, Which from those hands angelic were thrown up, And down descended inside and without. With crown of olive o'er a snow-white vent for the living flame. Vested in colours of the living flame. Even as the snow, among the living rafters under the living flame. Even as the snow, among the living winds, And then, dissolving, filters through listed. When as the snow, among the living winds, And then, dissolving, filters through listed. When as the snow, among the living winds, And then, dissolving, filters through listed. When as the snow, among the living winds, And then, dissolving, filters through listed. When ever the land, that loses shadow, breathes, when the snow, and the wind, and the rain: And they shrink away, and they flee in fear, When thy merry step draws near.

so old,

Their beards of scicles and snow; And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,

We must cower over the embers low; And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing feather,

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, ¡ But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,

のであれたのであるからなり、そのからはのはのはは、それには大きのは、自然のは、これでは、これでは、これでは、これでは、1980年の1980年

33.8

When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky

sky [cloud; Wrap him round with a mantle of But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh; shroud.

Thou tearest away the mournful

251

And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,

Who has toiled for nought both late and early,

Is banished afar by the new-born year,

When thy merry step draws near.

# THE CHILD ASLEEP.

### FROM THE FRENCH

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!

Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place

Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend.

のとれたといいなどがあるの

Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;

'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;

His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow.

Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal thought!
Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on the light!

Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept—I breathe again;

Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!

Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain.

Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant Ere thou of mother camest. But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not Highly timbered, It is unhigh and low; When thou art therein, The heel-ways are low, The side-ways unhigh. The roof is built Thy breast full nigh. So thou shalt in mould Dwell full cold, Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house, And dark it is within; There thou art fast detained And Death hath the key. Loathsome is that earth-house, And grim within to dwell. There thou shalt dwell, And worms shall divide thee. THE REPORT OF THE PARKET WAS AND THE PARKET OF THE PARKET

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends.
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

# THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups,

Around the rustic board;

And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."
And then the landlord's daughter
Up to beaven raised her hand,
And said: "Ye may no more contend.—
There lies the happiest land!"

KING CHRISTIAN.
A National Song of Denmark.
FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES
EVALD.
KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"By!" shouted they, "fly, he who can all who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"
Nis Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And shouted boud, through the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
Now is the hour!
Who traves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"
Nis Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And shouted boud, through the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
Now is the hour!
Now is the hour!
Now is the hour!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Solvy down-sinking!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer seed,
It mist and shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
The power?
The power?

Now is the hour!
The power?

Now is the hour!
The pomer?

Now is the hour!
The power?

Now is the hour!
The power?

Now is the hour!
The BERD AND THE SHIP.
FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went:
From the waves was heard a wail, that return the wave was heard a wail, tha

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence or whence
With thy fluttering golden band?"
"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide geet thee, little bird! To the wide sea.
I haste from the narrow land.
"Full and swollen is every sai!; I see no longer a hill."
I have trusted all to the sounding gale, And it will not let me stand stil.
"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tail,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."—
"I need not and seek not company, Bonny boat, I can sing all alone; For the mainmast tall too heavy and I. Bonny boat I have wings of my own.
"High over the sails, high over the mast, Thou shalt hear the sound of my volce.
"Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last, Thou shalt hear the sound of my volce.
"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one! I dart away, in the bright blue day, And the golden fields of the sun.
"Thus do I sing my weary song, Wherever the four winds blow; And this same song, my whole life long.
Neither Poet nor Printer may know.

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.
I HEARD a brooklet gushing From its rocky fountain near, Down into the valley rushing. So fresh and wondrous clear.
I know not what came o'er me, Nor who the counsel grave; But I must hasten downward, All with my pilgrim-stave; Downward, and ever farther, And ever the brook beside; And ever feesher murmured, And ever clearer, the tide.

255

# SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily, When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

\*

### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness, [sadness, When woods and fields put off all Thus began the King and spake: "So from the halls Of ancient Hofburg's walls,

A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked on;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight Rode at last a sable Knight.

"Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon say!"
"Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;"
I am a Prince of mighty sway!"

When he rode into the lists, [mists, The arch of heaven grew black with And the castle 'gan to rock;

At the first blow, Fell the youth from saddle-bow, Hardly rises from the shock;

Pipe and viol call the dances, Torch-light through the high halls glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame;

'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined.

The ancient King reclined, Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look, But the guest a beaker took:

"Golden wine will make you whole!"

The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank:

"Oh, that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter; and their faces
Colourless grow utterly;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth;
Take me, too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

### BEWARE!

.0000000000000

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

c G \*

-

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

Ä

Å

¥

λĺ

**y** (

...

Ă

Ă

Ä

1

کر

4

į

£

7

3

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning
visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's
pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth
stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

# THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry, Decked with the brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime. Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses, Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! with lips rosy-tinted Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest. Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new-twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed (There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms. Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children, So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes, While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron. Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver, Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg, Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work. Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling, And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

**ૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡ૽ઌૡઌૡઌૡઌૡઌૡઌૡ૽ઌૡ**ઌૡ૽૽ઌૡ

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching. Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ, Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.

Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast it om off him his mantle, So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven, And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.

Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher. Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly planness Ciothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters, Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam. As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly

259

Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service, Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man. Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came, Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert. Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel, Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places, Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming. But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies, Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,— Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement. Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning, Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted. Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer, Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied. Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them, And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words, Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple, Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning. E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches, Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine, Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes, So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation, Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway transfigured (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending. Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off. So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake, and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered, This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven. Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom; Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendour Downward rains from the heaven ;—to-day on the threshold of childhood Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election, For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction desireth. This is the hour of your trial, the turning point of existence, Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer ! Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher. Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood, Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you, Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting

260

Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal. Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created? Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united? Will ye promise me here (a holy promise!) to cherish God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother? Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your living, Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive and to suffer, Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness? Will ye promise me this before God and man? "—With a clear voice Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle, Soft as the evening's breath; as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome! Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters! Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven. Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father, Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising, That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us. Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended. Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sun of the doctrine, Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for. Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley, Oh, how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn backward Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother, Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven, Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven! Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence, When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them, Known them all again;—they were my childhood's acquaintance. Therefore, take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence, Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood. Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed, Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping. Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men; in the desert Angels descend and minister unto her; she herself knoweth Nought of her glorious attendance; but follows faithful and humble, Follows so long as she may her friend. Oh do not reject her, For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.— Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth incessant Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven. Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward. Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets, Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels. Then grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven Longs the wanderer again; and the Spirit's longings are worship; Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty. Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us, Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard, Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children

<del>৽</del>৴৽৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵৵

**2**61

٧

Ķ

A

1

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***\*** 

X

Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them. Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings. Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven? What has mankind, forsooth, the poor! that it has not received? Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who Hung his masonry pendant on nought, when the world he created. Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory. Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing. Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is terrific, Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck. Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger, Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes. Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again he breathed forth his spirit Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with aflame out of heaven Quench, oh quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being. Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may be happy Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed. Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other! Th' answer but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement! Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement. Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father; Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection; Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing; Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only. Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren; One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also. Bears not each human figure the God-like stamp on his forehead? Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing Lost like thyself on an ocean unkn own, and is he not guided By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother? Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness! Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples? Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say dost thou know him? Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example, Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings, Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother. This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it. Love is the creature's welfare with God; but Love among mortals Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting, Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids. Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompence,—Hope, the befriending,

⋾<del>⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗∊⋗⋼⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗∊⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗</del>∊<del>⋗∊⋗∊⋗</del>∊⋗⋗⋼<del>⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗∊⋗⋼⋗⋼</del>

262

À

X

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows! Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise, Having nought else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven, Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured, Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance. Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection, Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble. Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's, For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending. There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic, Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead. Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring, Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate Springtice. Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness Not what they seemed, —but what they were only. Blessed is he who Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until Death's hand Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you? Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection, Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father. Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions, Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not before him. Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapours; Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic, Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured, Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem, Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels. You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather, Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter! Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise, Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not; Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged you to heaven. God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy heaven!
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father, May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation, Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me, Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them, Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness, Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure. Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly With him the children read; at the close with tremulous accents, Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them. Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.

263

A. A. A.

X0X0X0X0X0X0X0X0X0

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent, and laid his Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful

★の本の本の本の本の本の本の本

Ť y

Y Y

brightness. "On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard! Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely, Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished. Warm is the heart !—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven. What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father. Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven, Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement? What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often. Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token, 'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions 'Twas in the beginning, Far has wandered from God, from his essence. Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atone ment. Infinite is the Fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise. See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions, Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals. Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels, Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings, Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger. Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement, Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent, Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her. Downward to earth he came, and, transfigured, thence reascended, Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit, Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement. Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token. Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision. Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended, Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup. But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom, Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body, And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father! Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?' Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children, "Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications, Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem: "O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions, Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!" Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids, Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols. . Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday, Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.



## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But in the autumn spreads her wings! The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood! It flows so long as falls the rain, In drought its springs soon dry again. The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

### ANNIE OF THARAW.

~~~~~~

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old, She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

 $oldsymbol{\Theta}$ 

ا رق

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good, Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow, We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall, The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall.—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong, Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,-

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows, Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun, The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed, Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand, Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife: Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love; Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen: I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest, That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell; While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing The cathedral door above; Yet I saw but one among them Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him, As their robes the sowers wind,-Bore he swallows and their fledglings, Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike, High in wind and tempest wild; Oh were I like him exalted, I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,—

To the doors of heaven would bear, Calling, even in storm and tempest, Round me still these birds of air.

## POETIC APHORISMS.

~~~~~~~~~~~~

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

Seventeenth Century.

### MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good? Who has it not wants hardihood, Who has it has much trouble and care, Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINE. Joy and Temperance and Repose Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin. Fiend-like is it to dwell therein, Christ-like is it for sin to grieve, God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS. A BLIND man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is; For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

> LAW OF LIFE. LIVE I, so live I, To my Lord heartily, To my Prince faithfully, To my Neighbour honestly. Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART. A MILLSTONE and the human heart are driven ever round: If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke; But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined; Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

### TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire, Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

## RHYMES. IF perhaps these rhymes of mine should

sound not well in strangers' ears, They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs; For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own, They will be most highly valued where

they are best and longest known.

# THE FUGITIVE.

^^^^

Tartar Song, from the Prose Version of Chodzko.

"HE is gone to the desert land! I can see the shining mane Of his horse on the distant plain, As he rides with his Kossak band!

"Come back, rebellious one! Let thy proud heart relent; Come back to my tall white tent, Come back, my only son!

\$ <del>|</del> |

- "Thy hand in freedom shall Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks, On the swans of the Seven Lakes, On the lakes of Karajal.
- "I will give thee leave to stray And pasture thy hunting steeds In the long grass and the reeds Of the meadows of Karaday.
- "I will give thee my coat of mail, Of softest leather made, With choicest steel inlaid; Will not all this prevail?"
- "This hand no longer shall Cast my hawks, when morning breaks, On the swans of the Seven Lakes, On the lakes of Karajal.
- "I will no longer stray And pasture my hunting steeds In the long grass and the reeds Of the meadows of Karaday.
- "Though thou give me thy coat of mail. Of softest leather made,

With choicest steel inlaid. All this cannot prevail.

- "What right hast thou, O Khan, To me, who am mine own, Who am slave to God alone, And not to any man?
- "God will appoint the day When I again shall be By the blue, shallow sea, Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.
- "God who doth care for me. In the barren wilderness. On unknown hills, no less Will my companion be.
- "When I wander lonely and lost In the wind; when I watch at night Like a hungry wolf, and am white And covered with hoar-frost;
- "Yea, wheresoever I be, In the yellow desert sands, In mountains or unknown lands, Allah will care for me!'

THEN Sobra, the old, old man,— Three hundred and sixty years Had he lived in this land of tears, Bowed down and said, "O Khan!

- "If you bid me, I will speak. There's no sap in dry grass, No marrow in dry bones! Alas, The mind of old men is weak!
- ''I am old, I am very old : ' I have seen the primeval man, I have seen the great Gengis Khan, Arrayed in his robes of gold.
- "What I say to you is the truth; And I say to you, O Khan, Pursue not the star-white man, Pursue not the beautiful youth.
- " Him the Almighty made, And brought him forth of the light, At the verge and end of the night, When men on the mountain prayed.
- " He was born at the break of day, When abroad the angels walk; He hath listened to their talk, And he knoweth what they say.
- "Gifted with Allah's grace, Like the moon of Ramazan When it shines in the skies, O Khan, Is the light of his beautiful face.
- "When first on earth he trod. The first words that he said Were these, as he stood and prayed, There is no God but God!

"And he shall be king of men, For Allah hath heard his prayer, And the Archangel in the air, Gabriel, hath said, Amen!"

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN,

\*\*\*\*\*\*

Tartar Song, from the Prose Version of Chodzko.

BLACK are the moors before Kazan, And their stagnant waters smell of blood;

I said in my heart, with horse and man, I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack, Like new moons were the shoes he

Silken trappings hung on his back, In a talisman on his neck a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following

But when I looked behind, alas ! ·

Not one of all the band could I see, All had sunk in the black morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where

The power of Kazan with its four-fold gates?

From the prison windows our maidens fair

Talk of us still through the iron grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse and man

Lie buried deep in the dark abyss!
Ah! the black day hath come down
on Kazan!

Ah! was ever a grief like this?

J)

### THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

~~~~~~~~~~~

Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

Down from yon distant mountain height

The brooklet flows through the village street;

A boy comes forth to wash his hands, Washing, yes washing, there he stands,

In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I come from you mountain high and cold.

Where lieth the new snow on the old, And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the river there below

Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the fountain at whose brink

The maid that loves thee comes to drink,

And whenever she looks therein
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

### TO THE STORK.

気をを見るべき

( C) ( C)

( )

8

80476

Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

Welcome, O Stork! that dost wing Thy flight from the far-away! Thou hast brought us the signs of Spring, Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend Upon our roof to rest; In our ash-tree, O my friend, My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain, O Stork, to thee I impart The thousand sorrows; the pain And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on high,
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow Was hidden away and lost, And the rose-trees that in it grow Were withered by snow and frost.

## CONSOLATION.

~~~~~~~~~~

To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of Aix in Provence, on the Death of his Daughter.

## FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into-the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
270

### TRANSLATIONS.

Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,

ののであるので

(A)

•

かの そうからする かからしゅうしゃ

ما من رنم

3

(Z)

() (3)

(3) (3)

1000

(1)(2)

(A)

٠ آ

(A) (A)

すいがのが

ر ا ۾

Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction: Nor should I be content, .

As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction

By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes

To fates the most forlorn; A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,

The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling;

All prayers to him are vain; Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing, He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,

Unto these laws must bend; The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance.

Is never for the best; To will what God doth will, that is the only science That gives us any rest.

# TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU. FROM MALHERBE.

\*\*\*\*

THOU mighty Prince of Church and State,

Richelieu! until the hour of death, Whatever road man chooses, Fate Still holds him subject to her breath. Spun of all silks, our days and nights, Have sorrows woven with delights; And of this intermingled shade Our various destiny appears, Even as one sees the course of years Of summers and of winters made. Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours Let us enjoy the halcyon wave; Sometimes impending peril lowers Beyond the seaman's skill to save. The Wisdom, infinitely wise, That gives to human destinies

Their fore-ordained necessity, Has made no law more fixed below, Than the alternate ebb and flow Of Fortune and Adversity.

# THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face. Above a cradle bent to look, Seemed his own image there to trace, As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so," Hewhispered, "come, oh come with Happy together let us go, me! The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain; The soul in pleasure suffering lies; Joy hath an undertone of pain, And even the happiest hours their

Fear doth at every portal knock; Never a day serene and pure From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock cure. Hath made the morrow's dawn se-

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears

Come to disturb so pure a brow? And with the bitterness of tears These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah, no! into the fields of space, Away shalt thou escape with me; And Providence will grant the grace Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower, In sombre vestments draped and veiled;

But let them welcome thy last hour, As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow; There let the grave no shadow cast; When one is pure as thou art now, The fairest day is still the last.'

And waving wide his wings of white, The angel at these words had sped Towards the eternal realms of light!— Poor mother ! see, thy son is dead !

### TO ITALY.

### FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who'rt doomed to

The fatal gift of beauty and possess The dower funest of infinite wretch-

Written upon thy forehead by de-

Ah! would that thou wert stronger or less fair,

That they might fear thee more or love thee less,

Who in the splendour of thy loveli-

Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare!

Then from the Alps I should not see descending

Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde

Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,

Nor should I see thee girded with a sword

Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,

Victor or vanquished, slave for ever-

### WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS.

~~~~~~~~

### FROM GOETHE.

THOU that from the heavens art, Every pain and sorrow stillest, And the doubly wretched heart Doubly with refreshment fillest, I am weary with contending! Why this rapture and unrest? Peace descending Come, ah, come into my breast!

O'er all the hill-tops Is quiet now, In all the tree-tops Hearest thou Hardly a breath; The birds are asleep in the trees: Wait; soon like these Thou too shalt rest.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

### REMORSE.

### FROM AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in the night,

Drawn on without rest or reprieval! The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,

As I wandered so light In the night, in the night,

Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height.

I leaned o'er the bridge in my

yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,

As they glided so light In the night, in the night,

Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,

The stars in melodious existence; And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;

They sparkled so light In the night, in the night,

Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,

And again on the waves in their

fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,

Now silence thou light, In the night, in the night,

The remorse in thy heart that is beat-

^^~~~~~

### SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

### FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

LET nothing disturb thee, Nothing affright thee; All things are passing; God never changeth; Patient endurance Attaineth to all things; Who God possesseth In nothing is wanting; Alone God sufficeth.

# Songs.

### SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restiess main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,

In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleans Elysian

In the tropic clime of youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour

That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far scattered,

Tempest shattered, Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;

Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

### THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe that restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavour; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,

Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

e de la constitue de la consti

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

273

THE PARTY

And the night shall be filled with music,

And the cares, that infest the day, Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

### AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds likes ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows, Like fearful shadows, Slowly passes A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell:

Shadows are trailing, My heart is bewailing And tolling within Like a funeral bell.

# WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

^^^^

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide

Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels

I have learned the art of song; Let me now repay the lessons They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed; And, fulfilling his desire, On his tomb the birds were feasted By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret, In foul weather and in fair, Day by day, in vaster numbers, Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window, On the lintel of each door, They renewed the War of Wartburg, Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols, Sang their lauds on every side; And the name their voices uttered Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of
food?

Be it changed to loaves henceforward For our fasting brotherhood." o a l'en presentation de la company de l

THE STREET STREET STREET

Then in vain o'er tower and turret
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bells rang noontide,

Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain with cries discordant, Clamorous round the Gothic spire, Screamed the feathered Minnesingers For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions

On the cloister's funeral stones, And tradition only tells us Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral, By sweet echoes multiplied, Still the birds repeat the legend, And the name of Vogelweid.

# TO AN OLD DANISH SONGBOOK.

•^^^^^

WELCOME, my old friend, Welcome to a foreign fireside, While the sullen gales of autumn Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee, Since, beneath the skies of Denmark, First I met thee.

274



And, as swallows build In this wide, old-fashioned chimneys, So thy twittering songs shall nestle In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm, Sheltered from all molestation, And recalling by their voices Youth and travel.

### DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and listen!
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken, Led by his inebriate Satyrs; On his breast his head is sunken, Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes, Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses, Wild from Naxian groves or Zante's Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations, Bloodless victories, and the farmer Bore, as trophies and oblations, Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,
Much this mystic throng expresses;
Bacchus was the type of vigour,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains Point the rods of fortune-tellers; Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,— Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish,

erre de la complete d

From that fiery blood of dragons Never would his own replenish. Even Redi, though he chaunted Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys, Never drank the wine he vaunted In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic fables;
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen!
As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

fr,

.

# THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!" JACQUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street

Stands the old-fashioned country-seat. Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

"For ever—never!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its hands From its case of massive oak, Like a monk, who, under his cloak, Crosses himself, and sighs, alas! With sorrowful voice to all who

pass,—
"For ever—never!"
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling; along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamberdoor,—

"For ever—never!"
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has
stood,

# SONNETS.

And as if, like God, it all things saw, It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

"For ever—never!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

"For ever—never!"

There groups of merry children played, There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours! O golden prime, And affluence of love and time! Even as a miser counts his gold, Those hours the ancient timepiece told.—

"For ever—never!"

From that chamber, clothed in white, The bride came forth on her wedding night;

There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the
prayer,

.Was heard the old clock on the stair,-

"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain, "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"For ever—never!

"For ever—never!"
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there, Where all parting, pain, and care, And death, and time shall disappear,—

For ever there, but never here! The horologe of Eternity Sayeth this incessantly,—

"For ever—never!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

# Sonnets.

### THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West, Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines!

Like a fair lady at her casement, shines

The evening star, the star of love and rest!

And then anon she doth herself divest Of all her radiant garments, and reclines

Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,

With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even thus.

As that fair planet in the sky above,

Dost thou retire unto thy rest at

night;

And from thy darkened window fades the light.

277

CREER CARRELL CONTRACTOR OF THE CONTRACT CONTRAC

### AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,

With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,

Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,

And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne, [hand

Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended

So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;

Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;

Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;

And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,

Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves!

### DANTE.

~~~~~~~

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,

With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,

Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,

Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.

Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,

What soft compassion glows, as in the skies

The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,

By Fra Hilario in his diocese,

As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,

The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;

And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,

Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

### THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

I.

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine, [three,

Who are no longer here, the noble Who half my life were more than friends to me,

And whose discourse was like a generous wine,

I most of all remember the divine

Something, that shone in them, and made us see

The archetypal man, and what might be [sign.

The amplitude of Nature's first de-In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;

I cannot find them. Nothing now is left

But a majestic memory. They meanwhile

Wander together in Elysian lands,

Perchance remembering me, who am bereft

acceptace a representative de la constant de la con

Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

II.

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,

Or the Ionian Isles, or where the

Encircle in their arms the Cyclades, So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene

And childlike joy of life, O Philhelene!
Around thee would have swarmed
the Attic bees;

Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,

And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.

For thee old legends breathed historic breath;

Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,

And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!

Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,

Who wast so full of life, or Death, with thee,

That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!

III.

I STAND again on the familiar shore, And hear the waves of the distracted

### SONNETS.

Piteously calling and lamenting thee,

And waiting restless at thy cottage door.

The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor.

The willows in the meadow, and the

Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;

Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more?

Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men

Are busy with their trivial affairs, Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read

Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then

Wast ready to reveal the truth it

Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

RIVER, that stealest with such silent

Around the City of the Dead, where A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes

Shall see no more in his accustomed place.

Linger and fold him in thy soft em-

And say good night, for now the western skies

Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise

Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.

Good night! good night! as we so oft have said

Beneath this roof at midnight, in the

That are no more, and shall no more return.

Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;

I stay a little longer, as one stays To cover up the embers that still burn.

THE door are all wide open; at the

The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a

And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze

Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,

And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,

The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,

Writes the last letter of his name, and stays

His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.

I also wait! but they will come no more,

Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!

They have forgotten the pathway to my door!

Something is gone from nature since they died.

And summer is not summer nor can

### SHAKESPEARE.

lies A VISION as of crowded city streets. With human life in endless overflow: Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets that blow

To battle; clamour in obscure retreats.

Of sailors landed from their anchored

fleets;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below

Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw

O'er garden-walls their intermingled [fold sweets!

This vision comes to me when I un-The volume of the Poet paramount, Whom all the Muses loved, not one

alone :--Into his hands they put the lyre of

gold, And, crowned with sacred laurel at

their fount,

Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

### CHAUCER.

~~~~~

An old man in a lodge within a park; The chamber walls depicted all around

With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,

ranaran da karanarar da kalanar da karanar d

And the hurt deer, he listeneth to the lark,

Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;

He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,

Then writeth in a book like any clerk.

He is the poet of the dawn who wrote The Canterbury Tales, and his old

Made beautiful with song , and as I read

I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note

Of lark and linnet, and from every page

Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

### MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold

How the voluminous billows roll and run,

Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun

Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,

And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold

All its loose-flowing garments into one,

Plunges upon the shore; and floods the dun

Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.

So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulation of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Meconides.

### SONNETS.

And ever and anon, high over all-Uplifted a ninth wave, superb and strong.

**米米米米米米** 

去去世世紀年代於京大大大大大大大

年大旅中

C.

中央軍事就軍者就無其軍軍

strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

# KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep:

The shepherd boy whose tale was left half told!

The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold

To the red rising moon, and loud and deep

The nightingale is singing from the steep;

It is midsummer, but the air is cold; Can it be death? Alas, beside the fold

A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.

Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,

On which I read: "Here lieth one whose name

Was writ in water." And was this the meed

Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:

"The smoking flax before it burst to flame

Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."

### THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air, Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen

Like gold and silver sands in some ravine

Where mountain streams have left their channels bare!

The Spaniard sees in thee, the pathway where

His patron saint descended in the sheen

Of his celestial armour, on serene

And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.

Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable

Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies

Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod;

But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,

The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies

From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

共奏先先者が在於れ

治病疾病疾病病疾病疾病疾病疾病

、指布系统由数据线线线线

### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,

And round the pebbly beaches far and wide

I heard the first wave of the rising tide

Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;

A voice out of the silence of the deep, A sound mysteriously multiplied

As of a cataract from the mountain's side,

Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep,

So comes to us at times, from the unknown

And inaccessible solitudes of being, The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;

And inspirations that we deem our own.

Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing

Of things beyond our reason or control.

# A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set; and in his latest beams

Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,

Slowly upon the amber air unrolled, The falling mantle of the prophet seems.

From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,

The street-lamps of the ocean; and behold.

O'erhead the banners of the night unfold;

The day hath passed into the land of dreams.

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white.

So full of gladness and so full of pain!

For ever and for ever shalt thou be

To some the gravestone of a dead delight,

To some the landmark of a new domain.

### THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,

The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,

And the brown rocks left bare on every hand

As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.

Then heard I, more distinctly than before.

The ocean breathe, and its great breast expand,

And hurrying came on the defenceless land

The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.

All thought and feeling and desire, I said,

EXTEREGER RECENT CONTRACT CONT

Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song,

Have ebbed from me for ever! Suddenly o'er me

They swept again from their deep ocean bed,

And in a tumult of delight, and strong

As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

## \*\*\*\* A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,

What would be

heir fate, who now are looking up to me

For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said,

Would be a volume wherein I have read But the first chapters, and no longer

To read the rest of their dear his-

So full of beauty and so full of dread.

Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed,

A troop of shadows moving with the sun;

Thousands of times has the old tale been told:

The world belongs to those who come the last,

They will find hope and strength as we have done.

### A NAMELESS GRAVE.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,"

Is the inscription on an unknown

grave
At Newport News, beside the saltsea wave,

Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout

Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous

Of battle, when the loud artillery

Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave

And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt

Thou unknown hero sleeping by the

In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame

I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,

When I remember thou hast given for me

All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,

And I can give thee nothing in return.

### SLEEP.

What would befall these children? LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound

Seems from some faint Æolian harpstring caught;

Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought

As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound

The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;

For I am weary, and am overwrought

With too much toil, with too much care distraught,

And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.

Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,

### SONNETS.

O peaceful sleep! until from pain released [breath! I breathe again uninterrupted]

Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek

Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast

Whereof the greater mystery is death!

# THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

**张光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光** 

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old, Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone

Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold

Beneath me as it struggles, I behold Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown

My kindred and companions. Me alone

It moveth not: but is by me controlled.

I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer
still ago
[Guelf.
The final wars of Ghibelline and

Florence adorns me with her jewellery;
And when I think that Michael
Angelo
Heth leaned on me I glow in my

Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

# IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

GADDI mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio

Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto

Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io ragiono

Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono

Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto .

Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo intanto

Neppure muove, ed io non l' abbandono

Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.

Fiorenza i suoi giojelli m' ha prestati; E quando penso ch' Agnolo il Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

# Sonnets.

1878.

### NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,

Leads by the hand her little child to bed,

Half willing, half reluctant to be led, And leave his broken playthings on the floor.

Still gazing at them through the open door.

Nor wholly reassured and comforted By promises of others in their stead, Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;

So Nature deals with us, and takes away

Our playthings one by one, and by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently; that we go Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,

Being too full of sleep to understand How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

# IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who died

In the bright Indian summer of his fame! [name,

A simple stone, with but a date and Marks the secluded resting-place beside

The river that he loved and glorified.

Here in the autumn of his days he

35" | 35" |

**多美多亲亲来来多种** 

かんかんかんかんかんかんとんかん

But the dry leaves of life were all aflame

With tints that brightened and were multiplied.

How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!

Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,

Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;

Dying, to leave a memory like the breath

Of summers full of sunshine and of showers.

A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

### ELIOT'S OAK.

200000000000

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud

With sounds of unintelligible speech, Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach.

Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;

With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,

Thou speakest a different dialect to each;

To me a language that no man can

Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.

For underneath thy shade, in days remote,

Seated like Abraham at eventide Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown

Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote His Bible in a language that hath died

And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

**~~~~~~~~~** 

### THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face.

Came from their convent on the shining heights

Of Pierus, the mountain of delights, To dwell among the people at its base.

All time and space,

Splendour of cloudless days and starry nights,

ч,

TA NA

CHARLEST CONTROLLER

大される

やたが水や魚味

今へとうのは大きのなるのののの大きの大き

And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,

Had a new meaning, a diviner grace. Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud

To teach in schools of little country towns

Science and song, and all the arts that please;

So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,

Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,

Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

### VENICE.

000000000000

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest

So wonderfully built among the reeds

Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,

As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest!

White water-lily, cradled and caressed By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds

Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds.

Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown and crest!

White phantom city, whose untrodden streets

Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting

Shadows of palaces and strips of

I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting

In air their unsubstantial masonry.

### THE POETS.

O YE dead Poets, who are living still Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,

And ye, O living Poets, who are dead

Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,

Then seemed the world to change. Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,

RANGER RECENT REPORT REPORT OF A SECRET REPORT REPO

### SONNETS.

With drops of anguish falling fast and red

From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,

ې<sup>۲</sup> د

4

4. 4. 6. C. L.

14. 45.

5.00

A. 4. 4. 6.

Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?

Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song Have something in them so divinely sweet.

It can assuage the bitterness of wrong:

wrong;
Not in the clamour of the crowded street.

Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,

But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

### PARKER CLEVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

Among the many lives that I have known.

None I remember more serene and sweet.

More rounded in itself and more complete,

Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.

These pines, that murmur in low monotone, [feet,

These walks frequented by scholastic Were all his world; but in this calm retreat

For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.

With fond affection memory loves to dwell

On the old days, when his example made

A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen; [well

And now, amid the groves he loved so That nought could lure him from their grateful shade,

He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen!

### THE HARVEST MOON.

^^^^

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes

And roofs of villages, on woodland crests

And their aërial neighbourhood of nests
285

Deserted, on the curtained windowpanes

Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes

And harvest-fields, its mystic splendour rests!

Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,

Ĉ,

光光光光光光光

0

4

 $\varepsilon \in$ 

o ć

, di

4

4

4

ø

٠,

ď,

٦<u>4</u> 14

With the last sheaves return the labouring wains!

All things are symbols: the external shows [mind,

Of nature have their image in the As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves;

The song birds leave us at the summer's close,

Only the empty nests are left behind, And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

### TO THE RIVER RHONE.

~^^^^

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower [glow,

In chambers purple with the Alpine Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow,

And rocked by tempests !—at the appointed hour

Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,

With clang and clink of harness dost thou go

To meet thy vassal torrents, that below

Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.

And now thou movest in triumphal march,

A king among the rivers! On thy way

A hundred towns await and welcome thee;

Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
[the sea!
And fleets attend thy progress to

# THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THREE Silences there are: the first of speech,

The second of desire, the third of thought:

This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught of the content of the

I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing.

I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls.
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's Mysterious phantoms, coming, beek oning, going!
It is the mystery of the unknown That fascinates us; we are children still.
Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own, And with the other, resolute of will, Grope in the durk for what the day will bring.

BOSTON.

St. Botolph's Town! Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes, So that thereof no vestige now remains;
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear.
And exceeds a suchjured walls and St. Botolph's Town! Far over leagues of land And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard:
So may that sacred name for ever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power
That lies concentred in a single word.

St. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.
I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memoral laid;

All mithe word's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
And see him living's till, and wandering on And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Cot only tongues of the apostle teach Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And heirs of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
The came a Saxon monk, and founded here
On him, whose hand thy stones memoral laid;

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.
I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memoral laid;

All the word's darkest hour, "Behold thy sou!"
And see him living still, and wandering on and elering on And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Cot only tongues of the apostle teach Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And belayed.
Cot only tongues of the apostle teach Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And bela

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age

\$

ئرد ر

LER CESTRANDENCES CACE

Ų

Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late

The venturous hand that strives to imitate

Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.

Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine,

And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth, [Song.

One in the realm of Fiction and of What prince hereditary of their line,

Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,

Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

# THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.

### A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean

As from a castle window, looking down

On some gay pageant passing through a town,

Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene:

With what a gentle grace, with what serene

Unconsciousness ye wear the triple

Of youth and beauty and the fair renown

Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!

From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,

Four spirits, sweet and innocent as

Gaze on the world below, the sky above:

Hark! there is some one singing in the street;

"Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to say;

"These three; and the greatest of the three is Love."

### HOLIDAYS.

^^^^

THE holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence and apart; The secret anniversaries of the heart, When the full river of feeling over-flows;—

The happy days unclouded to their close:

The sudden joys that out of darkness start

As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart

Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

White as the gleam of a receding sail, White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,

White as the whitest lily on the stream.

These tender memories are ;—a Fairy
Tale

Of some enchanted land we know not where,

0.00

ø.

1-0

Ġ.

O

•

But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

~~~~~~~

### WAPENTAKE.

### TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;

Not as a knight, who on the listed field

Of tourney touched his adversary's shield

In token of defiance, but in sign Of homage to the mastery, which is thine.

In English song; nor will I keep concealed

And voiceless as a rivulet frost-concealed,

My admiration for thy verse divine.

Not of the howling dervishes of song, Who craze the brain with their delirious dance.

Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!

Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,

To thee our love and our allegiance, For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

### THE BROKEN OAR.

Once upon Iceland's solitary strand A poet wandered with his book and pen.

Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,

288-

### TRANSLATIONS.

Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.

The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,

The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,

And from the parting cloud-rack now and then

Flashed the red sunset over sea and and.

Then by the billows at his feet was tossed

A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,

"Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;" [lost,

And like a man, who findeth what was

He wrote the words, then lifted up
his head,
And flung his useless pen into the

# Translations.

### VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

### MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining, Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands. We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish, We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow, Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

### TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created, For he will be unto me a god for ever; his altar Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds. He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest, On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

### MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather; on all sides
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
Heartsick, further away; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me! on the naked flint she hath left them.
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted,
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

### TITYRUS

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined, Foolish I! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring. Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers, Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed. But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

### MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee?

### TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness, After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,— Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while, 289

u

Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

### MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokest the gods, Amaryllis, And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches! Tityrus hence was absent! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees, Thee, the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

### TITYRUS.

What could I do? No power had I to escape from my bondage, Nor had I power elsewhere to recognise gods so propitious. Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus, During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars. Here first gave he response to me soliciting favour: "Feed us before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

### MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man! So then thy fields will be left thee, And large enough for thee, thou naked stone, and the marish All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass. No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger, Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them. Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers, And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness. On this side, a hedge along the neighbouring cross-road, Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow, Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee. Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes, Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons, Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aërial elm-trees.

### TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether, And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore, Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris, Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

### MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,
And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither discord
Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vineyards;
Go, my goats, go hence, my flock so happy aforetime.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
Songs no more shall I sing; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

290

### TRANSLATIONS.

⊚∘<del>⋖⋄⋖⋄⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖</del>∘<del>⋖</del>∘⋖∘<del>⋖</del>∘⋖∘⋖∘⋖∊⋞∊⋞∊⋞∊⋞∊⋞∊⋞∊⋞∊

### TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples, Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance; And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance, And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

### OVID IN EXILE,

~~~~~~~~~

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.
TRISTIA, Book III. Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile, And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us: He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect, When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus, Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it; Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away another succeeds it, And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened, it levels Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather, And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle, And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels; No more draughts of wine,—pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid, And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,— Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters, Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows, Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them, The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood, Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted, And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

U 2

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean; Dry-shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curved dolphins uplift themselves from the water; All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion, In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble, Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering, Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

`<del>`</del>

Y

Ŷ

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the refluent stream,—

Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,—Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows, All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions, Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country, And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them, Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbed arrows, in agony perish, For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish, And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending; None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not, And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves, No fermenting must fills and overflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides, Has this region been found only my prison to be?

### TRISTIA, Book III. Elegy XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended, Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle, Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather, Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

**◇◇◇◇**◇◇◇◇

292

### TRANSLATIONS.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours, And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother, Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres, Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils, But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling, But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing, Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop;

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed, He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders, And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy, Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving, And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering, And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted, Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent, And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes, Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh, Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic, Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me, Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar, Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious, Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now? And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead, But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

### ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY.

ů.

Ý

とととい

FROM this high portal, where upsprings

The rose to touch our hands in play, We at a glance behold three things,-The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks fear;

I drown my best friends in the deep; And those who braved my tempests,

Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and fraught

With tumult and with smoke and care; My days with toil are overwrought, And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-tracks guide

To the pale climates of the North; Where my last milestone stands abide The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours, Full of delicious air, glides by Amid a multitude of flowers As countless as the stars on high;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil, Bathed with an azure all divine. Where springs the tree that gives us

The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped of trees, o'er,

Whose tops with flowers are covered Where springtime of the Hesperides Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls, That unto gentle sleep persuade, This rainbow of the waterfalls, Of mingled mist and sunshine made;

Upon these shores, where all invites, We live our languid life apart; This air is that of life's delights, The festival of sense and heart:

This limpid space of time prolong, Forget to-morrow in to-day, And leave unto the passing throng The Sea, the Town, and the Highway. | Methinks from my own hearth must

### TO MY BROOKLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS.

Thou brooklet, all unknown to song, Hid in the covert of the wood! Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng, Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past Lie all forgotten in their graves, Till in my thoughts remain at last Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ;— The nightingale, the marguerite; In shadow here he meditates His nest, his love, his music sweet

Near thee the self-collected soul Knows nought of error or of crime: Thy waters, murmuring as they roll, Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves, Pursuing still thy course, shall I List the soft shudder of the leaves, And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

### ~~~~~~~~~<del>~</del> BAREGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains, Dwelling of warriors stark and frore! You, may these eyes behold no more, Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views! Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds! Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds, Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and main Break pathways through the rocky walls,

With your terrific waterfalls Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms, Arise, ye pictures of delight! Ye brooks, that water in your flight The flowers and harvests of our farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green, Where the Garonne the lowland fills, Not far from that long chain of hills, With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so come: high,

### SEVEN SONNETS.

With speed to that beloved home, Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the soul In quiet may itself possess,

Where all things soothe the mind's distress,

Where all things teach me and console.

# FORSAKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Something the heart must have to cherish.

Must love and joy and sorrow learn, Something with passion clasp, or perish,

And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging, And its frank eyes, with look intense,

Me from a world of sin are bringing Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure for ever; Strong may thy heart in danger be!

Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless, And thou thy mother ne'er forsake, Until her lips are white and breathless,

Until in death her eyes shall break.

### ALLAH.

^^^^

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

ALLAH gives light in darkness, Allah gives rest in pain, Cheeks that are white with weep

Cheeks that are white with weeping Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither, Years vanish with flying feet; But my heart will live on for ever, That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

# Seben Sonnets

AND

A CANZONE, FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

[The following translations are from the poem of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text b; Guasti.]

### i. THE ARTIST.

Nothing the greatest artist can conceive

That every marble block doth not confine

Within itself; and only its design The hand that follows intellect can achieve.

The ill I flee, the good that I believe, In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine, Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine

Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.

Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,

Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,

Of my disgrace, nor chance nor destiny,

If in thy heart both death and love find place [brain,

At the same time, and if my humble Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

### II. FIRE.

~~~~~

Not without fire can any workman mould

The iron to his preconceived design, Nor can the artist without fire refine

295

And purify from all its dross the gold!

Nor can revive the phoenix, we are told.

Ă

y

Y

٧

¥ 1

Ý

Y

Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine

I hope to rise again with the divine, Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.

O sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns

Within me still to renovate my days, Though I am almost numbered with the dead!

If by its nature unto heaven returns This element, me, kindled in its blaze.

Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

### H

### YOUTH AND AGE.

O GIVE me back the days when loose and free

To my blind passion were the curb and rein,

O give me back the angelic face again,

With which all virtue buried seems to be!

O give my panting footsteps back to me,

That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,

And fire and moisture in the heart and brain.

If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee!

If it be true thou livest alone, Amor, On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,

In an old man thou canst not wake desire;

Souls that have almost reached the other shore

Of a diviner love should feel the darts.

And be as tinder to a holier fire.

### IV.

·

### OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,

In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,

The common harbour, where must rendered be

Account of all the actions of the past.

The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,

Made art an idol and a king to me, Was an illusion, and but vanity

Were the desires that lured me and harassed.

The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,

What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,—

One sure, and one forecasting its alarms?

Painting and sculpture satisfy no more The soul now turning to the Love Divine,

That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

### v.

### TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we see

In long experience—that will longer last [vast

A living image carved from quarries Than its own maker, who dies presently?

Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be, And even Nature is by Art surpassed;

This know I, who to Art have given the past,

But see that Time is breaking faith with me.

Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in colour or in stone bestow
By now portraying each in look and
mien;

So that a thousand years after we die, How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe.

And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

### **37 T**

### TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

WHEN the prime mover of my many sighs

Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,

206

シ**┈**➣➣❤❤❤❤®®

00\*

\*(\*\*

(a) (a) (a)

13,

زد

ij

ションション ショウ

3

として

2

Nature, that never made so fair a face,

Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes. [cries!

O fate, unheeding my impassioned O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,

Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace

Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.

Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay The rumour of thy virtuous renown, That Lethe's waters could not wash away!

A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,

Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,

Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

### VIi.

### DANTE.

What should be said of him cannot be said:

By too great splendour is his name attended; [offended,

To blame is easier those who him Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.

This man descended to the doomed and dead

For our instruction: then to God ascended;

Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,

Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.

Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice

Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well,

That the most perfect most of grief shall see.

Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,

That as his exile hath no parallel, Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

### VIII.

### CANZONE.

AH me! ah me! when thinking of the years,

The vanished years, alas, I do not find Among them all one day that was my own!

Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,

Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears

(For human passions all have stirred my mind),

Have held me, now I feel and know, confined

Both from the true and good still far away.

I perish day by day;

The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,

And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

### SONNET.

\_\_\_\_\_

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

ମନ୍ଦିରର୍ଷ୍ଣ ଅପ୍ରସ୍ତର୍ଗ୍ର ଅଟେ ଅପର୍ବ ଓ ଅଟେ ଅପର୍ବ ଅପର୍ବ ଅପର୍ବ ଅପ୍ର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗ ଅପ୍ର ଅଟେ ଅପ୍ର ଅପର୍ବ ଅପ୍ର ଅପ୍ର ଅପ୍ର ଅପ୍ର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗ୍ର ଅପ୍ର ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅଟେ ଅପର୍ବ ଅପ୍ର ଅପର୍ବ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍ର ଅଧିକ ଅପ୍

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped!

Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages

Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,

And giving tongues unto the silent dead!

How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,

Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages

Of the great Poet who foreruns the ages.

Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught

The rarest essence of all human thought!

O happy Poet! by no critic vext!

How must thy listening spirit now rejoice

To be interpreted by such a voice!

297

**\$ 6000**666666666666666

### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through the wide doors the breezes blow,

The wattled cocks strut to and fro, And, half effaced by rain and shine, The Red Horse prances on the sign. Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode

Deep silence reigned, save when a

Went rushing down the country road, And skeletons of leaves, and dust, A moment quickened by its breath, Shuddered and danced their dance of death,

And through the ancient oaks o'erhead

Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn A pleasant murmur smote the ear, Like water rushing through a weir; Oft interrupted by the din Of laughter and of loud applause, And, in each intervening pause, The music of a violin. The fire-light, shedding over all The splendour of its ruddy glow, Filled the whole parlour large and low; It gleamed on wainscot and on wall, It touched with more than wonted

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face; It bronzed the rafters overhead, On the old spinet's ivory keys It played inaudible melodies, It crowned the sombre clock with name, flame,

The hands, the hours, the maker's And painted with a livelier red The Landlord's coat-of-arms again; And, flashing on the window-pane, Emblazoned with its light and shade The jovial rhymes, that still remain, Writ near a century ago, By the great Major Molineaux, Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood Erect the rapt musician stood; And ever and anon he bent His head upon his instrument, And seemed to listen till he caught Confessions of its secret thought,— The joy, the triumph, the lament, The exultation and the pain; Then, by the magic of his art, He soothed the throbbings of its heart, And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease There sat a group of friends, entranced With the delicious melodies; Who from the far-off noisy town Had to the wayside inn come down, To rest beneath its old oak-trees. The fire-light on their faces glanced, Their shadows on the wainscot danced.

And, though of different lands and speech.

Each had his tale to tell, and each Was anxious to be pleased and please. And while the sweet musician plays, Let me in outline sketch them all, Perchance uncouthly as the blaze With its uncertain touch portrays Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace; Grave in his aspect and attire: A man of ancient pedigree, A Justice of the Peace was he, Known in all Sudbury as Squire."

Proud was he of his name and race, Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh, And in the parlour, full in view, His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,

ବିଅନ୍ୟଉଧ୍ୟର୍ଷ୍ ପ୍ରସ୍ତର ଅନ୍ୟର <mark>ପ୍ରସେଷ କର ନେ ପ୍ରସର ଜଣ ସ</mark>ଥିତ ଜଣ ଜଣ ଅନ୍ୟର ପ୍ରସର କର ଅନ୍ୟର ପ୍ରସର ପ୍ରକ୍ର ପ

Upon the wall in colours blazed; He beareth gules upon his shield, A chevron Argent in the field, With three wolves' heads, and for the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed Upon a helmet barred; below The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe.

And over this, no longer bright, Though glimmering with a latent light, Was hung the sword his grandsire bore In the rebellious days of yore, Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways, A Student of old books and days, To whom all tongues and lands were known,

And yet a lover of his own; With many a social virtue graced, And yet a friend of solitude; A man of such a genial mood The heart of all things he embraced And yet of such fastidious taste, He never found the best too good. Books were his passion and delight, And in his upper room at home

Clean shaven was he as a priest, Who at the mass on Sunday sings, Save that upon his upper lip His beard, a good palm's length at least,

Level and pointed at the tip, Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings. The poets read he o'er and o'er, And most of all the Immortal Four Of Italy: and next to those, The story-telling bard of prose, Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales Of the Decameron, that make Fiesole's green hills and vales Remembered for Boccaceio's sake. Much too of music was his thought; The melodies and measures fraught With sunshine and the open air, Of vineyards and the singing sea Of his beloved Sicily; And much it pleased him to peruse The songs of the Sicilian muse,—

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good king Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
With lates of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Evaluation of the store of the could say
That was the shores of Celebes.
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as oak;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings, As if in vision or in trance He heard the solemn sackbut play, And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

> A Theologian, from the school Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there; Skilful alike with tongue and pen, He preached to all men everywhere The Gospel of the Golden Rule, The New Commandment given to men, Thinking the deed, and not the creed, Would help us in our utmost need. With reverent feet the earth he trod, Nor banished nature from his plan, But studied still with deep research To build the Universal Church, Lofty as in the love of God, And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse Was tender, musical and terse; The inspiration, the delight, The gleam, the glory, the swift flight

رتي ا

٧

S-4633

<sup>™™™™™</sup>

### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

 $^{m{Q}}$ 

Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem The revelations of a dream, All these were his; but with them

No envy of another's fame; He did not find his sleep less sweet For music in some neighbouring street, Nor rustling hear in every breeze The laurels of Miltiades. Honour and blessings on his head While living, good report when dead, Who, not too eager for renown, Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood Illumined by that fire of wood; Fair - haired, blue - eyed, his aspect blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe, And every feature of his face Revealing his Norwegian race: A radiance, streaming from within, Around his eyes and forehead beamed, The Angel with the violin, Painted by Raphael, he seemed. He lived in that ideal world Whose language is not speech, but

Around him evermore the throng Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;

The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled

Its headlong waters from the height; And mingled in the wild delight The scream of sea-birds in their flight, The rumour of the forest trees, The plunge of the implacable seas, The tumult of the wind at night, Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing, Old ballads, and wild melodies Through mist and darkness pouring forth,

Like Elivagar's river flowing Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played Was in Cremona's workshops made, By a great master of the past, Ere yet was lost the art divine; Fashioned of maple and of pine, That in Tyrolian forests vast Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;

Exquisite was it in design, Perfect in each minutest part, A marvel of the lutist's art; And in its hollow chamber, thus, The maker from whose hands it came | For the country-folk to be up and to

Had written his unrivalled name,— "Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere Was filled with magic, and the ear Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold, Whose music had so weird a sound, The hunted stag forgot to bound, The leaping rivulet backward rolled, The birds came down from bush and tree,

The dead came from beneath the sea, The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause was loud,

The pleased musician smiled and bow'd;

The wood-fire clapped its hands of

The shadows on the wainscot stirred, And from the harpsichord there came A ghostly murmur of acclaim, A sound like that sent down at night, By birds of passage in their flight, From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began A clamour for the Landlord's tale,— The story promised them of old, They said, but always left untold; And he, although a bashful man, And all his courage seemed to fail, Finding excuse of no avail, Yielded; and thus the story ran.

ଉମ୍ବର୍ଗନ୍ଦରନ୍ଦ୍ର ଜନ୍ତ ଜନ୍ତ ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର <mark>ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍ଦର ଜନ୍</mark>ତ କର୍

### THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march

By land or sea from the town to-night, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch Of the North Church tower as a signal light,-

One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. Now soft on the sand, now loud on its heard the tramp of his steed as he the ledge, 303.

TOUS BOUNDED BUNGE

できて

1. ショルラト

それが

i.

いいななな

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

It was twelve by the village clock When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog, And felt the damp of the river fog, That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare, As if they already stood aghast At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock, And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning breeze

 $oldsymbol{Q}$ 

) ) ) Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed

Who at the bridge would be first to fall,

Who that day would be lying dead, Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,

How the British Regulars fired and fled,—

How the farmers gave them ball for ball.

From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again

Under the trees at the turn of the road.

And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere:

And so through the night went his cry of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, [more!

And a word that shall echo for ever-

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,

Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness and peril and need.

The people will waken and listen to hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

### INTERLUDE.

•

THE Landlord ended thus his tale, Then rising took down from its nail The sword that hung there, dim with dust,

And cleaving to its sheath with rust, And said, "This sword was in the fight."

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed, "It is the sword of a good knight, Though home-spun was his coat-of mail;

What matter if it be not named Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale, Excalibar, or Aroundight, Or other name the books record? Your ancestor, who bore this sword As Colonel of the Volunteers, Mounted upon his old grey mare, Seen here and there and everywhere To me a grander shape appears Than old Sir William, or what not, Clinking about in foreign lands With iron gauntlets on his hands, And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed: the Landlord's face grew red

As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all,
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,

The Student said, with careless ease, "The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing!
Thus Ariosto says, in words

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

That have the stately stride and ring Of armed knights and clashing swords. Now listen to the tale I bring; Listen! though not to me belong The flowing draperies of his song, The words that rouse, the voice that charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of arms, Only a tale of love is mine, Blending the human and divine, A tale of the Decameron, told In Palmieri's garden old, While her companions lay around, And heard the intermingled sound Of airs that on their errands sped, And wild birds gossiping overhead, And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall, And her own voice more sweet than And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall, And her own voice more sweet than all,

Telling the tale, which, wanting these, Perchance may lose its power to please."

### THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,

Weary with labour in his garden-plot, On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves

Ser Federigo sat among the leaves Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,

Hung in delicious clusters overhead. Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed

The river Arno, like a winding road, And from its banks were lifted high in

The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair;

To him a marble tomb, that rose above His wasted fortunes and his buried love.

For there, in banquet and in tournament.

His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent

To woo and lose, since ill his wooing

Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed, Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme, The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain, \

Beere con a la contra de la contra del la contra del la contra del la contra de la contra de la contra del la contra de la contra de la contra del la

The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years went round.

Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound.

And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused used.

With folded, patient hands, as he was And dreamily before his half-closed sight

Floated the vision of his lost delight. Beside him, motionless, the drowsy

Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard

The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare

The headlong plunge thro' eddying gulfs of air,

Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,

Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church.

And, looking at his master, seemed to "Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase; The tender vision of her lovely face, I will not say he seems to see, he sees In the leat-shadows of the trellises, Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child With flowing tresses, and eyes wide

and wild, Coming undaunted up the garden walk, And looking not at him, but at the "Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I [thee fly!"

Might hold thee on my wrist, or see

tara en la partir de la partir de la companya de l

The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,

As an æolian harp through gusty doors Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said, [head.

His hand laid softly on that shining

"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay

A little while, and with your falcon play?

We live there, just beyond your garden wall.

In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the
golden gleams

And shadows of the misty sea of dreams.

As mariners becalmed through vapours drift.

And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,

And hear far off the mournful breakers roar.

And voices calling faintly from the shore!

Then, waking from his pleasant reveries,

He took the little boy upon his knees, And told him stories of his gallant bird, Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,

Had come with friends to pass the summer time

In her grand villa, half-way up the hill, O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still;

With iron gates, that opened through long lines

Of sacred ilex and centennial pines, And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone,

And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,

And fountains palpitating in the heat, And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.

Here in seclusion, as a widow may, The lovely lady whiled the hours away,

Pacing in sable robes the statued hall, Herself the stateliest statue among all, And seeing more and more, with secret joy,

Her husband risen and living in her boy,

Till the lost sense of life returned again, Not as delight, but as relief from pain.

Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,

Stormed down the terraces from length to length;

The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,

And climbed the garden trellises for fruit.

But his chief pastime was to watch the flight

Of a gerialcon, soaring into sight, Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,

Then downward stooping at some distant call;

And as he gazed full often wondered he Who might the master of the falcon be, Until that happy morning, when he found

Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

かっていた ちゅうない なるののない あべる なるべい へいしょ

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled each
spacious room

With secret awe, and preternatural gloom;

The petted boy grew ill, and day by day Pined with mysterious malady away. The mother's heart would not be com-

forted;

Her darling seemed to her already dead,

And often, sitting by the sufferer's side, "What can I do to comfort thee?" she cried.

At first the silent lips made no reply, But moved at length by her importunate cry,

"Give me," he answered with imploring tone,

"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"
No answer could the astonished
mother make;

How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,

Such favour at a luckless lover's hand, Well knowing that to ask was to command?

306

... 2222222222222

Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,

In all the land that falcon was the best, The master's pride and passion and delight,

And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.

But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less

Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,

So promised, and then promising to keep

Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn;

The earth was beautiful as if new-born; There was that nameless splendour everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,

Which makes the passers in the city street

Congratulate each other as they meet. Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,

Passed through the garden gate into the wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen [tween.

Of dewy sunshine showering down be-

The one close-hooded had the attractive grace

Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face;

Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul;

The other with her hood thrown back, her hair

Making a golden glory in the air,

Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,

Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.

So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,

Each by the other's presence lovelier made,

Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,

Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil, Like banished Adam, delving in the soil; And when he looked and these fair women spied,

The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored again.
And the strange river winding through
the plain

No longer was the Arno to his eyes, But the Euphrates watering Paradise

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head.

And with fair words of salutation said: "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,

Hoping in this to make some poor amends

For past unkindness. I who ne'er before

Would even cross the threshold of your door,

I who in happier days such pride maintained,

Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,

This morning come, a self-invited guest,

To put your generous nature to the test,

And breakfast with you under your own vine."

To which he answered: "Poor desert of mine,

Not your unkindness, call it, for if aught

Is good in me of feeling or of thought, From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs

All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further compliment and talk,

Among the dahlias in the garden walk He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,

And as he entered for a moment yearned

For the lost splendours of the days of old,

The ruby glass, the silver and the gold, And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,

By want embittered and intensified. He looked about him for some means or way

To keep this unexpected holiday; Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;

TEREFFE CONFERENCE OF THE STATE OF THE STATE

"The Signor did not hunt to day," she said,

"There's nothing in the house but wine and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook

His little bells, with that sagacious look.

Which said as plain as language to the ear,

"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant
bird!

The master seized thee without further word.

Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry, The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,

All these for evermore are ended now; No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread.

Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,

The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot;

Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,

And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suffice Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame

With her companion to the cottage came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell!
The room they entered, mean and low
and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall,

With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;

The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;

He ate celestial food, and a divine Flavour was given to his country wine.

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,

A peacock was, or bird of Paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose And passed again into the garden-close.

Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,

Remembering still the days of long ago,

Though you betray it not, with what surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise. You have no children, and you cannot guess

What anguish, what unspeakable dis-

A mother feels, whose child is lying ill, Nor how her heart anticipates his will. And yet for this, you see me lay aside All womanly reserve and check of pride,

And ask the thing most precious in your sight,

Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight,

Which if you find it in your heart to give,

My poor unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been
my own.

But thinking in what manner I could best

Do honour to the presence of my guest, I deemed that nothing worthier could be [to me,

Than what most dear and precious was And so my gallant falcon breathed his

To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,

The gentle lady turned her eyes away, Grieving that he such sacrifice should make.

And kill his falcon for a woman's sake, Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride, [denied;

Flavour was given to his country wine, That nothing she could ask for was

308

CEEEE E CONTRACTOR DE CONTRACT

Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate

With footsteps slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell; Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,

Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!"

Three months went by; and lo! a merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time;

The cottage was deserted, and no more Ser Federigo sat beside its door, But now, with servitors to do his will, In the grand villa, half-way up the hill, Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride, Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair, Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair.

High-perched upon the back of which there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood, And underneath the inscription, with a

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

#### INTERLUDE.

Soon as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.
The Theologian shook his head;
"These old Italian tales," he said,
"From the much-praised Decameron
down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighbourhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied, "For the white lily many thanks!

One should not say, with too much pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said, "An Angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew, And murmured with an inward breath: "God grant, if what you say be true, It may not be the Angel of Death!" And then another pause; and then, Stroking his beard, he said again: "This brings back to my memory A story in the Talmud told, That book of gems, that book of gold, Of wonders many and manifold, A tale that often comes to me, And fills my heart, and haunts my brain, And never wearies nor grows old."

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face
and live."

And as he read he prayed that God would give [eye His faithful servant grace with mortal To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page, And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man, Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran. With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near

When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."

Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise."

309

A STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

\*

evi, with his livin oon his place in P

into the city of th leaped with the s sword, the streets there i breath there unknows ill death, he Angel stayed led, !" To which the eplied,

310

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,

I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy

See what the son of Levi here hath done!

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,

And in thy name refuses to go hence!" The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;

Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath? Let him remain: for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of

Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,

"Give back the sword, and let me go my way,'

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, "Nay!

Anguish enough already has it caused Among the sons of men." And while he paused

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord

Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!'

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer;

Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again; But when thou takest away the souls of men.

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,

And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

#### INTERLUDE.

HE ended: and a kind of spell Upon the silent listeners feli. His solemn manner and his words Had touched the deep, mysterious chords,

That vibrate in each human breast

Alike, but not alike confessed. The spiritual world seemed near; And close above them, full of fear, Its awful adumbration passed, A luminous shadow, vague and vast. They almost feared to look, lest there, Embodied from the impalpable air, They might behold the Angel stand, Holding the sword in his right hand. At last, but in a voice subdued, Not to disturb their dreamy mood, Said the Sicilian, "While you spoke, Telling your legend marvellous, Suddenly in my memory woke The thought of one, now gone from us.

An old Abate, meek and mild, My friend and teacher, when a child, Who sometimes in those days of old The legend of an Angel told, Which ran, as I remember, thus."

# THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, Apparelled in magnificent attire, With retinue of many a knight and

squire, On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly

And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again Repeated, like a burden or refrain, He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes

De sede, et exaltavit humiles; And slowly lifting up his kingly head, He to a learned clerk beside him said, "What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree.'

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung

Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it [my throne!" known, There is no power can push me from

BEETEREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

verterrarenterralum erreterraren erraterraren erraterraren 1820a eta 1820a eta 1820a eta 1820a eta 1820a eta 1

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,

Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his seat and gazed around,

But saw no living thing, and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,

And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds re-echoed from the roof . and walls

As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from without

The tumult of the knocking and the shout,

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,

"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"

The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,

"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"

Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide;

A man rushed by him at a single stride,

Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,

Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night, [sight.

And vanished like a spectre from his

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Despoiled of his magnificent attire, Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent

with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,

Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;

Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage

To right and left each seneschal and page.

And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed.

Until at last he reached the banquetroom.

Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the daïs sat another king, Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,

King Robert's self in features, form, and height,

But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence
there

With a divine effulgence filled the air, An exaltation, piercing the disguise, Though none the hidden Angel re-

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,

The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,

Who met his look of anger and surprise With the divine compassion of his eyes; Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,

"I am the King, and come to claim my own

From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"

And suddenly, at these audacious words,

Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow,

"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;

Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,

And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before, And as they opened wide the foldingdoor,

His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the menat-arms,

And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring

With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,

**煮粉的香味的** 

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"

But the straw rustled as he turned his head,

There were the cap and bells beside his bed,

Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,

Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape, Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign; Under the Angel's governance benign The happy island danced with corn

and wine, And deep within the mountain's

burning breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate.

Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,

With look bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn.

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way.

And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,

"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow, And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests,

And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,

Whose loveliness was more resplendent made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade, With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur. And lo! among the menials, in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,

His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind, [behind, The solemn ape demurely perched]

King Robert rode, making huge merriment

中中就在大家被我就是我就就在我们的人的,我就就就是我们的

中、十中、朱米米安安米米米米米米米米米中水中中中中

In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,

Giving his benediction and embrace, Fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with

prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through

the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me

Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a King's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within

Answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien.

Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"

And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, [sky;

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the The presence of the Angel with its light,

Before the sun rose, made the city bright.

And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before, And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor.

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more [shore,

Valmond returning to the Danube's Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again

, it

The land was made resplendent with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's
wall.

[hall.]

And, seated on the throne in his great He heard the Angelus from convent towers, ours,

As if the better world conversed with He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest retire; And when they were alone, the Angel said.

"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,

And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, [penitence And in some cloister's school of Across those stones that pave the way to heaven, [shriven!"

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud,
and clear, [chapel near,
They heard the monks chant in the
Above the stir and tumult of the street:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree!"

And through the chant a second melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single string: [King!"
"I am an Angel, and thou art the

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old, With ermined mantle and with cloth

of gold!
And when his courtiers came they found him there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

314

我跟我我我有人会。

INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told the stage of the days of old.

"There is," said he, "a wondrous ook of Legends in the old Norse tongue, Of the gends that once were told or sung In many a smoky fireside nook of Iceland, in the ancient day, By wandering Saga-man, or Seald; Heimskringla is the volume called; And he who looks may find therein The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made Upon his violin he played, As an appropriate interlude, Fragments of old Norwegian tunes That bound in one the separate runes, And held the mind in perfect mood, Entwining and encircling all The strange and antiquated rhymes With melodies of olden times; As over some half-ruined wall, Disjointed and about to fall, Fresh woodbines climb and interlace, And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I Am the God Thor, I am the War God, I am the War God, I am the Thunder! Here in my Northland, My fastness and fortiess, Reign I for ever!

Here amid icebergs Rule I the nations; This is my hammer, Miolner the mighty; Giants and sorceres Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets Whenever ib Trace it, Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest Stream through the heard; Stream through the heavens, In flashes of crimson, Is but my reb leard 315

How a stranger watched his face In the Esthonian market-place, Scanned his features one by one, Saying, "We should know each other; I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother, Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honours, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,

Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas, Westward to the Hebrides, And to Scilly's rocky shore; And the hermit's cavern dismal, [mal, Christ's great name and rites baptis-In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light [trailing, Through the red flames o'er him As his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III.—THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol; hide me! hide me!

Danger and shame and death betide me!

For Olaf the King is hunting me down Through field and forest, through thorp and town!"

Thus cried Jarl Hakon

To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!

But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie

Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon

Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker

Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in mail, Through the forest roads into Orkadale,

Demanding Jarl Hakon Of Thora, the fairest of women. "Rich and honoured shall be whoever

The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!"

Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,

Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber

Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee!

For all the King's gold I will never betray thee!"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,

And then again black as the earth?" said the Earl,

More pale and more faithful Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,

"Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of the King!

He will lay round thy neck a bloodred ring."

۱ 'د (

) kg (\* \$

馬の次のとれ然の光の大人をあれるないと

At the ring on her finger Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more in this life.

But wakeful and weeping Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,

And the people are shouting from windows and walls,

While alone in her chamber Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.—QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN SIGRID the Haughty sat proud and aloft

In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,

Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,

Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay

Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,

The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,

Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all

Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,

From the door of Lade's temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,

Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,

Said, "Why do you smile, my gold-smiths? say."

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,

The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,

She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be, There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,

And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,

And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered, "O King,

Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh speak not of Odin to me,

The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, [my vows." She said, "I keep true to my faith and

and a first of the first of the first

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,

He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why then, should I care to have thee?" he said,—

"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love, And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,

And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,

"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"

Heart's dearest, Why dost thou sorrow so?

#### V.—THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms His men-at-arms Gathered on the Eve of Easter; To his house at Angvalds-ness Fast they press,

Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door Came the roar Of the sea upon the Skerry;

And its thunder loud and near Reached the ear

Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald, Halfred the Bald,

"Listen to that song, and learn it! Half my kingdom would I give, As I live.

If by such songs you would earn it!

" For of all the runes and rhymes Of all times,

Best I like the ocean's dirges, When the old harper heaves and rocks,

His hoary locks Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called The Unappalled!

Nothing hinders me or daunts me. Hearken to me, then, O King,

[me." While I sing

"I will hear your song sublime Some other time,

Says the drowsy monarch, yawning, And retires; each laughing guest Applauds the jest;

Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard. King Olaf's guard

Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping O'er the sands and up the hill,

Gathering still sleeping. Round the house where they were

It was not the fog he saw, Nor misty flaw, That above the landscape brooded; It was Eyvind Kallda's crew

Of warlocks blue, With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go, Weaving slow

Magic circles to encumber And imprison in their ring Olaf the King,

As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapours dun · The Easter Sun

Streamed with one broad track of splendour!

,我我就被我就是我在我的人的人,这是我们的人,这是我们的人,这是我们的人,我们是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人, "我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们也是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的人,我们就是我们的

In their real forms appeared The warlocks weird, Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared, They groped and stared Round about with steps unsteady; From his window Olaf gazed, And, amazed,

"Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!" Answered then

From the yard a sturdy farmer; While the men-at-arms apace Filled the place,

Busily buckling on their armour.

From the gates they sallied forth, South and north.

Scoured the island coast around them,

Seizing all the warlock band, Foot and hand sthem. On the Skerry's rocks they bound

And at eve the King again

Called his train, The great Ocean Song that haunts | And with all the candles burning,

Silent sat and heard once more The sullen roar Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair Filled the air,

Growing fainter as they listened; Then the bursting surge alone Sounded on ;-

Thus the sorcerers were christened!

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime, Your ocean-rhyme," Cried King Olaf: "it will cheer me!"

Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks, "The Skerry of Shrieks Sings too loud for you to hear me!"

VI.—THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,

King Olaf feasted late and long; The hoary Scalds together sang; O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

> Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and

A blast of cold night-air came in, And on the threshold shivering stood A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

> Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard

Come warm thee with this cup of ale."

The foaming draught the old man quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid; Sit here by me." The guest obeyed, And, seated at the table, told Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

> Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er, The King demanded yet one more; Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said, "'Tis late, O King, and time for bed." Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger-guest Followed and entered with the rest: The lights were out, the pages gone, But still the garrulous guest spake on. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads, He spake of heroes and their deeds, Of lands and cities he had seen, And stormy gulfs that tossed between. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled The Havamal of Odin old. With sounds mysterious as the roar Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times, And do not still the great Scalds teach That silence better is than speech?"

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied, "Thy lore is by thy tongue belied; For never was I so enthralled Either by Saga-man or Scald."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep!

Night wanes, O King! 'tis time for sleep!"

Then slept the King, and when he woke

The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred, They found the watch-dog in the yard, There was no footprint in the grass, And none had seen the stranger pass.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said: "I know that Odin the Great is dead; Sure is the triumph of our Faith, The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

زه د

, eo -

VII.—IRON-BEARD.
OLAF the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.
And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.
Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Vriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.
He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow.
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And cattering came on horseback to King Olaf.
He was the chullest of the churis;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.
Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hatted the narrow town, and all its fashions.
But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.
He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.
Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.
So at the Hus-Ting he appeared The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard, On horseback, in an attitude defaint.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, Out of the middle of the crowd, That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:
"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring To Odn and to Thor, O King, As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf amswered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land; Here is my Bishop who the folk baptiess?

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!

Wot if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore, Then will the bear of more and the wol

320 TO THE HEALTH SECTION OF THE SECTION

#### WAYSIDE INN TALES OF A

And seeing their leader stark and dead.

The people with a murmur said, "O King, baptise us with thy holy water!

> So all the Drontheim land became A Christian land in name and

In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun; And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

#### VIII.-GUDRUN.

On King Olaf's bridal night Shines the moon with tender light, And across the chamber streams Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour, When all evil things have power, In the glimmer of the moon Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast, Something in her hand is pressed; Like an icicle, its sheen Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes, Where her murdered father lies. And a voice remote and drear She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this! Cold will be the dagger's kiss; Laden with the chill of death Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps To the couch where Olaf sleeps; Suddenly he wakes and stirs, His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said, "Gleams so bright above thy head? Wherefore standest thou so white In pale moonlight?"

"'Tis the bodkin that I wear When at night I bind my hair It woke me falling on the floor 'Tis nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes; Often treachery lurking lies Underneath the fairest hair

Gudrun, beware !"

Ere the earliest peep of morn Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn; And for ever sundered ride Bridegroom and bride!

#### IX.—THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb, Burly face and russet beard, All the women stared at him, When in Iceland he appeared.

"Look;" they said,
. With nodding head, [Priest." "There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's

All the prayers he knew by rote, He could preach like Chrysostome, From the Fathers he could quote, He had even been at Rome.

A learned clerk, A man of mark, Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud, And impatient of control, Boisterous in the market crowd, Boisterous at the wassail-bowl, Everywhere

Would drink and swear, Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest. In his house this malcontent

Could the king no longer bear, So to Iceland he was sent

To convert the heathen there, And away

One summer day Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books Pored the people day and night, But he did not like their looks;

Nor the songs they used to write. "All this rhyme

Is waste of time!" Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alchouse, where he sat, Came the Scalds and Saga-men; Is it to be wondered at,

That they quarrelled now and then, When o'er his beer

Began to leer Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord Boasted of their island grand; Saying in a single word,

Iceland is the finest land That the sun Doth shine upon!" [Priest.

Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

**پ**ا

\*

¥

\*!

1

٧ĺ

Ý

Y

X

Y,

¥,

Ă

¥!

¥

**X** :

¥ I

Ă

y

7

۲

٧

7

٧

Something worse they did than that; And what vexed him most of all Was a figure in shovel hat,

Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
This is Thanghand, Olaf's Priest

"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and
main,

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid

Lay there in the alehouse slain.

"To-day we are gold,

To-morrow mould!"

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then,
"O, King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

#### X.—RAUD THE STRONG.

"ALL the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled;
But the White Christ lives and reigns
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread!"
On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night Beheld he the crimson light, And heard the voice that defied Him who was crucified, And challenged him to the fight. To Sigurd the Bishop King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord, By rapine, fire, and sword, Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong; All the Godoe Isles belong To him and his heathen horde." Thus went on speaking Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he, And lord of the wind and the sea; And whichever way he sails, He has ever favouring gales, By his craft in sorcery."

Here the sign of the cross made Devoutly King Olaf.

À

Ă

Ă

À

A

ĭ

"With rites that we both abhor, He worships Odin and Thor; So it cannot yet be said, That all the old gods are dead, And the warlocks are no more,"

Flushing with anger Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:

"I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud!"
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

# XI.—BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

Loud the angry wind was wailing As King Olaf's ships came sailing Northward out of Drontheim haven To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet, But within it storm and riot, Such as on his Viking cruises [ride.

And the Strong was wont to
And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessel sideways,
As the leaves are swept through
sluices,

When the flood-gates open wide,

"'Tis the warlock! 'tis the demon Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen; "But the Lord is not affrighted By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended, By his choristers attended,

Round him were the tapers lighted, And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd, In his robes, as one transfigured, And the Crucifix he planted High amid the rain and mist.

XXXXXX

¥

¥0,¥0,¥0,¥0,¥1

- AC. AC

₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0₩0

Then with holy water sprinkled All the ship; the mass bells tinkled; Loud the monks around him chanted, Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, On each side the water parted; Down a path like silver molten Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers, And the White Christ through the vapours

Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten, As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwel-On the little isle of Gelling; [ling Not a guard was at the doorway, Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded, Lay the dragon-ship he builded; 'Twas the grandest ship in Norway, With its crest and scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him, [him, Dragged him from his bed and bound While he stared with stupid wonder, At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King! Little time have we for speaking, Choose between the good and evil: Be baptised, or thou shalt die!"

But-in scorn the heathen scoffer Answered: "I disdain thine offer; Neither fear I God nor Devil; Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended, When his frantic struggles ended, Through King Olaf's horn an adder, Touched by fire they forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow, As he gnawed through bone and marrow; But without a groan or shudder, Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptised they all that region, Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian, Far as swims the salmon, leaping, Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his
sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded Dragon-ship that Raud had builded, And the tiller single-handed,

Grasping, steered into the main.

○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木○木

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore

him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.—KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking horn, the sign He made of the Cross divine,

As he drank and muttered his prayers;

But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the
King;

And he cries to Halfred the Scald, Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald, "Sing!

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."

<u>૽</u>

¥ 2

And he loosened the belt at his waist, And in front of the singer placed His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good, Wherewith at a stroke he hewed The millstone through and through,

And foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong.

Were neither so broad nor so long, Nor so true."

Then the Scald took bis harp and sang,

And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp-strings a clangour made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about Broke forth in a shout

¥3.4

Ý.

Ă

That made the rafters ring;
They smote with their fists on the board,

And shouted, "Long live the Sword, And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy
rhymes."

And Halfred the Scald replied, "In another 'twas multiplied Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt, And said, "Do not refuse; Count well the gain and the loss, Thor's hammer or Christ's cross: Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This In the name of the Lord I kiss.

Who on it was crucified!"

And a shout went round the board, "In the name of Christ the Lord, Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,

And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
To the Lord!"

XIII.—THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

**★○★○★○★○★○★○★○★○★○★○★○** 

4

ř

¥

Ä

**承承承从第三条承承条** 

À

人名英英英英英

Ă

A

À

¥

XX.

Ă

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder, In his ship-yard by the sea, Whistling said, "It would bewilder Any man but Thorberg Skafting, Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting, As he sat with half-closed eyes, And his head turned sideways, draft-

That new vessel for King Olaf Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered

Mallet huge and heavy axe; Workmen laughed and sang and clamoured:

Whirred the wheels, that into rigging Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black cauldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'Twas an ill wind that came wafting, From his homestead words of woe:

To his farm went Thorberg Skafting, Oft repeating to his workmen, Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning

Came the master back by night

324

To his ship-yard longing, yearning, Hurried he, and did not leave it Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared;
Some one all their labour baulking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Ţ

#5 QC ¥0¥0¥0¥

\*

¥,

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling.
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,

Till the King, delighted, swore, With much lauding and much thanking.

"Handsomer is now my Dragon Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,

In the ship-yard by the sea; She was the grandest of all vessels, Never ship was built in Norway Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV.—THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay King Olaf's fleet assembled lay, And, striped with white and blue, Downward fluttered sail and banner, As alights the screaming lanner: Lustily cheered, in their wild manner, The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red; Like a wolf's was his shaggy head, His teeth as large and white; His beard of grey and russet blended, Round as a swallow's nest descended: As standard-bearer he defended Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place, Like the King in garb and face. So gallant and so hale; Every cabin-boy and varlet Wondered at his cloak of scarlet; Like a river, frozen and star-lit, Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, auzure-tinted,
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendour
Of her maidenhood.

In the forehold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these, With King Olaf sailed the seas, Till the waters vast Filled them with a vague devotion, With the freedom and the motion, With the roll and roar of ocean And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet, How they roared through Drontheim's street.

Boisterous as the gale! [pounded, How they laughed and stamped and Till the tavern roof resounded, And the host looked on astounded As they drank the ale!

<del>⋟</del>ᢀᆃ৽ᆃ৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽৵৽ৼৼ৾৽৵৽৵৽<del>৴</del>৽৽৵৽<mark>৽৵৽৵৽৴৽৵৽৴৽৵৽</mark>৴৽৵৽৴৽৵৽৴৽৵৽

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth
Harald,
Owned a ship so well-apparelled,
Boasted such a crew!

XV.-A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the Fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,

By day and by night, they say,
She has fled; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;
And they wonder how it will end;
For surely if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

X

O, greatest wonder of all!

It is published in hamlet and hall,

It roars like a flame that is fanned!

The King—yes, Olaf the King—

Has wedded her with his ring,

And Thyri is Queen in the Land!

Hoist up your sails of silk,

And flee away from each other.

XVI.—QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS:

NORTHWARD over Drontheim Flew the clamorous sea-gulls, Sang the lark and linnet From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber, Lonely and unhappy, Sat the Drottning Thyri, Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not, Nor the sunshine heeded, For the thoughts of Thyri Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered, Beautiful as morning, Like the sun at Easter Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried Angelicas uprooted, With delicious fragrance Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri:
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom;

Nor the stalks he gave her With a gracious gesture, And with words as pleasant As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them, And her jewelled fingers Through the green leaves glistened Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her, Haughty and indignant, On the floor she threw them With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she,
"Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds;

"When he ravaged Norway, Laying waste the kingdom, Seizing scatt and treasure For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture Through the Sound to Vendland, My domains to rescue From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark, Forked Beard, my brother, Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf, Like a reindeer bounding, With an oath he answered Thus the luckless Queen:

Ĭ

"Never yet did Olaf Fear King Svend of Denmark; This right hand shall hale him By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered, Summoned all his forces, Making his war levy In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway,

Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless Steered he the Long Serpent, Strained the creaking cordage, Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing, The domains of Thyri He redeemed and rescued From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing, "Not ten yoke of oxen Have the power to draw us Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it, Better things are jewels Than angelica-stalks are For a Queen to wear." XVII.—KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honour's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season:

With them Earl Sigvald came, Eager for spoil and fame; Pity that such a name Stooped to such treason!

\*\*\*\*\*\*

**建业等** 

۳

¥

¥

Safe under Svald at last, Now were their anchors cast, Safe from the sea and blast, Plotted the three kings; While, with a base intent, Southward Earl Sigvald went, On a foul errand bent, Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course, Unto King Olaf's force,

**そのあり来の来の来の来の来の来の来の来の来の来の来の来と来る。まとまとれるまと来の来の来の来が来と来と来が来が来が** 

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Lying within the hoarse Mouths of Stet-haven; Him to ensaire and bring Unto the Danish king, Who his dead corse would fling Forth to the raven!

XVIII.—KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

On the gray sea-sands King Olaf stands, Northward and seaward He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl The sea-tides curl, Washing the sandals Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout, The ships swing about, The sails flitter out.

The war-horns are played, The anchors are weighed, Like moths in the distance The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead, As a corse on the sea-shore, Whose spirit has fled!

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

XIX.—KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

XIX.—K

Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day, The histories say, Seventy vessels Sailed out of the bay.

:

Ñ

٠,٠,٠

رو رو رد

4

But soon scattered wide O'er the billows they ride, While Sigvald and Olaf Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl, "Follow me! I your pilot will be, For I know all the channels Where flows the deep sea."

So into the strait Where his foes lie in wait, Gallant King Olaf Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils The ships and their sails; Queen Sigrid the Haughty, Thy vengeance prevails!

His gilded shield was without a fleck, His helmet inlaid with gold,

( ) ( ) ( ) ( )

あののかんののの

And in many a fold Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red Watched the lashing of the ships; "If the Serpent lie so far ahead, We shall have hard work of it here," Said he with a sneer On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string, "Have I a coward on board?" said he. "Shoot it another way, O King!" Sullenly answered Ulf, The old sea-wolf;

"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,

Sweeping down with his fifty rowers; To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;

And on board of the Iron-Beard Earl Eric steered To the left with his oars.

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,

"At home with their wives had better stay,

Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:

But where Eric the Norseman leads Heroic deeds

Will be done to-day!"

**30435336** 

ANALY ANGROOM ADMAR SOME

のでは

Then as together the vessels crashed Eric severed the cables of hide With which King Olaf's ships were lashed.

And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl, Sharper the dragons bite and sting! Eric the son of Hakon Jarl A death-drink salt as the sea Pledges to thee, Olaf the King!

#### XX.-EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller Just above his head; "Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller," Then Earl Eric said, "Sing the song of Hakon dying,

Sing his funeral wail!"
And another arrow flying

Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow past,
Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken

Flew the yoeman's shaft; Einar's bow in twain was broken, Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing On the quarter deck.

"Something heard I like the stranding Of a shattered wreck."

Einar then, the arrow taking From the loosened string, Answered, "That was Norway breaking

( X %)

(m. (m. (m.)

36.00

しきまち しきほんんし みののの をめんしょう

(m) (m) (m) (m) (m) (m)

From thy hand, O King!"

"Though art but a poor diviner," Straightway Olaf said;

"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, Let thy shafts be sped."

Of his bows the fairest choosing, Reached he from above;

Einar saw the blood-drops oozing Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow;
At the first essay,

O'er its head he drew the arrow, Flung the bow away;

Said, with hot and angry temper Flushing in his cheek,

"Olaf, for so great a Kämpe: Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant On his beardless lip, Scaled he, light and self-reliant,

Eric's dragon ship.

Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armour gleamed:

Like Saint Michael overthrowing Lucifer he seemed.

#### XXI.-KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged, All day have the ships engaged, But not yet is assuaged The vengence of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide, The grappling-irons are plied, The boarders climb up the side, The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again[main; See her sailor's come back o'er the They all lie wounded or slain, Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King, Around him whistle and sing The spears that the foemen fling, And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,

220

#### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

His shield in the air he uprears, By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

化阿克里拉伊斯克尼尔 人名英名安斯斯

2 (3) (3) (6) (4) (4 )

2)

KIN ALEBERTORD A MELETEROSOSOSOSOS SE SE SOS

5

He hews with his axe at the mast, Till it falls, with the sails overcast, Like a snow-covered pine in the vast Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then, He rushes aft with his men, As a hunter into the den Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries; When lo! on his wondering eyes, 'Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array?

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear Of King Olaf a word of cheer, In a whisper that none may hear, With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air, Two flashes of golden hair, Two scarlet meteors glare, And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats, And cry, from their hairy throats, "See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side Floats another shield on the tide, Like a jewel set in the wide Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale, How the King stripped off his mail, Like leaves of the brown sea-kale, As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray, And never by night or by day, In his kingdom of Norroway Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII.—THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim, Alone in her chamber, Knelt Astrid the Abbess, At midnight, adoring, Beseeching, entreating The Virgin and Mother. She heard in the silence The voice of one speaking. Without in the darkness, In gusts of the night-wind, Now louder, now nearer, Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger It seemed as she listened, Of some one who answered, Beseeching, imploring, A cry from afar off She could not distinguish. 近の中の日のたかはそのなるでするののととなるととなるとい

シシ

\*

10000

ر د ا ک

のるののとこのできるののであるののではなるののののできている。

The voice of St. John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle;
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer, Half dried in their channels, Suddenly rise, though the Sky is still cloudless, For rain has been falling Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting Grow full to o'erflowing, And they that behold it Marvel, and know not That God at their fountains Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless: Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us; Christ is eternal!"

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale. A low, monotonous funeral wail, That with its cadence, wild and sweet, Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead, Or dying surely from the world;

While love triumphant reigns instead, And in a brighter sky o'erliead His blessed banners are unfurled. And most of all thank God for this: The war and waste of clashing creeds Now end in words, and not in deeds, And no one suffers loss, or bleeds, For thoughts that men call heresics.

"I stand without here in the porch, I hear the bell's melodious din, I hear the organ peal within, I hear the prayer with words that scorch Like sparks from an inverted torch, I hear the sermon upon sin, With threatenings of the last account, And all translated in the air,

, <del>popado de contrata de contr</del>

. Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer, And as the Sermon on the Mount.

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ? Must it be Athanasian creeds. Or holy water, books, and beads? Must struggling souls remain content With councils and decrees of Trent? And can it be enough for these The Christian Church the year embalms With evergreens and boughs of palms, And fills the air with litanies?

"I know that yonder Pharisee Thanks God that he is not like me: In my humiliation dressed, I only stand and beat my breast, And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven, The voice prophetic spake from heaven; And unto each the promise came, Diversified, but still the same; For him that overcometh are The new name written on the stone, The raiment white, the crown, the throne,

And I will give him the Morning Star!

"Ah! to how many Faith has been No evidence of things unseen, But a dim shadow that recasts The creed of the Phantasiasts, For whom no Man of Sorrows died, For whom the Tragedy Divine Was but a symbol and a sign, And Christ a phantom crucified!

"For others a diviner creed Is living in the life they lead. The passing of their beauteous feet Blesses the pavement of the street, And all their looks and words repeat Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet, Not as a vulture, but a dove, The Holy Ghost came from above.

"And this brings back to me a tale So sad the hearer well may quail, And question if such things can be; Yet in the chronicles of Spain Down the dark pages runs this stain, And nought can wash them white again, So fearful is the tragedy.'

## THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE. TORQUEMADA.

~~~~~~~

In the heroic days, when Ferdinand And Isabella ruled the Spanish land, And Torquemada, with his subtle brain. Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,

In a great castle near Valladolid, Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,

There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn.

An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn, Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,

And all his actions save this one alone; This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere best If it, too, were forgotten with the rest; Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein

The martyrdom triumphant o'er the

A double picture, with its gloom and glow.

The splendour overhead, the death below.

This sombre man counted each day as

On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed;

And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,

<del>ପର୍</del>ୟ ଓଡ଼ାନ୍ୟ ନମ୍ପର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନ୍ୟ ନ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ର ପ୍ରତ୍ର ପ୍ରତ୍ର ପ୍ରତ୍ର ପ୍ରତ୍ର ମଣ୍ଡ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ନ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ର ବ୍ୟ ମଣ୍ଡ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ପ

He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street;

Oft he confessed; and with each mutinous thought,

As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.

In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent,

Walked in processions, with his head down bent,

At plays of Corpus Christi oft was

And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.

His sole diversion was to hunt the boar

Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,

Or with his jingling mules to hurry down

To some grand bull-fight in the neighbouring town,

Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,

When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.

Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;

The demon whose delight is to destroy

Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,

(3) (3)

(A) (A) (A) (A) (A)

 $oldsymbol{x}$ 

Ĵ

Ĭ

"Kill, kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood.

His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood.

Returning from their convent school, had made

Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,

Reminding him of their dead mother's face,

When first she came into that gloomy place,-

A memory in his heart as dim and sweet

As moonlight in a solitary street,

Where the same rays that lift the sea, are thrown

Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.

These two fair daughters of a mother dead

Were all the dream had left him as it fled.

A joy at first, and then a growing care, As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!

A vague presentiment of impending doom,

Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant

Haunted him day and night; a formless fear,

That death to some one of his house was near,

With dark surmises of a hidden crime, Made life itself a death before its time.

Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,

A spy upon his daughters he became: With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,

He glided softly through half-opened doors;

Now in the room, and now upon the stair.

He stood beside them ere they were aware;

He listened in the passage when they talked,

He watched them from the casement when they walked, side, He saw the gipsy haunt the river's He saw the monk among the corktrees glide:

0

. Ď

And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt

Of some dark secret, past his finding out.

Baffled he paused; then reassured again

Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.

He watched them even when they knelt in church ;

And then, descending lower in his search,

Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes

Listened incredulous to their replies; The gipsy? none had seen her in the wood!

The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came, Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,

The hopes his yearning bosom forward

And the ancestral glories of the past: All fell together, crumbling in disgrace, A turret rent from battlement to base. His daughters talking in the dead of night

In their own chamber, and without a light,

Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,

And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;

And hurrying from his castle, with a

He raised his hands to the unpitying

Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree

Caught it, and shuddering answered, " Heresy!"

Wrapt in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face,

Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,

He walked all night the alleys of his park,

With one unseen companion in the dark.

The Demon who within him lay in wait.

And by his presence turned his love to hate,

#### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

"Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!"

4

マのかかかかかかか

がかずる

٠ ١

j,

ì

, J

Š

) (i) (ii)

1.5(L. X.12.

3

スタがある

を とうかんとう

Upon the morrow, after early Mass, While yet the dew was glistening on the grass,

And all the woods were musical with birds.

The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,

Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room

Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.

When questioned, with brief answers they replied,

Nor when accused evaded or denied; Expostulations, passionate appeals, All that the human heart most fears or

feels,
In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed.

In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed;

Until at last he said, with haughty mien,

"The Holy Office, then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, With all the fifty horsemen of his train, His awful name resounding, like the blast

Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,

To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.

To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate.

Demanded audience on affairs of state, And in a secret chamber stood before A venerable graybeard of fourscore,

Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar;

Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,

And in his hand the mystic horn he held,

Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.

He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale, Then answered in a voice that made him quail:

"Son of the Church! when Abraham of old

To sacrifice his only son was told, He did not pause to parley nor protest, But hastened to obey the Lord's behest. In him it was accounted righteousness; The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,

And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.

Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?

His daughters he accused, and the same day

They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the tomb, Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,

The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more

The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,

And said: "When Abraham offered up his son,

6000

T. A. T

He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.

By his example taught, let me too bring Wood from the forest for my offering!"

And the deep voice, without a pause replied:

"Son of the Church! by faith now justified,

Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt:

The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went his way

Into the woods that round his castle lay,

Where once his daughters in their childhood played

With their young mother in the sun and shade.

Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare

Made a perpetual moaning in the air, And screaming from their eyries overhead

The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.

With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound

Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and

00000000

300000000

DODGOGG KORRESDEN

3.10 x 10 10

あるのでのぶ

OR THE CAR THE TENTE OF THE OF

化化 医阿里氏

With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,

Again to the Inquisitor he went,

And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought,

And now lest my atonement be as nought,

Grant me one more request, one last desire,-

With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"

And Torquemada answered from his seat,

"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;

Her servants through all ages shall not cease

To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!'

Upon the market-place, builded of stone

The scaffold ros, whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood.

Gazing with calm indifference in their **e**yes

Upon this place of human sacrifice. Round which was gathering fast the cager crowd,

With clamour of voices dissonant and

And every roof and window was alive With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near.

Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fcar.

A line of torches smoked along the street,

There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet, And, with its banners floating in the air.

Slowly the long procession crossed the square,

And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,

The victims stood, with fagots piled around. shook, Then all the air a blast of trumpets |

And louder sang the monks with bell and book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,

Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled.

₹ ? €

100000C

600000

( C) + 5

( 4 4 V

きゅうからするかののからのです

€

Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies? why did your clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?

O pitiless earth? why open no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke

From the dark thickets of the forest broke,

And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,

Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed.

And as the villagers in terror gazed,

They saw the figure of that cruel knight

Lean from a window in the turret's height,

His ghastly face illumined with the

His hands upraised above his head in prayer,

Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell

Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones

Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;

His name has perished with him, and no trace

Remains on earth of his afflicted race; But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,

Looms in the distant landscape of the Past.

Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,

Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

en de la contraction de la con

#### INTERLUDE.

Thus closed the tale of guilt and gloom,

That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and
pressed

The persecution of his race,

Their wrongs, and sufferings, and disgrace;

His head was sunk upon his breast, And from his eyes alternate came Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.
"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the Poet raised his hand, With such entreaty and command, It stopped discussion at its birth, And said: "The story I shall tell Has meaning in it, if not mirth; Listen and hear what once befell The merry birds of Killingworth!"

#### THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

. It was the season, when through all the land

The merle and mavis build, and building sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blitheheart King;

When on the boughs the purple buds expand, Spring,

The banners of the vanguard of the And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap, And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,

Filled all the blossoming orchards
-with their glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud

Their race in Holy writ should mentioned be;

And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,

Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,

Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said,

"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed.

Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed

The village with the cheers of all their fleet;

Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed

Like foreign sailors, landed in the street

Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise

Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring of Killingworth,

In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,

That mingled with the universal mirth, Cassandra - like, prognosticating woe:

They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words

To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway

To set a price upon the guilty heads Of these marauders, who, in lieu of

Levied black-mail upon the garden beds

And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay

# ARRECERE CERTER CERTER

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;

The skeleton that waited at their feast, Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white.

CONTRACTOR OF CO

With fluted columns, and a roof of red.

The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!

Slowly descending with majestic tread.

Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,

Down the long street he walked, as one who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me.

Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson too, appeared, a man austere,

The instinct of whose nature was to kill:

The wrath of God he preached from year to year.

And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will;

His favourite pastime was to slay the

In Summer on some Adirondae hill:

E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,

He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned

The hill of Science with its vane of brass.

Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,

Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,

And all absorbed in reveries profound Of fair Almira in the upper class,

Who was, as in a sonnet he had said, As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door.

In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;

A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his
step was slow;

There never was a wiser man before; He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"

And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in
town.

These came together in the new town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the region round.

The Squire presided, dignified and tall.

His air impressive and his reasoning sound:

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

But enemies enough, who every one Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before the start,

Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or frown,

And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers, From his Republic banished without pity

The Poets; in this little town of yours. You put to death, by means of a Committee.

The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,

The street-musicians of the heavenly city.

The birds, who make sweet music for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day

From the green steeples of the piny wood;

The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,

#### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food:

The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray

Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng

That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain

Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other grain, Scratched up at random by industrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after rain!

Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet

As are the songs these uninvited guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew Their old, melodious madrigals of

And when you think of this, remember too

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to bougl.s and beams

As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Contraction and the contraction

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more

The feather'd gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?

Is this more pleasant to you than the whir

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know.

They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow, Renders good service as your manat-arms,

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail, And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence

For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, [tence,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipo-Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less

The self-same light, although averted hence,

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,

You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went

A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves:

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent

Their yellow heads together like their sheaves; [ment

Men have no faith in fine-spun senti-Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.

The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech, And crowned his modest temples with applause;

They made him conscious, each one more than each,

He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.

Sweetest of all, the applause he won from thee,

O fair Almira, at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er
woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-

stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground

Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around The cultivated fields and garden beds Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found

No foe to check their march, till they had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down

The canker-worms upon the passersby,

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown;

Who shook them off with just a little cry:

They were the terror of each favourite walk.

The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few Confessed their error, and would not complain,

For after all, the best thing one can do When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again;

As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

PERCHENCE CALLED

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came

Without the light of his majestic look.

The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,

The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,

And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,

While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,

Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a tongue!

A wagon, overarched with evergreen,

#### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

All full of singing birds, came down the street,

Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

のないないないないないできないできないないのかのできないないというないというない

**公司在公司公司公司公司公司公司** 

ころころここ

In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many thought

Were satires to the authorities addressed,

While others, listening in green lanes, averred

Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

#### FINALE.

の意思をはいいないできない。

THE hour was late; the fire burned low,

The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,

And near the story's end a deep Sonorous sound at times was heard, As when the distant bagpipes blow. At this all laughed; the Landlord stirred,

As one awaking from a swound, And, gazing anxiously around, Protested that he had not slept, But only shut his eyes, and kept His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night."

Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlour light,
While from the windows, here and
there, [gleamed,
The scattered lamps a moment
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.

Far off the village clock struck one.

## PART SECOND.

#### PRELUDE.

iggerererererererererii errikerererererer

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern windowpane,

And made a river of the road;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak-trees, broad
and high.

and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by;
And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky;
Thus cold and colourless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,

Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.
Full late they slept. They did not
hear

The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire
And said, "Behold me, and admire!"
Only the Poet seemed to hear,
In drowse or dream, more near and
near

Across the border-land of sleep The blowing of a blithesome horn,

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

That laughed the dismal day to scorn; A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels Through sand and mire like stranding keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep The Mail drove up the little steep, And stopped beside the tavern door; A moment stopped, and then again With crack of whip and bark of dog Plunged forward through the sea of fog,

And all was silent as before,— All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down.

And greeted with a smile the Squire, Who sat before the parlour fire, Reading the paper fresh from town. First, the Sicilian, like a bird, Before his form appeared, was heard Whistling and singing down the stair; Then came the Student with a look As placid as a meadow brook; The Theologian, still perplexed With thoughts of this world and the next;

The Poet then, as one who seems Walking in visions and in dreams; Then the Musician like a fair Hyperion from whose golden hair The radiance of the morning streams; And last the aromatic Jew Of Alicant, who, as he threw The door wide open on the air Breathed round about him a perfume Of damask roses in full bloom, Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued The promptings of his various mood; Beside the fire in silence smoked The taciturn, impassive Jew, Lost in a pleasant reverie; While, by his gravity provoked, His portrait the Sicilian drew, And wrote beneath it "Edrehi, At the Red Horse in Sudbury.

By far the busiest of them all, The Theologian in the hall Was feeding robins in a cage,-Two corpulent and lazy birds, Vagrants and pilierers at best, If one might trust the hostler's words, Chief instrument of their arrest; Two poets of the Golden Age, Heirs of a boundless heritage Of fields and orchards, east and west, Thus turns an old friend out to die,

342

And sunshine of long summer days, Though outlawed now and dispossessed!-

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse With the Musician on the source Of all the legendary lore Among the nations, scattered wide Like silt and seaweed by the force And fluctuation of the tide; The tale repeated o'er and o'er, With change of place and change of name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet the same

We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused, And saw, as in a dream confused, The countenance of the Sun, discrowned,

And haggard with a pale despair, And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift Before it, and the trees uplift Their leafless branches, and the air Filled with the arrows of the rain, And heard amid the mist below, Like voices of distress and pain, That haunt the thoughts of men inThe fateful cawings of the crow. Then down the road with mud bcsprent,

And drenched with rain from head to hoof,

The rain-drops dripping from his mane

And tale as from a pent-house roof, A jaded horse, his head down bent, Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian—who had grown Impatient longer to abide A prisoner, greatly mortified To see completely overthrown His plans for angling in the brook, And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone, To watch the speckled trout glide by, And float through the inverted sky, Still round and round the baited hook-

Now paced the room with rapid stride, And, pausing at the Poet's side, Looked forth and saw the wretched steed,

And said: "Alas for human greed, That with cold hand and stony eye

Or beg his food from gate to gate! This brings a tale into my mind, Which, if you are not disinclined To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent; all wished to hear, Not without many a jest and jeer, The story of a spavined steed; And even the student with the rest Put in his pleasant little jest Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus Is but a horse that with all speed Bears poets to the hospital; While the Sicilian, self-possessed, After a moment's interval Began his simple story thus.

# THE SICILIANS TALE. THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant
renown,

One of those little places that have run Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun.

And then sat down to rest, as if to say, "I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,

So many monarchs since have borne the name,

Had a great bell hung in the marketplace

Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,

By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

Then rode he through the streets with all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever wrong

Was done to any man he should but

The great bell in the square, and he, the King,

Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.

Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped.

What wrongs were righted need not here be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay, The hempen rope at length was worn away,

Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,

Till one, who noted this in passing by, Mended the rope with braids of briony, So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine 经过程的现代代码的现代证据

\*\*\*\*

Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt

A knight, with spur on heel, and sword in belt,

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods.

Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,

Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports

And prodigalities of camps and courts;—

Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,

His only passion was the love of gold. He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,

Rented his vineyards and his gardengrounds,

Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,

To starve and shiver in a naked stall, And day by day sat brooding in his chair,

Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need

To keep at my own cost this lazy steed, Eating his head off in my stables here, When rents are low and provender is dear?

Let him go feed upon the public ways; I want him only for the holidays."

So the old steed was turned into the heat

Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;

And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn.

Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime It is the custom in the summer time,

and ordered to the contract of the contract of

With bolted doors and window-shutters closed.

ters closed, The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed; When suddenly upon their senses fell The loud alarum of the accusing bell! The Syndic started from his deep re-

Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace

Went panting forth into the marketplace,

Where the great bell upon its crossbeam swung

Reiterating with persistent tongue, In half-articulate jargon, the old song: "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade

He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,

No shape of human form of woman born,

But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, Who with uplifted head and eager eye Was tugging at the vines of briony.

"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,

"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!

He calls for justice, being sore distressed,

And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd

Had rolled together like a summer cloud,

And told the story of the wretched beast

In five-and-twenty different ways at least.

With much gesticulation and appeal To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

The Knight was called and questioned; in reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny; Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, And set at naught the Syndic and the rest.

Maintaining, in an angry undertone, That he should do what pleased him with his own. And thereupon the Syndic gravely read The proclamation of the King; then said:

"Pride goeth forth on horseback parand and gay,

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds, Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!

These are familiar proverbs; but I fear They never yet have reached your knightly ear.

What fair renown, what honour, what repute

Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more

Than they who clamour loudest at the door.

Therefore the law decrees that as this steed

Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide

Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.

The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,

And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me

Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;

But go not into mass; my bell doth more:

It cometh into court and pleads the cause

Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;

And this shall make, in every Christian clime.

The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

#### INTERLUDE.

"YES, well your story pleads the cause Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,

Only a cry from each to each In its own kind, with its own laws;

Something that is beyond the reach Of human power to learn or teach,—An inarticulate moan of pain, Like the immeasurable main Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
Then added, with impassioned cry,
As one who feels the words he speaks,
The colour flushing in his cheeks,
The fervour burning in his eye;
"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the
least,

That man I honour and revere
Who without favour, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and
face.

The were-wolves of the human race!"
Then paused, and waited with a frown,
Like some old champion of romance,
Who, having thrown his gauntlet
down,

Expectant leans upon his lance; But neither Knight nor Squire is found To raise the gauntlet from the ground, And try with him the battle's chance.

£

Þ,

"Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi! Or dreaming speak to us, and make A feint of being half awake, And tell us what your dreams may be, Out of the hazy atmosphere Of cloud-land deign to reappear Among us in this Wayside Inn; Tell us what visions and what scenes Illuminate the dark ravines In which you grope your way. Begin!"

The Jew Thus the Sicilian spake. Made no reply, but only smiled, As men unto a wayward child, Not knowing what to answer, do. As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown With moss and intertangled vines, A streamlet leaps into the light And murmurs over root and stone In a melodious undertone; Or as amid the noonday night Of sombre and wind-haunted pines, There runs a sound as of the sea; So from his bearded lips there came A melody without a name, A song, a tale, a history, Or whatsoever it may be, Writ and recorded in these lines.

# THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE. KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu, By the road that leadeth to Ispahan, At the head of his dusty caravan, Laden with treasure from realms afar, Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar, Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed,

きゅつ

水水

And saw in the thronging street beneath,

In the light of the setting sun, that blazed

Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,

The flash of harness and jewelled sheath,

And the shining scymitars of the guard, And the weary camels that bared their teeth,

As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu Rode the great captain Alau; And he stood before the Khan, and said:

"The enemies of my lord are dead; All the Kalifs of all the West Bow and obey thy least behest; The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,

The weavers are busy in Samarcand, The miners are sifting the golden sand, The divers plunging for pearls in the seas.

And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne;
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and
the jewels he wore;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of
sand,

And forward dashed with a handful of

To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm
was spread,

马兹布鲁克 在我就在在市中分分之后我就完成我的人也还是我看到我们的人们们们的我就就就要我们我的我们我就是我们我看到我们

For we heard the sounds of gongs from within;

And with clash of cymbals and warlike din

The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;

And the garrison sallied forth and pursued.

With the gray old Kalif at their head, And above them the banner of Mohammed:

So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold, A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!

PARK RAKA PARA

0,0,4,4,0,0

0.0

0.000

4,4,4,0,0,0,0,0,0,0

For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth.

Heaped and hoarded and piled on high, Like sacks of wheat in a granary; And thither the miser crept by stealth To feel of the gold that gave him health, And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye

On jewels that gleamed like a glowworm's spark,

Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thouart old, Thou hast no need of so much gold. Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here,

Till the breath of battle was hot and near,

But have sown through the land these useless hoards

To spring into shining blades of swords, And keep thine honour sweet and clear. These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;

These bars of silver thou canst not eat; These jewels and pearls and precious stones

Cannot cure the aches in thy bones, Nor keep the feet of Death one hour From climbing the stairways of thy

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,

And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls
of stone,

Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door, We found him dead upon the floor;

The rings had dropped from his withered hands,

His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:

Still clutching his treasure he had died; And as he lay there, he appeared A statue of gold with a silver beard, His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true, That the great captain Alau Told to his brother the Tartar Khan, When he rode that day into Kambalu By the road that leadeth to Ispahan. ۵

0,000,000,000

#### INTERLUDE.

"I THOUGHT before your tale began,"
The Student murmured, "we should have

Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon;
Or something from the Gulistan,—
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been dead
Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust
Of power, though all the rest was dust,

But lo! your glittering caravan On the road that leadeth to Ispahan Hath led us farther to the East Into the regions of Cathay. Spite of your Kalif and his gold, Pleasant has been the tale you told, And full of colour; that at least No one will question or gainsay. And yet on such a dismal day We need a merrier tale to clear The dark and heavy atmosphere. So listen, Lordlings, while I tell, Without a preface, what befell A simple cobbler, in the year-No matter; it was long ago; And that is all we need to know."

## THE STUDENT'S TALE.

^^^^

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow You all have heard of Hagenau, A quiet, quaint, and ancient town Among the green Alsatian hills, A place of valleys, streams, and mills, Where Barbarossa's castle, brown

With rust of centuries still looks down
On the broad, drowsy land below,—
On shadowy forests filled with game,
And the blue river winding slow
Through meadows, where the hedges
grow

That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times, While yet the Master-singers filled The noisy workshop and the guild With various melodies and rhymes, That here in Hagenau there dwelt A cobbler,—one who loved debate, And, arguing from a postulate, Would say what others only felt; A man of forecast and of thrift, And of a shrewd and careful mind In this world's business, but inclined Somewhat to let the next world drift.

49.49.4

ŗ,

0 0

·

r o

¢

Q Q Hans Sacks with vast delight he read, And Regenbogen's rhymes of love, For their poetic fame had spread Even to the town of Hagenau; And some Quick Melody of the Plough, Or Double Harmony of the Dove, Was always running in his head. He kept, moreover, at his side, Among his leathers and his tools, Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools, Or Eulenspiegel, open wide; With these he was much edified: He thought them wiser than the Schools.

His good wife full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to hear;
The Psalter was her book of songs;
The only music to her ear
Was that which to the church belongs,
When the loud choir on Sunday
chanted,

And the two angels carved in wood,
That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,
And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.
Outside his door, one afternoon,
This humble votary of the muse
Sat in the narrow strip of shade
By a projecting cornice made,
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune:

"Our ingress into the world Was naked and bare;
Our progress through the world Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world

Will be nobody knows where.
But if we do well here
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work; And with his gestures marked the time, Closing together with a jerk Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme. 4

**4** 

÷

ø

440

۵

0,0,0,0,0,0,0000

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might be
That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums that
beat,

And banners flying and the flame Of tapers, and, at times the sweet Voices of nuns; and as they sang Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly bowed.
In front three horseman rode, and oft,
With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud:
"The grace of God is at your gate!"
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last, And, wagging his sagacious head, Unto his kneeling housewife said: "Tis the monk Tetzel. I have heard The cawings of that reverend bird. Don't let him cheat you of your gold; Indulgence is not bought and sold."

The church of Hagenau, that night, Was full of people, full of light; An odour of incense filled the air, The priest intoned, the organ groaned Its inarticulate despair; The candles on the altar blazed, And full in front of it upraised The red cross stood against the glare. Below, upon the altar-rail, Indulgences were set to sale, Like ballads at a country fair. A heavy strong-box, iron-bound, And carved with many a quaint clevice, Received, with a melodious sound, The coin that purchased Paradise.



无见的的父母我会会会会会会会会我的我就就就就要我的我就就会我的我们的我会会就就就就就就就就被我们就是我们的人们

The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.
Alas, alas! Dust unto dust!
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the Just!
After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with
care,—

Ł

•

٠٠ ٩٠٩٠

4.4

\*

0000000000

000,000,000,000

ф 0

0,0

Ù

ີ ວ

0

Some little trinkets and cheap rings, A locket with her mother's hair, Her wedding-gown, the faded flowers She wore upon her wedding day,— Among these memories of past hours, That so much of the heart reveal, Carefully kept and put away, The Letter of Indulgence lay Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and pained,

Waited and wondered that no word
Of mass or requiem he heard,
As by the Holy Church ordained:
Then to the Magistrate complained,
That as this woman had been dead
A week or more, and no mass said,
It was rank heresy, or at least
Contempt of Church; thus said the
Priest;

And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say:
"Thou standest before a Magistrate,
Therefore do not prevaricate!"
Then asked him in a business way,
Kindly but cold: "Is thy wife dead?"
The cobbler meekly bowed his head;
"She is," came struggling from his
throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote
The words down in a book, and then
Continued, as he raised his pen:
"She is; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul?
Come, speak the truth! confess the
whole!"

The cobbler without pause replied:
"Of mass or prayer there was no need;
For at the moment when she died
Her soul was with the glorified!"
And from his pocket with all speed

He drew the priestly title-deed, And prayed the Justice he would read.

九 故 洪 九 本

九日 日本 成成本 中日

4.0.0

d) 42

٠

÷

The Justice read, amused, amazed; And as he read his mirth increased; At times his shaggy brows he raised, Now wondering at the cobbler gazed, Now archfully at the angry Priest. "From all excesses, sins, and crimes Thou hast committed in past times Thee I absolve! And furthermore, Purified from all earthly taints, To the communion of the Saints And to the Sacraments restore! All stains of weakness, and all trace Of shame and censure I efface: Remit the pains thou shouldst endure, And make thee innocent and pure, So that in dying, unto thee The gates of heaven shall open be! Though long thou livest, yet this grace Until the moment of thy death Unchangeable continueth!

Then said he to the Priest: "I find This document is duly signed Brother John Tetzel, his own hand. At all tribunals in the land In evidence it may be used; Therefore acquitted is the accused." Then to the cobbler turned: "My friend,

Pray tell me, didst thou ever read Reynard the Fox?"—" O yes, indeed!"—

"I thought so. Don't forget the end."

#### INTERLUDE.

"What was the end? I am ashamed Not to remember Reynard's fate; I have not read the book of late; Was he not hanged?" the Poet said. The Student gravely shook his head, And answered: "You exaggerate. There was a tournament proclaimed, And Reynard fought with Isegrim The Wolf, and having vanquished him, Rose to high honour in the State, And Keeper of the Seals was named!" At this the gay Sicilian laughed: "Fight fire with fire, and craft with

Successful cunning seems to be The moral of your tale," said he. "Mine had a better, and the Jew's Had none at all, that I could see; His aim was only to amuse."

*邦、*保护我就就能在我说解告,我我说我我这么么。我也也也是我我我说我我我好好,我这么好好,我就说我就说我我我我我我我就我就我就我就我就我就

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstred drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poising in his outstretched hand
The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming
face:

"Last night my story was too long:
To-day I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the North;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture."

He played; at first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height,
The fall moon climbing to her height,
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied with harmonest !;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied with harmonest !;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The string the with tharmonest !;
A found and melancholy wail.
Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel; and at times
He paused amid it varying rhymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psaim
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.
THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.
AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anehor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

Thesunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;
And then began again:

"Ag hostyly ship, with a ghostly crew,
In tempest she appears;
And the cabin windows
streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide,

"All il belied the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
And are called the Chimneys Three.

"All ill belied the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
And are called the Chimne

Over her decks the seas will leap, She must go down into the deep, And perish mouse and man.

The captain of the Valdemar Laughed loud with merry heart. I should like to see this ship," said Three.

"I should like to find these Chimneys That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said,

"With a good stiff breeze behind, When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear,---

You can follow my course by these pin-holes here,-

And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath. He swore by the Kingdoms Three. That, should he meet the Carmilhan, He would run her down, although he CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro, The cabin-boy had heard; He lingered at the door to hear, And drank in all with greedy ear, And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,

But of a roving mind, "O, it must be like heaven," thought

he,
"Those far-off foreign lands to see, And fortune seek and find I "

351

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
'The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of
God,
[sod,
And his mother under the churchyard

And his mother under the churchyard And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;
"Twas the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

THE cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again.

9 0 0

ι) 6

ņ

ۇ<sup>. 1</sup>

"It is the wind," those skippers said,
"That swings the vessel so;
It is the wind; it freshens fast,
"Tis time to say farewell at last,
"Tis time for us to go."

They shook the captain by the hand, "Good luck! good luck!" they cried;

Each face was like the setting sun, As, broad and red, they one by one Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,

Serene o'er field and flood; And all the winding creeks and bays And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,

The sky was red as blood.

The south-west wind blew fresh and fair,

As fair as wind could be; Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar, With all sail set, the Valdemar Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast The lights begin to burn; And now, uplifted high in air, They kindle with a fiercer glare, And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone, The sea is all around; Then on each hand low hills of sand Emerge and form another land; She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack
She flitteth like a ghost;
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

\$ 0.3.0

0.今日,日本日本新西南西北京大学中央0.9

4.4 4

0,400,0

ò

Cape Finisterre is drawing near, Cape Finisterre is past; Into the open ocean stream She floats, the vision of a dream Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

AND now along the horizon's edge Mountains of cloud uprose. Black as with forests underneath, Above their sharp and jagged teeth Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flashed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black;

The clouds were everywhere; There was a feeling of suspense In nature a mysterious sense Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be:
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro; [wheel,
Now watched the compass at the
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up to the sails And now upon the deep;

In every fibre of his frame He felt the storm before it came, He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,

And rent the sky in two;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,

The ghostly Carmilhan!
Her masts were stripped, her yards
were bare,

And on her bowsprit, poised in air, Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's
hail.

Were like the piping of the gale, And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone:
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar And leaped into the dark; A denser mist, a colder blast, A little shudder, and she had passed Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware;
As when careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed; again They saw the Carmilhan, Whole as before in hull and spar; But now on board of the Valdemar Stood the Klaboterman. And they all knew their doom was sealed;

They knew that death was near; Some prayed who never prayed before, And some they wept, and some they swore.

And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light

To streak the East began;
The cabin-boy picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.

#### INTERLUDE.

~~~~~

When the long murmur of applause
That greeted the Musician's lay
Had slowly buzzed itself away,
And the long talk of Spectre Ships
That followed died upon their lips
And came unto a natural pause,
"These tales you tell are one and all
Of the Old World," the Poet said,
"Flowers gathered from a crumbling
wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they fall;
Let me present you in their stead
Something of our New England earth,
A tale which, though of no great
worth.

Has still this merit, that it yields A certain freshness of the fields, A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered: "Be discreet; For if the flour be fresh and sound, And if the bread be light and sweet, Who careth in what mill 'twas ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat?
Unless, as Old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat.
You know that people nowadays
To what is old give little praise;
All must be new in prose and verse:
They want hot bread, or something worse.

Fresh every morning, and half baked;

<u>૽ૻ</u>

353

A A

**⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘⋘** 

The wholesome bread of yesterday, Too stale for them, is thrown away, Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
The Poet's face, before so gay,
Was clouded with a look of pain,
But suddenly brightened up again;
And without further let or stay
He told his tale of yesterday.

ACATATA

\*

(人)

Ý

\* \* \*

¥

¥

Ĭ

¥

そうぞうがく ぞうか

¥;

Á.

`∤

٧,

# THE POET'S TALE. LADY WENTWORTH.

~~~~~~~~~~~

ONE hundred years ago, and some thing more,

In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,

Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,

Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,

Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.

Above her head, resplendent on the sign.

The portrait of the Earl of Halifax, In scarlet coat and periwig of flax, Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms.

Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms.

And half resolved, though he was past his prime,

And rather damaged by the lapse of time,

To fall down at her feet, and to declare The passion that had driven him to despair.

For from his lofty station he had seen Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,

Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four-in-hand.

Down the long lane, and out into the land,

And knew that he was far upon the way

To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay!

Just then the meditations of the Earl Were interrupted by a little girl,

Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,

Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon, Sure to be rounded into beauty soon; A creature men would worship and adore,

Though now in mean habiliments; she bore

A pail of water dripping, through the street.

And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
The slender form, the delicate thin
face:

The swaying motion, as she hurried by;

The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,

That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:

And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard
her say

These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:

"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go

About the town half dressed, and looking so!"

At which the gipsy laughed, and straight replied:

"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride

In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child

The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled, As with her heavy burden she passed on,

Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day, Arrested his attention was a gay

And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,

The silver harness glittering in the sun.

Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,

Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,

While all alone within the chariot sat A portly person with three-cornered hat.

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,

*ᠬ*ᢓᡊᢞᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᡕᢣ᠂ᢣ᠂ᢣ᠂ᢣ᠅ᢣᡕᢣᡕᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣᠬᢣ᠐ᢣ᠐ᢣ᠐ᢣ᠐ᢣᢀᢣᢀᢣᢀᢣᡐᡳᡳᡳᡳ

354

¥

Å

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. Gold-headed cane, and nicely pow-The years came and the years went-¥ dered hair, seven in all, And diamond buckles sparkling at his And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er knees, the Hall; The dawns their splendour through Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease. its chambers shed, Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed, The sunsets flushed its western win-Fair Mistress Stavers curtseyed low dows red: and fast; The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain; For this was Governor Wentworth, Its woodlands were in leaf and bare driving down To Little Harbour, just beyond the again; town, Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs ¥ Where his Great House stood looking bloomed and died; In the broad river ebbed and flowed out to sea, A goodly place, where it was good to the tide. Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea, ٧ It was a pleasant mansion, an abode And the slow years sailed by and Near and yet hidden from the great ceased to be. Ý highroad, And all these years had Martha Hil-Sequestered among trees, a noble pile, ton served Ĭ Baronial and colonial in its style; ÀX In the Great House, not wholly unob-Gables and dormer windows everyserved: where. By day, by night, the silver crescent And stacks of chimneys rising high in grew, ¥ Though hidden by clouds, her light Pandæan pipes, on which all winds still shining through; that blew A maid of all work, whether coarse or Made mournful music the whole winter fine, through. A servant who made service seem Within, unwonted splendours met the divine! Through her each room was fair to ¥ Panels, and floors of oak, and tapeslook upon; try; The mirrors glistened, and the brasses Ÿ Carved chimney-pieces, where on shone, brazen dogs The very knocker on the outer door, Revelled and roared the Christmas If she but passed, was brighter than fires of logs; Doors opening into darkness una-X And now the ceaseless turning of the wares, Mysterious passages, and flights of mill Of Time, that never for an hour stands stairs; And on the walls, in heavy gilded still. Ground out the Governor's sixtieth frames, The ancestral Wentworths with Oldbirthday, And powdered his brown hair with Scripture names. silver gray. Such was the mansion where the great robin, the forerunner of the spring, man dwelt, A widower and childless; and he felt The bluebird with his jocund carol-The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom, ling, That like a presence haunted every The restless swallows building in the rcom; eaves, For though not given to weakness, he The golden buttercups, the grass, the T could feel leaves. The pain of wounds, that ache be-The lilacs tossing in the winds of May, cause they heal. All welcomed this majestic holiday! 355 A A 2

He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,

Such as became the Governor of the State,

Who represented England and the King,

And was magnificent in everything. He had invited all his friends and peers,

The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,

The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest:

For why repeat the name of every guest?

But I must mention one, in bands and

The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown,

Of the Established Church, with smiling face

He sat beside the Governor and said grace;

And then the feast went on, as others do.

But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,

The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,

Who disappeared, and presently there stood

Within the room, in perfect woman-hood,

A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,

Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.

Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!

Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!

Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,

How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;

The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by

Is Dian now in all her majesty!

٧

Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,

Until the Governor, rising from his chair,

Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,

And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:

"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be,

My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,

None more so than the rector, who replied:

"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,

Your Excellency; but to whom, I ask?"

The Governor answered: "To this lady here;"

And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.

She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.

The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:

"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you, as chief ma-

gistrate."
The rector read the service loud and

clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered

here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring: and

The Governor placed the ring: and that was all:

Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

#### INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.

The Theologian said: "Indeed,
To praise you there is little need;
One almost hears the farmer's flail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there
fail

A certain freshness, as you said,
And sweetness as of home-made bread.
But not less sweet and not less fresh
Are many legends that I know,
Writ by the monks of long ago,
Who loved to mortify the flesh,
So that the soul might purer grow,
And rise to a diviner state;
And one of these—perhaps of all
Most beautiful—I now recall,
And with permission will narrate;
Hoping thereby to make amends
For that grim tragedy of mine,
As strong and black as Spanish wine,

I told last night, and wish almost
It had remained untold, my friends;
For Torquemada's awful ghost
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed.
And in the darkness glared and gleamed

Like a great lighthouse on the coast."

The Student laughing said: "Far more

Like to some dismal fire of bale Flaring portentous on a hill; Or torches lighted on a shore By wreckers in a midnight gale. No matter; be it as you will, Only go forward with your tale."

#### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

^^^^^^

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that
reignest,

Who am I, that thus thou deignest, To reveal thyself to me?

Who am I, that from the centre Of thy glory thou shouldst enter This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation Loud the convent bell appalling, From its belfry calling, calling, Rang through court and corridor With persistent iteration He had never heard before. It was now the appointed hour When alike in shine or shower. Winter's cold or summer's heat, To the convent portals came All the blind and halt and lame, All the beggars of the street, For their daily dole of food Dealt them by the brotherhood; And their almoner was he Who upon his bended knee, Rapt in silent ecstasy Of divinest self-surrender, Saw the Vision and the Splendour. Deep distress and hesitation Mingled with his adoration: Should he go, or should he stay? Should he leave the poor to wait Hungry at the convent gate, Till the Vision passed away? Should he slight his radiant guest, Slight this visitant celestial, For a crowd of ragged, bestial Beggars at the convent gate? Would the Vision there remain? Would the Vision come again? Then a voice within his breast Whispered, audible and clear, As if to the outward ear: "Do thy duty; that is best; Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started, And with longing look intent On the Blessed Vision bent, Slowly from his cell departed, Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting, Looking through the iron grating, With that terror in the eye That is only seen in those Who amid their wants and woes Hear the sound of doors that close, And of feet that pass them by; Grown familiar with disfavour, Grown familiar with the savour Of the bread by which men die! But to-day, they knew not why, Like the gate of Paradise Seemed the convent gate to rise,

Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision Come to him in beggar's clothing, Come a mendicant imploring, Would he then have knelt adoring, Or have listened with derision, And have turned away with loathing?

Thus bis conscience put the question, Full of troublesome suggestion, As at length, with hurried pace, Towards his cell he turned his face, And beheld the convent bright With a supernatural light, Like a luminous cloud expanding Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling At the threshold of his door, For the Vision still was standing As he left it there before, When the convent bell appalling, From its belfry, calling, calling, Summoned him to feed the poor. Through the long hour intervening It had waited his return, And he felt his bosom burn, Comprehending all the meaning, When the Blessed Vision said, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

#### INTERLUDE.

**~~~~~~~~** 

ALL praised the Legend more or less; Some liked the moral, some the verse; Some thought it better, and some worse Than other legends of the past; Until, with ill-concealed distress At all their cavilling, at last The Theologian gravely said: "The Spanish proverb, then, is right; Consult your friends on what you do, And one will say that it is white, And others say that it is red." And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven, A cluster like the Pleiades.

¥

And lo! it happens, as with these, That one is missing from our heaven. Where is the landlord? Bring him here; Let the Lost Pleiad reappear." **泰克基金泰克基金泰克基金泰克基金泰克基金基金** 

**水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水水** 

**入米米米** 

Ä

入关系系

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went Forthwith to seek his missing star, But did not find him in the bar, A place that landlords most frequent. Nor yet beside the kitchen fire, Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall; It was in vain to ask or call, There were no tidings of the Squire. So he came back with downcast head, Exclaiming: "Well, our bashful host Hath surely given up the ghost. Another proverb says the dead Can tell no tales; and that is true. It follows, then, that one of you Must tell a story in his stead. You must," he to the Student said, Who know so many of the best. And tell them better than the rest."

Straight, by these flattering words beguiled,

The Student, happy as a child When he is called a little man, Assumed the double task imposed, And without more ado unclosed His smiling lips, and thus began.

# THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,
And sailed across the western seas.
When he went away from his fair demesne

The birds were building, the woods were green;

And now the winds of winter blow Round the turrets of the old château, The birds are silent and unseen, The leaves lie dead in the ravine, And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care;
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,

The sun shines into the ancient hall, And makes a glory round his hair. The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,

@<del></del>

Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps
again,

So silent is it everywhere,—
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his
dreams, [house,

And wanders restless through the As if he heard strange voices call.

`<del>`</del>

Ý

\*\*\*

ÿ

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause a while;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of a
fan:

The chair by the window where he sat, With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat, Looking out on the Pyrenees, Looking out on Mount Marboré And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan. Ah me! he turns away and sighs: There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see
The village Curate, with lantern and
maid,
[park,
Come through the gateway from the

And cross the courtyard damp and dark,—

A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands,

His voice is cheery, his heart expands, He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze Of the fire of fagots, about old days, And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde, And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond, And what they did, and what they said, When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says, His mind still coming back again To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,

"Are there any tidings from over sea? Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"

And the Curate answers, looking down, Harmless and docile as a lamb, "Young blood! young blood! It must so be!"

And draws from the pocket of his gown A handkerchief like an oriflamb, And wipes his spectacles, and they play Their little game of lansquenet In silence for an hour or so, Till the clock at nine strikes loud and

clear

From the village lying asleep below.

From the village lying asleep below, And across the courtyard, into the dark Of the winding pathway in the park, Curate and lantern disappear, And darkness reigns in the old château.

水の木の木の木の入り

公康の東の東の

The ship has come back from over sea, She has been signalled from below, And into the harbour of Bordeaux She sails with her gallant company. But among them is nowhere seen The brave young Baron of St. Castine; He hath tarried behind, I ween, In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro Through the chambers of the old château,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step on
the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not come!

But letters there are, which the old man reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night, Word by word, as an acolyte Repeats his prayers, and tells his beads;

Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
Of hunting the deer through forests
vast

In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast; Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines;

Of Madocawando the Indian chief, And his daughters as glorious as queens, And beautiful beyond belief;

And so soft the tones of their native tongue,

The words are not spoken, they are sung!

<del>。</del>

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:

"Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days
We should have liked to hunt the deer
All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines;

But now it is better sitting here
Within four walls, and without the fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens;
For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and begins
to blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes, As fire-light on a window-pane Glimmers and vanishes again; But nought he answers; he only sighs, And for a moment bows his head; Then, as their custom is, they play Their little game of lansquenet, And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart,
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's
heart.

Lo! the young baron of St. Castine, Swift as the wind is, and as wild, Has married a dusky Tarratine, Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's hand;

Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,

ý

No malediction falls from his tongue; But his stately figure, erect and grand, Bends and sinks like a column of sand In the whirlwind of his great despair. Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath Of parley at the door of death Is a blessing on his wayward son. Lower and lower on his breast Sinks his gray head; he is at rest; No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate;
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables caws the crow;
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir;

No other life or sound is there;
No more the Curate comes at night,
No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threading the alleys of the park!
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers are dreary, cold, and
bare!

At length, at last, when the winter is past.

And birds are building, and woods are

With flying skirts is the curate seen
Speeding along the woodland way,
Humming gaily, "No day is so long
But it comes at last to vesper-song."
He stops at the porter's lodge to say
That at last the Baron of St. Castine
Is coming home with his Indian queen,
Is coming without a week's delay;
And all the house must be swept and
clean,

And all things set in good array!
And the solemn porter shakes his head:

And the answer he makes is: "Lack-a-day!

We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Looks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man,
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan,

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for

O tender heart of truth and trust!—
To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are dust;
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet;
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below;
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs
in the street,

Cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,

Bells are ringing, and horns are blown, And the Baron hath come again to his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall Most eager and alive of all To welcome the Baron and Baroness, But his mind is full of vague distress,

**360** 

٨

Ņ

À

For he hath read in Jesuit books Of those children of the wilderness, And now, good, simple man he looks To see a painted savage stride Into the room with shoulders bare, And eagle feathers in her hair, And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead he beholds with secret shame A form of beauty undefined, A loveliness without a name, Not of degree, but more of kind: Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall, But a new mingling of them all. Yes, beautiful beyond belief, Transfigured and transfused, he sees The lady of the Pyrenees, The daughter of the Indian chief. Beneath the shadow of her hair The gold-bronze colour of the skin Seems lighted by a fire within, As when a burst of sunlight shines Beneath a sombre grove of pines,-A dusky splendour in the air. The two small hands, that now are pressed

In his, seemed made to be caressed, They lie so warm, and soft, and still, Like birds half hidden in a nest, Trustful, and innocent of ill. And ah! he cannot believe his ears When her melodious voice he hears Speaking his native Gascon tongue; The words she utter seem to be Part of some poem of Goudouli, They are not spoken, they are sung! And the Baron smiles, and says, "You see,

I told you but the simple truth; Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth!"

Down in the village day by day The people gossip in their way, And stare to see the Baroness pass On Sunday morning to early Mass; And when she kneeleth down to pray, They wonder, and whisper together and say,

"Surely this is no heathen lass!" And in course of time they learn to bless

The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns

A secret so dreadful, that by turns He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns. The Baron at confession hath said,

That though this woman be his wife, He hath wed her as the Indians wed. He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!

And the Curate replies: "O profli-

O Prodigal Son! return once more To the open arms and the open door Of the Church, or ever it be too late. Thank God, thy father did not live To see what he could not forgive; On thee, so reckless and perverse, He left his blessing, not his curse. But the nearer the dawn the darker the night.

And by going wrong all things come right;

Things have been mended that were worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to

For the sake of the living and the Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed, And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night, In you blue sky, serene and pure, And pourest thine impartial light Alike on mountain and on moor, Pause for a moment in thy course, And bless the bridegroom and the bride!

O Gave, that from thy hidden source In you mysterious mountain-side Pursuest thy wandering way alone, And leaping down its steps of stone, Along the meadow-lands demure Stealest away to the Adour, Pause for a moment in thy course To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song, The doors of the church are opened

The people crowd, and press, and throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride. They enter and pass along the nave; They stand upon the father's grave; The bells are ringing soft and slow; The living above and the dead below Give their blessing on one and twain; The warm winds blow from the hills of Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are green,

And Baron Castine of St. Castine Hath come at last to his own again.

#### FINALE.

シャの きののうじきょうのりののきゅうのう きのじゅうひちゅうじょうじょ

943

بر بر

"NUNC plaudite!" the Student cried, When he had finished; "now applaud,

As Roman actors used to say,
At the conclusion of a play;" [abroad,
And rose, and spread his hands
And smiling bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away.
And generous was the applause and

But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and
made

The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill; The windows rattled with the blast, The oak-trees shouted as it passed, And straight, as if by fear possessed, The cloud encampment on the hill Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent Vanished into the firmament, And down the valley fled amain The rear of the retreating rain.

TENDESCOSO DO DESCRIPTO EXTENT

SOURCE SERVICE SECTION OF SECTION

LOUIS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P

**ジオモンタリカンチョンチョンフラフシャランシャ** 

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like school-boys at the hour of play,
All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air;
And no more tales were told that day.

## PART THIRD.

1873.

#### PRELUDE.

THE evening came; the golden vane A moment in the sunset glanced, Then darkened, and then gleamed again As from the east the moon advanced And touched it with a softer light; While underneath, with flowing mane, Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced, And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain,
And brighter than the golden vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within the ruddy fire-light gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness, showed
A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed
And flickered to and fro, and seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage,
With the uncertain voice of age,
The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.
The voice that Ossian heard of yore,

When midnight winds were in his hall;
A ghostly and appealing call,
A sound of days that are no more!
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and knew
The passing of the airy hosts,
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight;
And listening, muttered in his beard,
With accent indistinct and weird,
"Who are ye, children of the Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face,
"Tell me," the gay Sicilian said,
"Why was it that in breaking bread
At supper, you bent down your head,
And, musing, paused a little space,
As one who says a silent grace?"

The Jew replied, with solemn air, "I said the Manichæan's prayer. It was his faith, — perhaps is mine,—That life in all its forms is one, And that its secret conduits run Unseen, but in unbroken line, From the great fountain-head divine

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through man and beast, through grain and grass.
Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry, From death there can be no escape, And no escape from life, alas!
Because we cannot die, but pass
From one into another shape:
It is but into life we die.

"Therefore the Manichæan said
This simple prayer on breaking bread, Lest he with hasty hand or knife Might wound the incarcerated life, The soul in things that we call dead:

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate, At evening, on the pavement tesselate Was walking with a stranger from the East, Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast, The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned man, And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan. And as they walked the guest became aware

The soul in things that we call dead: -' I did not reap thee, did not bind thee, I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee, Nor did I in the oven bake thee! It was not I, it was another Did these things unto thee, O brother! I only have thee, hold thee, break

30000

 $oldsymbol{eta}$ 

000000000000

"That birds have souls I can concede," The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks; "The flocks that form their beds of reed Uprising north or southward fly, And flying write upon the sky The biforked letter of the Greeks, As hath been said by Rucellai; All birds that sing or chirp or cry, Even those migratory bands, The minor poets of the air, The plover, peep, and sanderling, That hardly can be said to sing, But pipe along the barren sands, All these have souls akin to ours; So hath the lovely race of flowers: Thus much I grant, but nothing more. The rusty hinges of a door Are not alive because they creak; This chimney, with its dreary roar, These rattling windows, do not speak!

"To me they speak," the Jew replied; "And in the sounds that sink and soar, I hear the voices of a tide That breaks upon an unknown shore!"

Here the Sicilian interfered: dozed "That was your dream, then, as you A moment since, with eyes half-closed, And murmured something in your beard."

The Hebrew smiled, and answered, "Nay;

Not that, but something very near; Like, and yet not the same, may seem The vision of my waking dream; Before it wholly dies away, Listen to me, and you shall hear."

aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air, Gazing intent, as one who with surprise His form and features seemed to recognise;

And in a whisper to the King he said: "What is you shape, that, pallid as the dead,

Is watching me, as if he sought to trace In the dim light the features of my face?"

The King looked, and replied: "I know him well;

It is the Angel men call Azrael,

'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?"

And the guest answered: "Lest he should come near,

And speak to me, and take away my breath! Save me from Azrael, save me from

O King, that hast dominion o'er the wind,

Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The King gazed upward at the cloudon high, less sky, Whispered a word, and raised his hand And lo! the signet ring of chrysoprase On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze

With hidden fire, and rushing from the west

There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest

And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,

His shining garments streaming in the A silken banner o'er the walls upreared, A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.

Then said the Angel, smiling: "If this man

Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan, Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;

I was upon my way to seek him there."

#### INTERLUDE.

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night, Your ghostly legends of affright, And let the Talmud rest in peace; Spare us your dismal tales of death That almost take away one's breath; So doing, may your tribe increase.'
Thus the Sicilian said; then went And on the spinet's rattling keys Played Marianina, like a breeze From Naples and the Southern seas, That brings us the delicious scent Of citron and of orange trees, And memories of soft days of ease At Capri and Amalfi spent.

"Not so," the eager Poet said; "At least, not so before I tell The story of my Azrael, An angel mortal as ourselves, Which in an ancient tome I found Upon a convent's dusty shelves, Chained with an iron chain, and bound In parchment, and with clasps of brass, Lest from its prison, some dark day, It might be stolen or steal away, While the good friars were singing

"It is a tale of Charlemagne, When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers And sweeps from mountain-crest to

With lightning flaming through its showers,

He swept across the Lombard plain, Beleaguering with his warlike train Pavia the country's pride and boast, The City of the Hundred Towers."

Thus heralded the tale began, And thus in sober measure ran.

## THE POET'S TALE.

~~~~~~~

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio, King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,

League after league of harvests, to the

Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach

A mighty army, thronging all the roads That led into the city. And the King Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth

As hostage at the court of France, and knew

The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne

Among that host?" And Olgar answered "No."

And still the innumerable multitude Flowed onward and increased, until the King magne Cried in amazement: "Surely Charle-

Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"

And Olgeranswered slowly: "No, not yet;

He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed

King Desiderio asked: "What shall we do,

If he approach with a still greater army?"

And Olger answered: "When he shall appear,

You will behold what manner of man But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose,

The Paladins of France; and at the sight

The Lombard King o'ercome with terror cried:

"This must be Charlemagne!" and as before.

Did Olger answer: "No, hot yet, not yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete The Bishops and the Abbots and the **Priests** 

Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts; And Desiderio could no more endure The light of day, nor yet encounter death.

But sobbed aloud and said: "Let us go down

And hide us in the bosom of the earth, Far from the sight and anger of a foe So terrible as this!" And Olger said: "When you behold the harvests in the fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino

Lashing the city walls with iron waves, Then may you know that Charlemagne is come."

And even as he spake, in the northwest, Lo! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,

364

 $oldsymbol{c}$  

#### TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms

Upon the people pent up in the city; A light more terrible than any darkness; And Charlemagne appeared;—a Man of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves

And tassets were of iron, and his shield. In his left hand he held an iron spear, In his right hand his sword invincible. The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,

And colour of iron. All who went before him.

Beside him and behind him, his whole host,

Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them

Were stronger than the armour that they wore.

 $olde{S}$ 

30 300 900

THE CONTRACTOR

The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,

And points of iron glistened in the sun And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane Saw from the tower, and turning to the King

Exclaimed in haste: "Behold! this is the man

You looked for with such eagerness!"

Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased all listened to the tale, That drew, the Student said, its pith And marrow from the ancient myth Of some one with an iron flail; Or that portentous Man of Brass Hephæstus made in days of yore, Who stalked about the Cretan shore, And saw the ships appear and pass, And threw stones at the Argonauts, Being filled with indiscriminate ire That tangled and perplexed his

thoughts;
But, like a hospitable host,
When strangers landed on the coast,
Heated himself red-hot with fire,
And hugged them in his arms, and
pressed

Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered: "No, not thus The legend rose; it sprang at first Out of the hunger and the thirst In all men for the marvellous. And thus it filled and satisfied The imagination of mankind, And this ideal to the mind Was truer than historic fact. Fancy enlarged and multiplied The terrors of the awful name Of Charlemagne, till he became Armipotent in every act, And, clothed in mystery, appeared Not what men saw, but what they feared.

"Besides, unless my memory fail, Your some one with an iron flail Is not an ancient myth at all, But comes much later on the scene, As Talus in the Faerie Queene, The iron groom of Artegall, Who threshed out falsehood and deceit.

୵୳୵ଌ୕ଌ୷ଌଌ୕ଌ୷ଌ୕ଌଌ୷ଌ୕ଌଌଌ୕ୣ୷ଌଌଌ୕ଌ୷ଌ୕ଌ୕ୡ୕୷୵ଽୠୠୠଌୡୠ୕୷ୠୠ୷୷୷ଵୠ୷୷ଌଌୠ୷୷୷ୠଌୢ୷ଌ୷୷୷ୠଌୄଌଌଌଌଌଌଌୄଌଌ

**(F)** 

54666F

And truth upheld, and righted wrong, And was, as is the swallow, fleet, And as the lion is, was strong."

The Theologian said: "Perchance Your chronicler in writing this Had in his mind the Anabasis, Where Xenophon describes the ad-

Of Artaxerxes to the fight;
At first the low gray cloud of dust,
And then a blackness o'er the fields
As of a passing thunder-gust,
Then flash of brazen armour bright,
And ranks of men, with spears upthrust.

Bowmen and troops with wicker shields.

And cavalry equipped in white, And chariots ranged in front of these With scythes upon their axle-trees."

To this the Student answered: "Well, I also have a tale to tell
Of Charlemagne; a tale that throws
A softer light, more tinged with rose,
Than your grim apparition cast
Upon the darkness of the past.
Listen, and hear in English rhyme
What the good Monk of Lauresheim
Gives as the gossip of his time,
In mediæval Latin prose."

65

#### THE STUDENT'S TALE.

Ó

31

\(\frac{1}{2}\)

N.

٦, ک

D

-

3

(2)

1

3 1

どうごう

3

(A) (A)

#### EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,

In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,

And with them taught the children of the poor

How subjects should be patient and endure.

He touched the lips of some, as best befit,

With honey from the hives of Holy Writ;

Others intoxicated with the wine Of ancient history, sweet, but less divine;

Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed;

Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead,

That hang suspended in the vaulted

Like lamps in some fair palace vast and high.

In sooth it was a pleasant sight to see That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,

With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,

And mingled love and reverence in his look.

Or hear the cloister and the court repeat

The measured footfalls of his sandalled feet,

Or watch him with the pupils of his school,

Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule. Among them, always earliest in his place,

Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race.

Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun

The splendours of a yet unrisen sun. To him all things were possible, and

seemed Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed.

And what were tasks to others were his play,

The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, the head, said, With many a shrug and shaking of |

Surely some demon must possess the lad,

Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,

And learned his Trivium thus without the rod; God.

But Alcuin said it was the grace of

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-de-

Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice:

Science of Numbers, Geometric art, And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart;

すのものでんののか。

A Minnesinger, long before the times Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report

Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,

Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be

Purposely sent into the world for me; He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled

In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."

Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain To honour in the court of Charlemagne;

Became the sovereign's favourite, his right hand,

So that his fame was great in all the land.

And all men loved him for his modest grace

And comeliness of figure and of face. An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,

A man of books, yet sacred from abuse Among the armed knights with spur on heel,

The tramp of horses and the clang of steel;

And as the Emperor promised he was schooled

In all the arts by which the world is ruled.

But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,

The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came

The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,

B 12 (2)

おおきかい

アクラの変のなべる

KARDORGE OFF OFF OF SEED BURDOOF BEER SEED BARDE

3° 1

came, by knights attended through the gate;

He saw her at the banquet of tha tday, Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;

He saw her in the garden, as she strayed

Among the flowers of summer with her maid,

And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose

The meaning and the mystery of the rose:

And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,

Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!'

How can I tell the signals and the signs

By which one heart another heart divines?

How can I tell the many thousand

By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!

Among the Peers and Paladins of France.

Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,

Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,

The Princess Emma had no words nor looks

But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the stalks

Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;

The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,

Love-letters, thought the poet, fancy-

Or Jove descending in a shower of gold

Into the lap of Danae of old;

For poets cherish many a strange conheat.

And love transmutes all nature by its ! 367

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Whispered by seneschal or sung by No more the gard, hard, Had often touched the soul of The hard.

He saw hard.

**₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩₩** 

なるでする

てんせ むむむしゅんりん

**ゆうしていこう とくかえをのかのするかのものをゃっ** 

₹ ₹

٤

delights

Of firesides in the silent winter nights, And watching from his window hour by hour

The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,

O'ercome at last by his insane desire,— For what will reckless love not do and

He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,

With some feigned message in the Emperor's name;

But when he to the lady's presence

He knelt down at her feet until she laid Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,

And whispered in his ear: "Arise, Sir Knight,

To my heart's level, O my heart's delight.'

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,

The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock.

Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,

To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.

And then they parted; but at parting, lo!

They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,

And placid as a nun, the moon on high Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.

"Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line

Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,

And none returning?" Ah, he little knew

What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares

And troubles that attend on state affairs,

Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed

3

(3)

さいかんの

300

Into the silent night, as one amazed To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,

When his own reign was but a troubled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,

And the white roofs, and half the court below.

And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower.-

A woman, who upon her shoulders

Clerk Eginhard to his own private door.

And then returned in haste, but still essayed

To tread the footprints she herself had made;

And as she passed across the lighted

Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,

But seemed as one who had been turned to stone;

And stood there like a statue, nor awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke.

Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,

And o'er the towers and steeples of the town

Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took

The empire of the world with sovereign look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,

Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,

And kindling park and palace as he came;

The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared, beard

And flowing flaxen tresses come to ask, As was his wont, the day's appointed ひのののののののののののの

**OUGHERWOOK** 

かかか

(E)

E T

3

を見のでの

FREE CONTRACTOR CONTRA

かぞ

The Emperor looked upon him with a [a while; smile,

And gently said: "My son, wait yet This hour my council meets upon some great

And very urgent business of the state. Come back within the hour. On thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council, and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne

All the adventure of the night made known;

Then asked for sentence; and with eager breath

Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not mine;

Life is the gift of God, and is divine; Nor from these palace walls shall one depart

Who carries such a secret in his heart; My better judgment points another way.

Good Alcuin, I remember how one day When my Pepino asked you, 'What are men? pen,

You wrote upon his tablets with your 'Guests of the grave and travellers that pass!

This being true of all men, we, alas! Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,

Let us be merciful as well as just;

This passing traveller, who hath stolen away

The brightest jewel of my crown today, restore;

Shall of himself the precious gem By giving it, I make it mine once

Over these fatal footprints I will throw My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall, Demure and modest with his comely And entered, and in presence of them 368

The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me

Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be, Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate appeal, While I have been forgetful to requite Thy service and affection as was right. But now the hour is come, when I, thy lord,

Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,

A gift so precious kings have striven in vain

To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,

And Princess Emma entered in the pride

Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame

The conscious terror and the blush of shame.

And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,

And taking her white hand within his own

Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,

This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won:

Thus I repay the royal debt I owe, And cover up the footprints in the snow."

#### INTERLUDE.

Thus ran the Student's pleasant rhyme
Of Eginhard and love and youth;
Some doubted its historic truth,
But while they doubted, ne'ertheless
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,
And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim

This they discussed in various mood;
Then in the silence that ensued
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound
As of a bowstring snapped in air;
And the Musician with a bound
Sprang up in terror from his chair,
And for a moment listening stood,
Then strode across the room, and
found
His dear, his darling violin

Still lying safe asleep within
Its little cradle, like a child
That gives a sudden cry of pain,
And wakes to fall asleep again;
And as he looked at it and smiled,
By the uncertain light beguiled,
Despair! two strings were broken in

While all lamented and made moan,
With many a sympathetic word
As if the loss had been their own,
Deeming the tones they might have
heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,
They saw the Landlord at the door,
The missing man, the portly Squire!
He had not entered, but he stood
With both arms full of seasoned wood,
To feed the much-devouring fire,
That like a lion in a cage
Lashed its long tail and roared with
rage,

and the second s

The missing man! Ah, yes, they said, Missing, but whither had he fled? Where had he hidden himself away? No farther than the barn or shed; He had not hidden himself nor fled; How should he pass the rainy day But in his barn with hens and hay Or mending harness, cart, or sled? Now, having come, he needs must stay And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only: "These Are logs from the dead apple-trees Of the old orchard planted here By the first Howe of Sudbury. Nor oak nor maple has so clear A flame, or burns so quietly, Or leaves an ash so clean and white;" Thinking by this to put aside The impending tale that terrified; When suddenly, to his delight, The Theologian interposed, Saying that when that door was closed, And they had stopped that draught of cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed To tell a tale world-wide apart From that the Student had just told; World-wide apart, and yet akin, As showing that the human heart Beats on for ever as of old, As well beneath the snow-white fold Of Quaker-kerchief, as within Sendal or silk or cloth of gold, And without preface would begin.

revete e propiet e la compania de la

# 

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And then the clamorous clock struck. The dire Necessity of things, eight That drives into the roofs sul

Deliberate, with sonorous chime Slow measuring out the march of time, Like some grave Consul of old Rome In Jupiter's temple driving home The nails that mark the year and date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme, The Theologian needs must wait; But quoted Horace, where he sings

The dire Necessity of things, That drives into the roofs sublime Of new-built houses of the great The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon
To herald from its wooden tower
The important transit of the hour,
The Theologian hastened on,
Content to be allowed at last
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE PARTY OF THE P

#### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

#### ELIZABETH.

I.

In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming, Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight; Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!"

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid, As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlour, By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision, By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens. Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows. Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:
"Beautiful Winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.
There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then, too
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?"

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving: "Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow he sayeth, Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth; he is it Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost." So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters, Spread the cloth; and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder, Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle, Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot, Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, "Lo! Joseph is long on his errand. I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing

370

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph; In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

While her mistress went on: "The house is far from the village; We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal: "Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern; Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft, Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered: "All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it; I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service. His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given. Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing; Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance, Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table.'

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid; And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer: "Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London, When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly, Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission? No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh, Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle, Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle. Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me, Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

E'EN as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells, First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance, Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard, Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners. Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together, And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid, "It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse, And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway, Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses, And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic. Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger. Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air; And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and going to meet him, As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence, And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected, Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh,"

reneure processia en la constitue de la consti

Trest translation of the continue of the conti

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour, "Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee. Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold, For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist, Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch, How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip, Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him. So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me, And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead, How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth, Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country. And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England, And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon, Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered, "Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out, Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper; For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons, But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace, Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood, Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots, Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhalstible bounty All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter! Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table, Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood;
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments
Comforted with the extendings and holy sweet inflowings
Of the Spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order. And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The maiden Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward." Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of Shadows, where no man Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken! Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended. But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour, Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens, Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway

recenterent between the contract of the contra

372

THE PARTY OF THE P

#### carrarante de la constante de

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed, And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold, Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement, As the bird in the cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window, Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast, Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting, Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building. With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless. Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music, Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighbouring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
"Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance, As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded: "I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee; I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken, "Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meckness of spirit; Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness, Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning. But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me. When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness Of my own heart a while, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit, "So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further. It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not When I shall see thee more: but if the Lord hath decreed it, Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me." And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

SHIPS that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness; So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another, Only a look, and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead. Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others, Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring, Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph, And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour, For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings, Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen, As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious, Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour. O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting! O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy! But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps, And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered. Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection. And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly, Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little, Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things. Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay;" and then added:
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

#### INTERLUDE.

\*\*\*\*\*

".. PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"
The Student said, "though somewhat
pale

TO THE POWER OF THE PROPERTY O

And quiet in its colouring,
As if it caught its tone and air
From the gray suits that Quakers wear;
Yet worthy of some German bard,
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,
Who love of humble themes to sing,
In humble verse; but no more true
Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,
And with some warmth, "That I
deny;

Tis no invention of my own,
But something well and widely known
To readers of a riper age,
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote

The Indian tale of Hobomok, And Philothea's classic page. I found it like a waif afloat, Or dulse uprooted from its rock, On the swift tides that ebb and flow' In daily papers, and at flood Bear freighted vessels to and fro, But later, when the ebb is low, Leave a long waste of sand and mud."

"It matters little," quoth the Jew;
"The cloak of truth is lined with lies,
Sayeth some proverb old and wise;
And Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed Abruptly, ere 'twas well begun;

374

For the Sicilian interposed With "Lordlings, listen, every one That listen may, unto a tale That's merrier than the nightingale: A tale that cannot boast, forsooth, A single rag or shred of truth; That does not leave the mind in doubt As to the with it or without: A naked falsehood and absurd As mortal ever told or heard. Therefore I tell it: or, maybe, Simply because it pleases me.

#### THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

~~~~~

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago, In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars

Wended their weary way with footsteps slow

Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow;

Covered with dust they were, and torn by briers,

And bore like sumpter-mules upon their backs

The badge of poverty, their beggar's

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin,

Much given to vigils, penance, fasting, prayer,

Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline,

As if his body but white ashes were, Heaped on the living coals that glowed within;

A simple monk, like many of his day, Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy, Of larger mould and of a coarser paste;

A rubicund and stalwart monk was he, Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist,

Who often filled the dull refectory With noise by which the convent was disgraced,

But to the mass-book gave but little

By reason he had never learned to read. Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a wood,

They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise,

Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood

Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes. The farmer Gilbert of that neighbourhood

His owner was, who, looking for supplies

Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed.

Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied The patient animal, he said: "Good-lack!

Thus for our needs doth Providence provide;

We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back."

This being done, he leisurely untied From head and neck the halter of the jack,

And put it round his own, and to the tree

Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh, He cried to Brother Anthony: "Away!

And drive the ass before you with your staff;

And when you reach the convent you may say

You left me at a farm, half tired and

Ill with a fever, for a night and day, And that the farmer lent this ass to

Our wallets, that are heavy with good

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks

Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade

Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,

But, being obedient, silently obeyed; And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,

Drove him before him over hill and glade,

Safe with his provend to the convent

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire.

Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast

To see the ponderous body of the friar Standing where he had left his donkey last.

Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,

But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast:

For, being credulous and of little wit, He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,

And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,

Quoth Brother Timothy: "Be not amazed

That where you left a donkey should be found

A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,

Standing demure and with a halter bound;

But set me free, and hear the piteous story

Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

"I am a sinful man, although you see I wear the consecrated cowl and cape;

You never owned an ass, but you owned me,

Changed and transformed from my own natural shape

All for the deadly sin of gluttony,

From which I could not otherwise escape.

Than by this penance, dieting on grass, And being worked and beaten as an

はないできないというだけのできないのではないからないのできない。 できないできないできないできない。

"Think of the ignominy I endured; Think of the miserable life I led,

The toil and blows to which I was inured.

My wretched lodging in a windy shed,

My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,

The damp and musty straw that formed my bed!

But, having done this penance for my sins, begins.

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these,

Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace

Before the friar upon his bended knees, And with a suppliant voice implored his grace;

And the good monk, now very much at ease.

Granted him pardon with a smiling

Nor could refuse to be that night his guest,

化化物物 化无水化 化化水化 化

大きのなのなのないのであることのできることのであるのである。

It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside where the olive thrives, With figures painted on its whitewashed walls,

The cottage stood; and near the humming hives

Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls:

A place where those who love secluded lives

Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls.

Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here

Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content, They found his children, and the buxom wench

His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent

With years and labour, seated on a bench.

Repeating over some obscure event In the old wars of Milanese and French:

All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense

Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come to pass,

How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,

Good Brother Timothy had been their

You should have seen the wonder in their eyes;

You should have heard them cry, " Alas! alas!"

Have heard their lamentations and their sighs!

For all believed the story, and began My life as man and monk again To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast,
To satisfy the craving of the friar After so rigid and prolonged a fast;
The busting housewife stirred the kitchen fire;
Then her two favourite pullets and her last
Were put to death, at her express desire,
And served up with a salad in a bowl, And fasks of country wine to crown the whole.
It would not be believed should I repeat
How hungry brother Timothy appeared;
It was a pleasure but to see him eat, His white teeth flashing through his russet beard.
His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered!
Lord! how he drank the blood-red country wine,
And all the while he talked without surcease,
And lord his merry tales with jovial give from the was all one blush from foot to head,
And was ged, but rather did increase,
And lord his merry tales with jovial give from the country wine,
And lord his merry tales with jovial give from the country wine,
And lall the while he talked without surcease,
And cast such glances at Dame Cicely
That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,
And thus in words his rising wrath expressed:

"Good father," said he, "easily we see
How needful in some persons, and how right
And thou sin words his rising wrath expressed:

"Good father," said he, "easily we see
How needful in some persons, and how right to night,
And thou sin words his rising wrath expressed:

"Good father," said he, "easily we see
How needful in some persons, and how right and the country wine, and the was all not be the sweet
The indulgence you have given it to night,
Anter long penance, clearly proves to me Your strength against temptation is but slight,
And shows the direafful peril you are in Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

377

All this to Brother Timothy was nought;

He did not care for scenery, nor here His busy fancy found the thing it sought;

But when he saw the convent walls appear,

And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught.

And whirled aloft into the atmosphere,

He quickened his slow footsteps, like a beast [least.

That scents the stable a league off at

And as he entered through the convent gate

He saw there in the court the ass, who stood

Twirling his ears about, and seemed to wait, [wood; Just as he found him waiting in the

And told the Prior that, to alleviate

The daily labours of the brother-

hood,
The owner, being a man of means and
thrift.

也,只是这个人,也是一个人,我们也是一个人,我们是我们的一个人,我们是一个人,我们是我们,我们是我们是我们,我们是一个人,我们是一个人,我们们是一个人,我们们是

00000

Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many

Revolved this serious matter in his mind,

And turned it over many different ways,

Hoping that some safe issue he might find;

But stood in fear of what the world would say,

If he accepted presents of this kind, Employing beasts of burden for the packs

That lazy monks should carry on their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort, And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed

That he would cut the tedious matter short,

And sell the ass with all convenient speed,

Thus saving the expense of his support, And hoarding something for a time of need.

So he despatched him to the neighbouring Fair,

And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,

Others perhaps would call it destiny, Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,

And nearer came, and saw that it was he,

( 秦 点 五

7. **4**. **4**.

٥

0

And whispered in his ear, "Ah, lack-aday!

Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,

Has changed you back into an ass again,

And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,

Did not turn round to look, but shook his head

As if he were not pleased these words to hear.

And contradicted all that had been said,

And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,

"I know you well; your hair is russet-red;

Do not deny it; for you are the same Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,

Was obstinate and shook his head again;

Until a crowd was gathered round about

To hear this dialogue between the twain;

And raised their voices in a noisy shout When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long,

With laughter and with gibes and scraps of song.

"If this be brother Timothy," they cried,

"Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;

Thou can'st not do too much for one so tried

As to be twice transformed into an ass."

So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied

His halter, and o'er mountain and morass.

# TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

He led him homeward, talking as he went

Of good behaviour and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced.

Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—

Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,

And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck

His sacred person; for again it chanced Their childish feelings, without rein or check,

只只在女女人我我一把我就就就就就我我会,只只不在在在我我也会,也只是我我我就做我的女子,我会

**秦.秦.**秦

かれない、がは食養養養養養養の大の方

¥

\$ . \$

> o^ Ap

> Ų,

, O

ø

Could not discriminate in any way A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"O Brother Timothy," the children said,

"You have come back to us just as before;

We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,

And we should never see you any more."

And then they kissed the white star on his head

That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,

And patted him upon the neck and face,

And said a thousand things with childish grace.

Thenceforward and for ever he was known

As Brother Timothy, and led alway
A life of luxury, till he had grown
Ungrateful being stuffed with corn

Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,

And very vicious. Then in angry tone, Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day,

"When simple kindness is misunderstood

A little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told; Among them was a habit that he had Of flinging up his heels at young and old,

Breaking his halter, running off like mad

O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite as bad;

But worst of all was breaking from his shed

At night, and ravaging the cabbage bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more

To his old life of labour and distress:

Was beaten worse than he had been before.

And now, instead of comfort and caress.

0 4 0

44944

۵

**\*** 

3.4.0

44440

4

代をおる

4

文化本文文

Came labours manifold and trials sore:
And as his toils increased his food
grew less,

Until at last the great consoler, Death, Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died:

And mainly that he died impenitent; Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried.

The old man still remembered the event

In the French war, and Gilbert magnified

His many virtues as he came and went,

And said, "Heaven pardon Brother Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

#### INTERLUDE.

"SIGNOR LUIGI," said the Jew,
When the Sicilian's tale was told,
"The were-wolf is a legend old,
But the were-ass is something new,
And yet for one I think it true.
The days of wonder have not ceased;
If there are beasts in forms of men,
As sure it happens now and then,
Why may not man become a beast,
In way of punishment at least?

"But this I will not now discuss; I leave the theme, that we may thus Remain within the realm of song. The story that I told before, Though not acceptable to all, At least you, did not find too long. I beg you, let me try again, With something in a different vein, Before you bid the curtain fall.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Meanwhile keep watch upon the door, Nor let the Landlord leave his chair, Lest he should vanish into air, And thus elude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew A little cloud of perfumed breath, And then, as if it were a clew To lead his footsteps safely through, Began his tale as followeth.

# THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

#### SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won By King Ladislaus the Hun, In fire of hell and death's frest, On the day of Pentecost. And in rout before his path From the field of battle red Flee all that are not dead Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars, Nor for Baron or Viovode, As on through the night he rode And gazed at the fateful stars, That were shining overhead; But smote his steed with his staff, And smiled to himself and said: "This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot,
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said:
"They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the Scribe said: "What misdeed
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him: "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have. I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O Scribe, And a blessing be on thy tribe! A writing sealed with thy ring, To King Amurath's Pasha In the city of Croia, The city moated and walled, That he surrender the same In the name of my master, the King; For what is writ in his name Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread, And unto Iskander said:
"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting-star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimetar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honours without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."

But the sullen Scribe replied:
"Our pathways bere divide:
Mine leadeth not thy way."
And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scinnetar-stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob, and disappear;
And no ne saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.
Then onward he rode and afar,
With acarec three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
Of the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city where he was born,—
And above it the morning star.
Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said: "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He sid: yand all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."
Then to the Castle white
Then to row the bodds instead,
And after a silence said:
"In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled, in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet-ring,
And ther row de hendds instead,
And after a silence said:
"The Poet cried; "one understands your swarthy hero Scanderbeg, Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,
And skilled in every warlike art,
Riding through his Albanian lands,
And following the asspicious star
That shone for him or Ak-Hissar."
The Fleologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;
"The Fleologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;
"The Fleologian added here
That his of treason with the Scribe
Adds nothing to you hero's fame."
The Student praised thegood old times,
And like a povential for the pash above the morn
The White face the pash above the morn of the file of the wind of the word

And much he talked of their emprise, And meteors seen in Northern skies. And Heindal's born, and dayof doom. But the Siciltan laughed again; "This is the time to laugh," he said, For the whole story he well knew Was an invention of the Jew, Spun from the cobwebs in his brain, And of the same bright scarlet thread As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlerd spake no word: "Twas doubtful whether he had heard The tale at all, so ful of crae Was he of his impending fate, That, like the sword of Damoeles, Above his head hung blank and bare, Suspended by a single hair So that he could not sit at ease, But sighed and blooked disconsolate, And shifted restless in his chair, Revolving how he might evade The blow of the descending blade. The Student came to his relief by saying in his easy way To the Musician: "Calm your grief, My fair Apollo of the North, Balder the Beautiful and so forth; Although your magic lyre or lute With broken strings is lying mute, Still you can tell some doleful tale. Or shipwreck in a midnight gale, Or something of the kind to suit The mood that we are in to-night." He said, "While my poor instrument lies there, Even as a child with vacant stare Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet, being urged, he said at last: "There comes to me out of the Past A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild, Singing a song almost divine, And with a tear in every line; And with a tear in see and the said. The mood than we are in to-night." In the evening late they cried with cold! The mother heard it under the mould. The woman heard it the earth below: "To my little children I must go." "And may I go to my children small?" She prayed him so long, and would not cease. Until he beade her depart in peace. "At cock-crow thou shalt return again; Unified the walls and the marble stones.

As through the village she filtred by, The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate, There stood her clidest daughter in walt.

"Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine?"

"New erar it with brothers and sisters thine?"

"New erar at thou mother of mine, For my mother was both fair and fine.

"My mother was white with cheeks of fred,
But thou art pale, and like to the dead."

"How should I be fair and fine? I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine.

"How should I be white and red, So long, so long have I been dead?"

When she came in at the chamber door, There stood the small children were sheeping sore.

One she braided, another she brushed. The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.

As if she would suckle it at her breast. Then to her eldest daughter said she, "Do thou, bid Svend Dyring come hither to me."

Into the chamber when he came She spake to him in anger and shame. "I left behind me ulits of blue; My children luig and the she walth why children lie in the dark at night. "If come again unto your hall, As cruel a fate shall you befall!

"Now crows the cock with feathers red; Back to the earth must all the dead."

"Now crows the cock with feathers swart; The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

383

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

What do you but degrade your bard Till he at last becomes as one Who thinks the all-encircling sun Rises and sets in his back-yard?"

The Theologian said again:
"It may be so; yet I maintain
That what is native still is best,
And little care I for the rest.
'Tis a long story; time would fail
To tell it, and the hour is late;
We will not waste it in debate,
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles, Descending not by slow degrees. But suddenly, on the Landlord fell, Who blushing, and with much demur And many vain apologies, Plucking up heart, began to tell The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

#### THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

4

4

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

IT was Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, From Merry England over the sea, Who stepped upon this continent As if his august presence lent A glory to the colony,

You should have seen him in the street Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time, His rapier dangling at his feet, Doublet and hose and boots complete, Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume, Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume, Luxuriant curls and air sublime, And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings,

And lords and ladies of high degree; So that not having been at court Seemed something very little short Of treason or lese-majesty, Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town, At what he called his country-seat; For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown.

And weary grown of the world and its ways,

He wished to pass the rest of his days In a private life and a calm retreat. But a double life was the life he led, And, while professing to be in search Of a godly course, and willing, he said, Nay, anxious to join the Puritan church,

He made of all this but small account, And passed his idle hours instead With roystering Morton of Merry Mount.

That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn, Lord of misrule and riot and sin, Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more
Than a cabin of logs; but in front of
the door

A modest flower-bed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and columbine,
Made those who saw it at once divine
The touch of some other hand than
his own.

And first it was whispered, and then it was known,

That he in secret was harbouring there A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed

a, c, a, a a a a

4

In the Italian manner, as men said, And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise, [aver,

Though none could vouch for it or That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre Was only a Papist in disguise; And the more to imbitter their bitter

lives,

And the more to trouble the public mind,

Came letters from England, from two other wives,

Whom he had carelessly left behind; Both of them letters of such a kind As made the governor hold his breath; The one imploring him straight to send The husband home, that he might amend;

The other asking his instant death, As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,
When all this wickedness was revealed,
To send his warrant signed and sealed,
And take the body of the knight.
Armed with this mighty instrument,
The marshal, mounting his gallant
steed, [speed,
Rode forth from town at the top of his

**化果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果果**的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我就是我们的一个,我就是我们的,我们就是我们的

#### TALES OF A *WAYSIDE INN.*

And followed by all his bailiffs bold, As if on high achievement bent, To storm some castle or stronghold, Challenge the warders on the wall, And seize in his ancestral hall A robber-baron grim and old. But when through all the dust and heat He came to Sir Christopher's country-

¥

Y X

Y

¥

¥

¥

X

Y

X

¥

X

¥

Ŷ

Ý

No knight he found, no warder there, But the little lady with golden hair, Who was gathering in the bright sunshine,

The sweet alyssum and columbine: While gallant Sir Christopher, all so

Being forewarned, through the postern

Of his castle wall had tripped away, And was keeping a little holiday In the forests that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true marshal searched the castle The through,

Not crediting what the lady said; Searched from cellar to garret in vain, And finding no knight, came out again, And arrested the golden damsel instead.

And bore her in triumph into the town, While from her eyes the tears rolled

On the sweet alyssum and columbine, That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see So fair a creature caught within The snares of Satan and of sin, And read her a little homily On the folly and wickedness of the lives

Of women, half cousins and half wives;

But, seeing that nought his words availed,

He sent her away in a ship that sailed For Merry England over the sea,

To the other two wives in the old countree.

To search her further, since he had failed

To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered

Through pathless woods for a month To Merry England over the sea, and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night With the noble savage, who took delight

In his feathered hat and his velvet vest, His gun and his rapier and the rest. But as soon as the noble savage heard That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,

He wanted to slay him out of hand, And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,

Like the glossy head of a kite or crow, Until he was made to understand They wanted the bird alive, not dead; Then he followed him whithersoever he fled.

Through forest and field, and hunted him down,

**承令不令不令不令不令不令不令不令不令不令不** 

And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight, To see this melancholy knight In such a dismal and hapless case; His hat deformed by stain and dent, His plumage broken, his doublet rent, His beard and flowing locks forlorn, Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn, His boots with dust and mire besprent; But dignified in his disgrace, And wearing an unblushing face.

And thus before the magistrate He stood to hear the doom of fate. In vain he strove with wonted ease To modify and extenuate His evil deeds in church and state, For gone was now his power to please; And his pompous words had no more weight

Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own The governor lent a patient ear To the speech evasive and highflown, In which he endeavoured to make clear That colonial laws were too severe When applied to a gallant cavalier, A gentleman born, and so well known, And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard, And deigned in answer never a word; But in summary manner shipped away, In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay, This splendid and famous cavalier, With his Rupert hat and his popery, As being unmeet to inhabit here.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, The first who furnished this barren land With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

¥

¥

Ă

¥

¥

X

X X X

X

¥

Ŷ

XXXXX

#### FINALE.

THESE are the tales those merry guests Told to each other, well or ill; Like summer birds that lift their crests Above the borders of their nests And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old, In idle moments idly told; Flowers of the field with petals thin, Lilies that neither toil nor spin, And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse Hung in the parlour of the inn Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers
burn

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingering like them when forced to go,
And going when they would remain;
For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won; They must be stirring with the sun, And drowsily good night they said, And went still gossiping to bed, And left the parlour wrapt in gloom. The only live thing in the room Was the old clock, that in its pace Kept time with the revolving spheres

And constellations in their flight, And struck with its uplifted mace The dark unconscious hours of night, To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun; and every guest, Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed

For journeying home and city-ward;
The old stage-coach was at the door,
With horses harnessed long before
The sunshine reached the withered
sward

Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar Murmured: "Farewell for evermore."

"Farewell!" the portly landlord cried; "Farewell!" the parting guests replied,

But little thought that nevermore
Their feet would pass that threshold
o'er;

That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from care,
To hear the oak's mysterious roar,
And breathe the wholesome country
air.

Where are they now? What lands and skies.

Paint pictures in their friendly eyes? What hope deludes, what promise cheers.

What pleasant voices fill their ears? Two are beyond the salt sea waves, And three already in their graves.

Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape
gleam,

And their own faces like a dream Look up upon them from below.

# The Golden Legend.

1851.

#### PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and Storm. Lucifer, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

Lucifer. HASTEN! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!
Voices. O, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

The Bells.
Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego, clerum!

Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and Clashing, clanging, to the pavement Hurl them from their windy tower!

Voices. All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed, And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

Lucifer. Lower! lower!

The Bells.

Defunctos plo o!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

Lucifer. Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!
Voices. O, we cannot!
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

The Bells.
Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pingo!

**◎→**◇→◇→◇→◇→◇<del></del>◇◇<del>◇</del>◇→◇

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!
Voices. O, we cannot!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

The Bells.
Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

Lucifer. Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!
Voices. Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

(They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.)

Choir.
Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

I.

The castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine.

A chamber in a tower. PRINCE

HENRY, sitting alone, ill and

restless. Midnight.

Prince Henry. I CANNOT sleep!
my fervid brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!

CC2

#### WORKS. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL

A breath from that far-distant shore Comes freshening ever more and more, And wafts o'er intervening seas Sweet odours from the Hesperides! A wind, that through the corridor Just stirs the curtain, and no more, And, touching the æolian strings, Faints with the burden that it brings! Come back! ye friendships long departed! That like o'erflowing streamlets

¥

¥

\*\*\*\*

Ă

Y

Ă

And now are dwindled, one by one, To stony channels in the sun!

Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,

Come back, with all that light attended, Which seemed to darken and decay When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe, The airy crowds of long ago, The dreams and fancies known of yore, That have been, and shall be no more. They change the cloisters of the night Into a garden of delight; They make the dark and dreary hours Open and blossom into flowers! I would not sleep! I love to be Again in their fair company; But ere my lips can bid them stay, They pass and vanish quite away! Alas! our memories may retrace Each circumstance of time and place, Season and scene come back again, And outward things unchanged remain:

The rest we cannot reinstate; Ourselves we cannot re-create, Nor set ourselves to the same key Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace! The thought of life that ne'er shall Has something in it like despair. A weight I am too weak to bear! Sweeter to this afflicted breast The thought of never-ending rest! Sweeter the undisturbed and deep Tranquillity of endless sleep!

(A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears in the garb of a travelling physician.)

Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry! Prince Henry (starting). Who is it speaks?

Who and what are you?

One who seeks Lucifer. A moment's audience with the Prince. Prince Henry. When came you in? A moment since. I found your study door unlocked, And thought you answered when I knocked.

Ā

XXXX

Prince Henry. I did not hear you. You heard the Lucifer.

thunder; It was loud enough to waken the dead. And it is not a matter of special won-

That when God is walking overhead, You should not hear my feeble tread.

Prince Henry. What may your wish or purpose be?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything, as it pleases

You behold in me Your Highness. Only a travelling Physician; One of the few who have a mission To cure incurable diseases,

Or those that are called so. Prince Henry. Can you bring

The dead to life?

Lucifer. Yes; very nearly. And, what is a wiser and better thing, Can keep the living from ever needing Such an unnatural, strange proceeding, By showing conclusively and clearly That death is a stupid blunder merely, And not a necessity of our lives. My being here is accidental;

The storm, that against your casement drives,

In the little village below waylaid me. And there I heard, with a secret de-

Of your maladies physical and mental, Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late the night,

To proffer my aid!

Prince Henry (ironically). For this you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite This honour from one so erudite? Lucifer. The honour is mine, or will be, when

I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry. But not till then. Lucifer. What is your illness? Prince Henry. It has no name. A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame, As in a kiln, burns in my veins, Sending up vapours to the head;

### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

My heart has become a dull lagoon, Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;

I am accounted as one who is dead, And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,—
I see the book lies open before you,—
No remedy potent enough to restore
you?

Prince Henry. None whatever!
Lucifer. The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when questioned

Of the new diseases that human life Evolves in its progress, rank and rife. Consult the dead upon things that were,

But the living only on things that are. Have you done this by the appliance And aid of doctors?

Prince Henry. Ay, whole schools Of doctors, with their learned rules; But the case is quite beyond their science.

Even the doctors of Salern
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be!
Lucifer. That sounds oracular!

Prince Henry. Unendurable!

Lucifer. What is their remedy?

Prince Henry. You shall see;

Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (reading). "Not to be cured, yet not incurable!
"he only remedy that remains

The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's
veins,

Who of her own free will shall die, And give her life as the price of yours!"

That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try;
The prescription you may well put by,
As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end!
And yet who knows? One cannot say
That into some maiden's brain that
kind

Of madness will not find its way.

Meanwhile permit me to recommend,
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtile and magical powers!

Prince Henry. Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal
The spouts and gargoyles of these towers.

Not me. My faith is utterly gone In every power but the Power Supernal!

Pray tell me, of what school are you?

Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the

New!

The school of Hermes Trismegistus, Who uttered his oracles sublime Before the Olympiads, in the dew Of the early dusk and dawn of Time, The reign of dateless old Hephæstus! As northward, from its Nubian springs, The Nile, for ever new and old, Among the living and the dead, Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled; So, starting from its fountain-head Under the lotus-leaves of Isis, From the dead demigods of eld, Through long, unbroken lines of kings Its course the sacred art has held, Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught, And in alembics, finely wrought, Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered The secret that so long had hovered Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!
Prince Henry. What! an adept?
Lucifer. Nor less, nor more!
Prince Henry. I am a reader of your books,

A lover of that mystic lore!
With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity!
And yet, alas! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery
Have baffled and eluded me,
Unseen the grand result remains!

Incifer (showing a flask). Behold

here! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence
Of all the knowledge man can ask!
Hold it up thus against the light!

Prince Henry. How limpid, pure, and crystalline,

How quick, and tremulous, and bright

389

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The little wavelets dance and shine, As were it the Water of Life in sooth ! Lucifer. It is! it assuages every pain, Cures all disease, and gives again To age the swift delights of youth. Inhale its fragrance. Prince Henry, It is sweet. A thousand different odours meet And mingle in its rare perfume, Such as the winds of summer waft At open windows through a room 1 Lucifer. Will you not taste it? Prince Henry. Will one draught suffice? Lucifer. If not, you can drink more.

**⋵⋌∁⋌⋇⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁⋌∁** 

Prince Henry. Into this crystal goblet pour So much as safely I may drink. Lucifer (pouring). Let not the the quantity alarm you; You may drink all; it will not harm you. Prince Henry. I am as one who on the brink Of a dark river stands and sees The waters flow, the landscape dim Around him waver, wheel, and swim, And, ere he plunges, stops to think Into what whirlpools he may sink; One moment pauses, and no more, Then madly plunges from the shore !

390

Headlong into the mysteries Of life and death I boldly leap, Nor fear the fateful current's sweep, Nor what in ambush lurks below! For death is better than disease!

(An Angel with an colian harp hovers in the air.)

Angel. Woe! woe! eternal woe! Not only the whispered prayer Of love, But the imprecations of hate, Reverberate

For ever and ever through the air Above!

This fearful curse

Shakes the great universe!

Lucifer (disappearing). Drink! drink!

And thy soul shall sink Down into the dark abyss, Into the infinite abyss,

From which no plummet nor rope Ever drew up the silver sand of hope!

Prince Henry (drinking). It is like a draught of fire!

Through every vein

I feel again

¥0,¥0,¥

X, Y, Y, Y, Y,

X, Y, Y,

The fever of youth, the soft desire; A rapture that is almost pain

Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!

O joy! O joy! I feel

The band of steel

That so long and heavily has pressed Upon my breast

Uplifted, and the malediction Of my affliction

Is taken from me, and my weary breast

At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken!

It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken!

It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow!

It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow!

With fiendish laughter,

Hereafter,

This false physician

Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Prince Henry. Speak! speak! Who says that I am ill?

I am not ill! I am not weak! [o'er!

The trance, the swoon, the dream, is So few are now the feet that pass;

I feel the chill of death no more! At length,

I stand renewed in all my strength! Beneath me I can feel

The great earth stagger and reel, As if the feet of a descending God

Upon its surface trod, And like a pebble it rolled beneath

his heel! This, O brave physician! this Is thy great Palingenesis!

(Drinks again.)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no more!

It will make thy heart sore To its very core! Its perfume is the breath Of the Angel of Death, And the light that within it lies Is the flash of his evil eyes. Beware! O, beware! For sickness, sorrow, and care All are there!

Prince Henry (sinking back). thou voice within my breast! Why entreat me, why upbraid me, When the steadfast tongues of truth And the flattering hopes of youth Have all deceived me and betrayed me?

Give me, give me rest, O rest! Golden visions wave and hover, Golden vapours, waters streaming, Landscapes moving, changing, gleam-[ing! I am like a happy lover Who illumines life with dreaming! Brave physician! Rare physician! Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission!

(His head falls on his book.)

The Angel (receding). Alas! alas! Like a vapour the golden vision Shall fade and pass, And thou wilt find in thy heart again Only the blight of pain, And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

Court-yard of the Castle. Hubert standing by the gateway.

Hubert. How sad the grand old castle looks! O'erhead, the unmolested rooks

Upon the turret's windy top Sit, talking of the farmer's crop; Here in the courtyard springs the grass,

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The stately peacocks, bolder grown, Come hopping down the steps of

As if the castle were their own; And I, the poor old seneschal, Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall. Alas! the merry guests no more Crowd through the hospitable door; No eyes with youth and passion shine, No cheeks grow redder than the wine; No song, no laugh, no jovial din Of drinking wassail to the pin; But all is silent, sad, and drear, And now the only sounds I hear Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls, And horses stamping in their stalls!

### (A horn sounds.)

What ho! that merry, sudden blast Reminds me of the days long past! And, as of old resounding, grate The heavy hinges of the gate, And, clattering loud, with iron clank, Down goes the sounding bridge ofplank,

As if it were in haste to greet The pressure of a traveller's feet.

### (Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.)

Walter. How now, my friend! This looks quite lonely! No banner flying from the walls, No pages and no seneschals; No warders, and one porter only! Is it you, Hubert?

Hubert. Ah! Master Walter! Walter. Alas! how forms and faces

I did not know you. You look older! Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner.

And you stoop a little in the shoulder! Hubert. Alack! I am a poor old

And, like these towers, begin to moulder;

And you have been absent many a year!

Walter. How is the Prince? He is not here; Hubert. He has been ill; and now has fled.

Walter. Speak it out frankly: say he's dead!

Is it not so?

No; if you please, Hubert. A strange, mysterious disease Fell on him with a sudden blight.

Whole hours together he would stand Upon the terrace, in a dream, Resting his head upon his hand; Best pleased when he was most alone, Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone, Looking down into a stream.
In the Round Tower, night after

might,

He sat, and bleared his eyes with books;

Until one morning we found him there Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognised his sweet looks! Walter. Poor Prince!

Hubert. I think he might have mended;

And he did mend; but very soon The priests came flocking in like rooks, With all their crosiers and their crooks, And so at last the matter ended.

Walter. How did it end?

Hubert. Why, in Saint Rochus They made him stand, and wait his doom;

And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus. First, the Mass for the Dead they chanted.

Then three times laid upon his head A shovelful of churchyard clay, Saying to him, as he stood undaunted, "This is a sign that thou art dead, So in thy heart be penitent!" And forth from the chapel door he went Into disgrace and banishment, Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray, And bearing a wallet, and a bell, Whose sound should be a perpetual knell

To keep all travellers away.

Walter. O, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,

As one with pestilence infected! Then was the family tomb Hubert. unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and shield, Buried together in common wreck, As is the custom, when the last Of any princely house has passed, And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast, A herald shouted down the stair The words of warning and despair,-"O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

Walter. Still in my soul that cry goes on,-

For ever gone! for ever gone!

**392** 

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his
sweet tongue

Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,

Made all our slumbers soft and light. Where is he?

Hubert. In the Odenwald,
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word,—
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—
Have him beneath their watch and
ward.

For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality

My prince's friend thus entertain?

Walter. I would a moment here remain.

But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not
wine,

But their soft eyes look into mine, And their lips speak to me, and all The vast and shadowy banquet-hall Is full of looks and words divine!

(Leaning over the parapet.)

The day is done; and slowly from the scene

The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,

And puts them back into his golden quiver!

Below me in the valley, deep and green As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river

Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,

Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,

And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent! [still, Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and As when the vanguard of the Roman legions [hill!

First saw it from the top of yonder How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat.

Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag, And the white hamlet gathered round its base. **Რ**ᲠᲠᲢᲓᲠᲠฅᲠ©©©ᲓᲠᲧᲛ©ᲠᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛ

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet, And looking up at his beloved face! O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more

Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

#### II.

A farm in the Odenwald. A garden; morning; PRINCE HENRY seated, with a book. ELSIE, at a distance, gathering flowers.

Prince Henry (reading). One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary

Waved, and made the sign of the cross, And whispered their Benedicites; And from the ground Rose an odour sweet and fragrant Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant Vines that wandered, Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered On the volume in his hand, A volume of Saint Augustine, Wherein he read of the unseen Splendours of God's great town In the unknown land,

And, with his eyes cast down In humility, he said:

"I believe, O God, What herein I have read, But, also I I do not understand!"

And lo I he heard The use the bound of the melodious singing of a bird, A snow-white bird, that from a cloud Dropped down, And among the branches brown Sat singing So sweet, and clear, and loud, It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book And long, long, With rapturous look, He listened to the song, And hardly breathed or stirred, Until he saw, as in a vision, And in the heavenly city heard Angelic feet Vunil he saw, as in a vision, And in the heavenly city heard Angelic feet Fall on the golden flagging of the Fall on the golden flagging of the

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

But they are not all for you. Some of them are for the Virgin And for Saint Cecilia.

Prince Henry. As thou standest And opened the door for him; Thou seemest to me like the angel That brought the immortal roses To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will fade, But not their memory, And memory has the power To re-create them from the dust. They remind me, too, Of martyred Dorothea,

Who from celestial gardens sent Flowers as her witnesses To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter? That is the prettiest legend of them all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to me. But first come hither. Lay the flowers down beside me, And put both thy hands in mine. Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning The Sultan's daughter Walked in her father's garden, Gathering the bright flowers, All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast been doing

This morning, dearest Elsie.

Elsie. And as she gathered them, She wondered more and more Who was the Master of the Flowers, And made them grow Out of the cold, dark earth. "In my heart," she said, "I love him; and for him Would leave my father's palace, To labour in his garden.

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent child! How sweetly thou recallest The long-forgotten legend, That in my early childhood My mother told me! Upon my brain It reappears once more, As a birth-mark on the forehead When a hand suddenly

Is laid upon it, and removed! Elsie. And at midnight, As she lay upon her bed, She heard a voice Call to her from the garden, And, looking forth from her window, She saw a beautiful youth

Standing among the flowers. It was the Lord Jesus; there, And she went down to him, And he said to her, "O maiden! Thou hast thought of me with love, And for thy sake Out of my Father's kingdom Have I come hither; I am the Master of the Flowers. My garden is in Paradise, And if thou wilt go with me, Thy bridal garland Shall be of bright red flowers." And then he took from his finger A golden ring, And asked the Sultan's daughter If she would be his bride. And when she answered him with love, His wounds began to bleed, And she said to him, "O Love! how red thy heart is, And thy hands are full of roses. "For thy sake," answered he,
"For thy sake is my heart so red. For thee I bring these roses; I gathered them at the cross Whereon I died for thee! Come, for my Father calls. Thou art my elected bride!" And the Sultan's daughter Followed him to his Father's garden.

Prince Henry. Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie? Elsie. Yes, very gladly. Prince Henry. Then the Celestial Bridegroom Will come for thee also. Upon thy forehead he will place. Not his crown of thorns, But a crown of roses. In thy bridal chamber, Like Saint Cecilia, Thou shalt hear sweet music, And breathe the fragrance Of flowers immortal! Go now and place these flowers Before her picture.

A room in the farm-house. Twilight. URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB as leep in his chair.

Ursula. Darker and darker! Hardly a glimmer Of light comes in at the window-pane; Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer? I cannot disentangle this skein,

396

() ()

(They go out with ELSIE.)

Ursula (spinning). She is a strange and wayward child,

She looks so old, That Elsie of ours. And thoughts and fancies weird and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold Of her heart, that was once so docile and mild!

Gottlieb. She is like all girls. Ursula. Ah no, forsooth! Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange dreams, And in all her words and ways, she seems

Much older than she is in truth. Who would think her but fifteen? And there has been of late such a change!

My heart is heavy with fear and doubt. In thinking our dear Prince must die; That she may not live till the year is I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

She is so strange,—so strange,—so strange!

Gottlieb. I am not troubled with year. any such fear; She will live and thrive for many a And into my heart!

The chamber of GOTTLIEB and UR-SULA. Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring; the rushing rain

Is loud upon roof and window-pane, As if the wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,

Boding evil to me and mine, [train! Were abroad to-night with his ghostly In the brief lulls of the tempest wild, The dogs howl in the yard; and hark! Some one is sobbing in the dark, Here in the chamber!

\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$0\$

**BBBBBBBBBB** 

Elsie. It is I. Ursula. Elsie! what ails thee, my poor child?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much distressed,

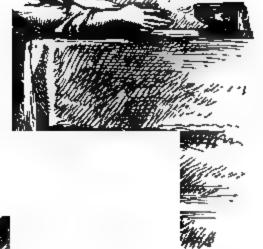
Gottlieb. What wouldst thou? In the Power Divine

His healing lies, not in our own; It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, he has put it into mine,







Ursula. What dost thou mean? my child | my child !

Elsie, That for our dear Prince Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make, And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula. Am I still dreaming, or awake?

Thou speakest carelessly of death, And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elrie. 'Tis the cessation of our Silent and motionless we lie; [breath, And no one knoweth more than this. I saw our little Gertrude die ; She left off breathing, and no more I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.

She was more beautiful than before. Like violets faded were her eyes; By this we knew that she was dead. Through the open window looked the

> ere she lay, ike the sound of

Thy words are wild! | As if angels came to bear her away. Ah! when I saw and felt these things, I found it difficult to stay; I longed to die, as she had died, And go forth with her, side by side. The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead, And Mary, and our Lord; and I Would follow in humility The way by them illumined!

Ursula. My child I my child! thou must not die! [not know Elsie. Why should I live? Do I The life of woman is full of woe? Tolling on and on and on, With breaking heart, and tearful eyes, And silent lips, and in the soul The secret longings that arise, Which this world never satisfies! Some more, some less, but of the whole Not one quite happy, no, not one!

Ursula. It is the malediction of Eve! Elsie. In place of it, let me receive The benediction of Mary, then.

Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!

Most wretched am I among men!

398

<del>©800000000000000000000000000000000000</del>

#### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ursula. Alas! that I should live to

Thy death, beloved, and to stand Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day! Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I shall

Beneath the flowers of another land. For at Salerno, far away  $ar{y}$ Over the mountains, over the sea, It is appointed me to die! And it will seem no more to thee Than if at the village on market-day I should a little longer stay Than I am wont.

Ursula. Even as thou sayest! And how my heart beats when thou

stayest! I cannot rest until my sight Is satisfied with seeing thec. What, then, if thou wert dead?

Ah me! Gottlieb. Of our old eyes thou art the light! The joy of our old hearts art thou! And wilt thou die?

Not now! not now! Ursula. Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall

Be willing for my Prince to die? You both are silent; you cannot speak. This said I at our Saviour's feast After confession, to the priest, And even he made no reply. Does he not warn us all to seek The happier, better land on high, Where flowers immortal never wither; And could he forbid me to go thither? Gottlieb. In God's own time, my heart's delight!

When he shall call thee, not before! Elsie. I heard him call. When Christ ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star, He left the gates of heaven ajar. I had a vision in the night, And saw him standing at the door Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,

And beckoning to me from afar. I cannot stay!

Gottlieb. She speaks almost As if it where the Holy Ghost Spake through her lips, and in her stead!

What if this were of God?

Ah, then Ursula.

Gainsay it dare we not.

Gottlieb. Amen!

Elsie! the words that thou hast said

Are strange and new for us to hear, And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.

Whether it be a dark temptation Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration We in our blindness cannot say. We must think upon it, and pray; For evil and good it both resembles. If it be of God, his will be done! May he guard us from the Evil One! How hot thy hand is! how it trembles! Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

Ursula. Kiss me. Good night; and . do not weep.

(ELSIE goes out.)

Ah, what an awful thing is this! I almost shuddered at her kiss, As if a ghost had touched my cheek, I am so childish and so weak! As soon as I see the earliest gray Of morning glimmer in the east, I will go over to the priest, And hear what the good man has to say!

A village church. A woman kneeling at the confessional.

The Parish Priest (from within). Go, sin no more! Thy penance A new and better life begin! God maketh thee for ever free From the dominion of thy sin! Go, sin no more! He will restore The peace that filled thy heart before, And pardon thine iniquity!

(The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.)

O blessed Lord! how much I need Thy light to guide me on my way! So many hands, that, without heed, Still touch thy wounds, and make them

So many feet, that, day by day, Still wander from thy fold astray! Unless thou fill me with thy light, I cannot lead thy flock aright; Nor, without thy support, can bear The burden of so great a care, But am myself a castaway!

(A pause.)

The day is drawing to its close; And what good deeds, since first it rose, Have I presented, Lord, to thee,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

As offerings of my ministry?
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,

What struggle passed, what victory gained,

What good attempted and attained? Feeble, at best, is my endeavour! I see, but cannot reach, the height That lies for ever in the light, And yet for ever and for ever, When seeming just within my grasp, I feel my feeble hands unclasp, And sink discouraged into night! For thine own purpose, thou hast sent The strife and the discouragement!

#### (A pause.)

| OR THE STATE OF THE STATE OF

 $\cdot$ 

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck?
Why keep me pacing to and fro
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
Counting my footsteps as I go,
And marking with each step a tomb?
Why should the world for thee make
room,

And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
Thou comest in the hope to hear
Some word of comfort and of cheer.
What can I say? I cannot give
The counsel to do this and live;
But rather, firmly to deny
The tempter, though his power be strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong, Still like a martyr live and die!

#### (A pause.)

The evening air grows dusk and brown; I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go
down,

But nevermore shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

(Goes out)

(Enter Lucifer, as a Priest.)

Lucifer (with a genuflexion, mocking).

This is the Black Paternoster.

God was my foster,

He fostered me
Under the book of the Palm-tree!

St. Michael was my dame.

He was born at Bethlehem,

He was made of flesh and blood.
God send me my right food,
My right food, and shelter too,
That I may to yon kirk go,
To read upon yon sweet book
Which the mighty God of heaven
shook.

**ANDEROPORTOR** 

A CONTRACTOR CONTRACTO

Open, open, hell's gates!
Shut, shut, heaven's gates!
All the devils in the air
The stronger be, that hear the Black
Prayer!

(Looking round the church.)

What a darksome and dismal place!
I wonder that any man has the face
To call such a hole the House of the
Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old, Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs, Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,

With about as much real edification
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
Had fallen, and struck them on the
head;

And I ought to remember that sensation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!
Holy-water it may be to many,
But to me, the veriest Liquor
Gehennæ!

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup; Near it stands the box for the poor; With its iron padlock, safe and sure. I and the priest of the parish know Whither all these charities go; Therefore, to keep up the institution, I will add my little contribution!

#### (He puts in money.)

Underneath this mouldering tomb, With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the village, All his life was riot and pillage, But at length, to escape the threatened doom

Of the everlasting, penal fire, He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,

40Q

### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.

But all that afterwards came to pass, And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,

Is kept a secret for the present, At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall, Shadowy, silent, apart from all, With its awful portal open wide, And its latticed windows on either side, And its step well worn by the bended knees

Of one or two pious centuries, Stands the village confessional! Within it, as an honoured guest, I will sit me down awhile and rest!

(Seats himself in the confessional.)

Here sits the priest; and faint and low, Like the sighing of an evening breeze, Comes through these painted lattices The ceaseless sound of human woe; Here, while her bosom aches and throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame!
The time, the place, the lover's name!
Here the grim murderer with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls the
stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame!
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately,
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Nought but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth part
Of the horrors and crimes and sins
and woes

That arise, when with palpitating throes

The graveyard in the human heart Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least. It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odour of earthly passions and crimes.

Such as I like to breathe, at times, And such as often brings me here In the hottest and most pestilential season. To-day, I come for another reason;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness
wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a prince,

A sleight of hand I learned long since! He comes. In the twilight he will not see

The difference between his priest and me!

In the same net was the mother caught!

Prince Henry (entering and kneeling
at the confessional). Remorseful,
penitent, and lowly,

I come to crave, O father holy, Thy bendiction on my head.

Lucifer. The bendiction shall be said After confession, not before!
'Tis a God-speed to the parting guest, Who stands already at the door, Sandalled with holiness, and dressed In garments pure from earthly stain. Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy breast?

Does the same madness fill thy brain? Or have thy passion and unrest Vanished for ever from thy mind? *Prince Henry*. By the same madness

ince Henry. By the same madnes still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed,
I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afficted and distressed!
As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,
A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with fear
And every branch, and bough, and
spray

Points all its quivering leaves one way, And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,

And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,

And smoke from chimneys of the town,

Yield themselves to it, and bow down, So does this dreadful purpose press, Onward, with irresistible stress, And all my thoughts and faculties, Struck level by the strength of this, From their true inclination turn, And all stream forward to Salern!

Lucifer. Alas! we are but eddies of dust,

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled Along the highway of the world A moment only, then to fall

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Back to a common level all. At the subsiding of the gust! Prince Henry. O holy father! pardon in me The oscillation of a mind Unsteadfast, and that cannot find Its centre of rest and harmony! For evermore before mine eyes This ghastly phantom flits and flies, And as a madman through a crowd, With frantic gestures and wild cries, It hurries onward, and aloud Repeats its awful prophecies! To be Weakness is wretchedness!

Is to be happy! I am weak, And cannot find the good I seek, Because I feel and fear the wrong! Lucifer. Be not alarmed! The Church is kind,

And in her mercy and her meekness She meets half-way her children's weakness.

Writes their transgressions in the dust! Though in the Decalogue we find The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!

Yet there are cases when we must. In war, for instance, or from scathe To guard and keep the one true Faith! We must look at the Decalogue in the light

A SANDA SAND

Of an ancient statute, that was meant For a mild and general application, To be understood with the reservation, That, in certain instances, the Right Must yield to the Expedient! Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie!

What noble deeds, what fair renown, Into the grave with thee go down! What acts of valour and courtesy Remain undone, and die with thee! Thou art the last of all thy race! With thee a noble name expires, And vanishes from the earth's face The glorious memory of thy sires! She is a peasant. In her veins Flows common and plebeian blood; It is such as daily and hourly stains The dust and the turf of battle plains, By vassals shed, in a crimson flood, Without reserve, and without reward, At the slightest summons of their lord! But thine is precious; the fore-ap- | And so given over to the Devil! pointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed!

Moreover, what has the world in store For one like her, but tears and toil? Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil, A peasant's child and a peasant's wife, And her soul within her sick and sore With the roughness and barrenness of

I marvel not at the heart's recoil From a fate like this, in one so tender, Nor at its eagerness to surrender All the wretchedness, want, and woe That await it in this world below, For the unutterable splendour Of the world of rest beyond the skies. So the Church sanctions the sacrifice: Therefore inhale this healing balm, And breathe this fresh life into thine; Accept the comfort and the calm She offers, as a gift divine; Let her fall down and anoint thy feet With the ointment costly and most. sweet

Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

Prince Henry. And will the righteous Heaven forgive?

No action, whether foul or fair, Is ever done, but it leave somewhere A record, written by fingers ghostly, As a blessing or a curse, and mostly In the greater weakness or greater strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at length

The wrongs of ages are redressed, And the justice of God made manifest! Lucifer. In ancient records it is stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done Another devil is created

To scourge and torment the offending

But evil is only good perverted, And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light, But an angel fallen and deserted, Thrust from his Father's house with a curse

Into the black and endless night. Prince Henry. If justice rules the universe,

From the good actions of good men Angels of light should be begotten, And thus the balance restored again. Lucifer. Yes; if the world were not

so rotten,

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it good or evil?

### 

### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Have I thine absolution free To do it, and without restriction? Lucifer. Ay; and from whatsoever Lieth around it and within, [sin From all crimes in which it may involve thee,

I now release thee and absolve thee! Prince Henry. Give me thy holy benediction.

Lucifer (stretching forth his hand and muttering).

> Maledictione perpetua Maledicat vos Pater eternus

The Angel (with the Æolian harp). Take heed! Take heed! Noble art thou in thy birth, By the good and great of earth Hast thou been taught! Be noble in every thought And in every deed! Let not the illusion of thy senses Betray thee to deadly offences. Be strong! be good! be pure! The right only shall endure, All things else are but false pretences. I entreat thee, I implore, Listen no more To the suggestions of an evil spirit, That even now is there, Making the foul seem fair, And selfishness itself a virtue and a merit!

A room in the farm-house.

Gottlieb. It is decided! For many days,

And nights as many, we have had A nameless terror in our breast, Making us timid, and afraid Of God, and his mysterious ways! We have been sorrowful and sad; Much have we suffered, much have prayed

That he would lead us as is best. And show us what his will required.

It is decided; and we give thy lips
Our child, O Prince, that you may live! Like roses from the lips of Angelo:

Ursula. It is of God. He has in-This purpose in her; and through: Out of a world of sin and woe, He takes her to himself again. The mother's heart resists no longer; With the Angel of the Lord in vain It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

Gottlieb. As Abraham offered long

His son unto the Lord, and even The Everlasting Father in heaven Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter, So do I offer up my daughter!

(URSULA hides her face.)

Elsie. My life is little, Only a cup of water, But pure and limpid. Take it, O my Prince! Let it refresh you, Let it restore you. It is given willingly, It is given freely, May God bless the gift! Prince Henry. And the giver Gottlieb. Amen! Prince Henry. I accept it! Gottlieb. Where are the children? Ursula. They are already asleep. Gottlieb. What if they were dead?

### In the garden.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of you. What is it? Prince Henry.

It is already granted.

Promise me, Elsie. When we are gone from here, and on our way Are journeying to Salerno, you will By word or deed, endeavour to dissuade me

**可以可以可以以及以及的证明的的的的问题的** 

And turn me from my purpose; but remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I approach The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.

Promise me this.

Prince Henry. Thy words fall from

and angels

[pain, Might stoop to pick them up! rough Elsie. Will you not promise? Prince Henry. If ever we depart upon this journey, [mise. So long to one or both of us, I pro-Elsie. Shall we not go, then? Have

you lifted me

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Into the air, only to hurl me back Wounded upon the ground? and offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me Drink the polluted puddles of this world?

Prince Henry. O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost teach me! The life which is, and that which is to

Suspended hang in such nice equipoise A breath disturbs the balance; and Pray for the living, in whose breast that scale

In which we throw our hearts preponderates, flies up,

And the other, like an empty one, And is accounted vanity and air! To me the thought of death is terrible,

Having such hold on life. To thee it is not

So much even as the lifting of a latch; Only a step into the open air Out of a tent already luminous With light that shines through its transparent walls!

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be written

"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

#### III.

A street in Strasburg. Night. PRINCE | HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.

Prince Henry. Still is the night. The sound of feet

Has died away from the empty street, And like an artisan, bending down His head on his anvil, the dark town Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet. Sleepless and restless, I alone, In the dusk and damp of these walls

of stone, Wander and weep in my remorse!

Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell).

Wake! Wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

accents loud and hoarse This warder on the walls of death Sends forth the challenge of his breath! The wind is rising; but the boughs

They rise up and their garments wave, Dimly and spectral, as they rise, With the light of another world in their eyes!

> Crier of the Dead. Wake! wake!

All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Why for the dead, who are at rest?

The struggle between right and wrong Is raging terrible and strong,

As when good angels war with devils! This is the Master of the Revels.

Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes The health of absent friends, and pledges,

Not in bright goblets crowned with And tinkling as we touch their edges, But with his dismal, tinkling bell, That mocks and mimics their funeral

knell!

Crier of the Dead. Wake! wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep

Silent as night is, and as deep! There walks a sentinel at thy gate Whose heart is heavy and desolate, And the heavings of whose bosom number

The respirations of thy slumber, As if some strange, mysterious fate Had linked two hearts in one, and mine Went madly wheeling about thine, Only with wider and wilder sweep!

Crier of the Dead (at a distance). Wake! wake! All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown Against the clouds, far up the skies

The walls of the cathedral rise, Like a mysterious grove of stone, With fitful lights and shadows blending,

Prince Henry. Hark! with what As from behind, the moon, ascending, Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!

I see the dead that sleep in the grave! Rise not and fall not with the wind

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

That through their foilage sobs and soughs; Only the cloudy rack behind, Drifting onward, wild and ragged, Gives to each spire and buttress A seeming motion undefined. Below on the square, an armed knight, Still as a statue and as white, And beckons, and makes as he would speak. Walter the Minnesinger. Friend! Can you tell me where alight Thurting as horsemen for the night? For I have lingered in the rear, And wander vainly up and down. Prince Henry. I am a stranger in the town, As thou art; but the voice I hear is not a stranger to mine ear. Thou art Walter of the Vogelewiel! Walter, Thou hast guessed rightly: and thy name Is Henry of Hoheneck! Prince Henry. At also of wonder and of pity! A wretched man, almost by stealth Dragging my body to Salern, Into the old Alsatian city? Prince Henry. A take of wonder and of pity! A wretched man, almost by stealth Dragging my body to Salern, Into the old Alsatian city? Prince Henry. A take of wonder and of pity! A wretched man, almost by stealth Dragging my body to Salern, In the vain hope and search for health, And destined never to return. Already thou hast heard the rest. But what brings thee, thus armed and dight In the equipments of a knight? Walter. Dost thou not see upon my breast The cross of the Crusaders shine? My pathway leads to Palestine. Prince Henry, A sick man's pace with me to the hostelry, Courieve into Italy Perchance together we may make; What brings thee, thus armed and dight in the equipments of a knight? Walter. Dost thou not see upon my way. Come with me to the hostelry. Sold file, Walter, Dost thou not see upon my way. Come with me to the hostelry. Sold file, Walter, Dost thou not see upon my way leads ne round to Hirschau, in the forest's bound, Ourieve into Italy Perchance together we may make; Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart, And in the clangour of the strife. Mingle the music of thy words?

40

### 

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Wake you to sin and crime again, Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,

はははははははははない

I scatter downward through the night My maledictions dark and deep. I have more martyrs in your walls Than God has; and they cannot sleep; They are my bondsmen and my thralls; Their wretched lives are full of pain, Wild agonies of nerve and brain; And every heart-beat, every breath, Is a convulsion worse than death! Sleep, sleep, O city! though within The circuit of your walls there be No habitation free from sin, And all its nameless misery; The aching heart, the aching head, Grief for the living and the dead, And foul corruption of the time, Disease, distress, and want, and woe, And crimes, and passions that may Until they ripen into crime! grow

Square in front of the Cathedral. Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing the square.

Prince Henry. This is the day, when from the dead Our Lord arose; and everywhere, Out of their darkness and despair, Triumphant over fears and foes, The hearts of his disciples rose, When to the women, standing near, The Angel in shining vesture said, "The Lord is risen; he is not here!" And, mindful that the day is come, On all the hearths in Christendom The fires are quenched, to be again Rekindled from the sun, that high Is dancing in the cloudless sky. The churches are all decked with The salutations among men [flowers, ... Are but the Angel's words divine, "Christ is arisen!" and the bells Catch the glad murmur, as it swells, And chant together in their towers. All hearts are glad; and free from care The faces of the people shine. See what a crowd is in the square, Gaily and gallantly arrayed! Elsie. Let us go back; I am afraid! Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount

the church-steps here,

Under the doorway's sacred shadow;

We can see all things, and be freer From the crowd that madly heaves and presses!

What a gay pageant! what Elsie. bright dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.

What is that yonder on the square? Prince Henry. A pulpit in the open

And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and loud, That, if we listen, and give heed, His lowest words will reach the ear.

Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip). What ho! good people! do you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his speed, Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed, A courier comes with words of cheer. Courier! what is the news, I pray? "Christ is arisen!" Whence come

you? "From court,"
Then I do not believe it; you say it

in sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

THE THE PARTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to Courier! what are the tidings to-day? "Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.)

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain:

What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed. Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed.

(Great applause among the crowd.)

To come back to my text! When the news was first spread,

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;

e l'ele comme de la comme de l

ŧ

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And above it the great cross-beam of They must be for the rich. wood

Representeth the Holy Rood,

Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.

And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung

Is the mind of man, that round and round

Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!

And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,

Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity

Of Morals, and Symbols, and History; And the upward and downward motions show low:

That we touch upon matters high and And the constant change and transmutation

Of action and of contemplation, Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,

Upward, exalted again to the sky: Downward, the literal interpretation, Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an end, I have only one word more to say; In the church, in honour of Easter day, Will be represented a Miracle Play; And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.

Christ bring us at last to his felicity! Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

### In the Cathedral.

Chant.

Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!

Elsie. I am at home here in my Father's house!

These paintings of the Saints upon the walls.

Have all familiar and benignant faces. Prince Henry. The portraits of the family of God!

Thine own hereaster shall be placed among them.

Elsie. How very grand it is and wonderful!

Never have I beheld a church so splendid!

Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the

I should not like

To tell my sins in such a church as this. Who built it?

Prince Henry. A great master of his craft,

Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone,

For many generations laboured with

Children that came to see these Saints in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks they rose,

Grew old and died, and still the work went on,

And on, and on, and is not yet completed.

The generation that succeeds our own Perhaps may finish it. The architect Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,

And with him toiled his children, and their lives

Were builded, with his own, into the walls.

As offerings unto God. You see that statue

Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled

SHEE!

STATES STATES STATES

Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder. That is the image of the master, carved

By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

How beautiful is the column Elsie. that he looks at!

Prince Henry. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it

Stand the Evangelists; above their heads

Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,

And over them the blessed Christ surrounded

By his attendant ministers, upholding The instruments of his passion.

Elsie. O my Lord! Would I could leave behind me upon earth

Some monument to thy glory, such as this!

Prince Henry. A greater monument than this thou leavest

In thine own life, all purity and love! See, too, the Rose, above the western portal colours,

And under them so many confessionals. Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous

### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness! Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,

Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us!

(A Bishop in armour, booted and spurred, passes with his train.)

Prince Henry. But come away; we have not time to look.

The crowd already fills the church, and yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet, Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims The Mystery that will now be represented.

# THE NATIVITY. A MIRACLE PLAY.

INTROITUS.

Praco. Come, good people, all and

Come and listen to our speech! In your presence here I stand, With a trumpet in my hand, To announce the Easter Play, Which we represent to-day! First of all we shall rehearse. In our action and our verse, The Nativity of our Lord, As written in the old record Of the Protevangelion, So that he who reads may run!

(Blows his trumpet.)

#### I. HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity, Lord! be not afraid

To save mankind, whom thou hast made,

Nor let the souls that were betrayed Perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not

When in the garden placed by thee. The fruit of the forbidden tree He ate, and he must die! Mercy. Have pity, Lord! let peni-

tence Atone for disobedience,

Nor let the fruit of man's offence

Be endless misery!

*Yustice.* What penitence proportionate

Can e'er be felt for sin so great? Of the forbidden fruit he ate,

And damned must he be! God. He shall be saved, if that within The bounds of earth one free from sin Be found, who for his kith and kin

Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! we have searched the world around, From centre to the utmost bound, But no such mortal can be found;

Desparing, back we come. Wisdom. No mortal, but a God made man,

Can ever carry out this plan, Achieving what none other can, Salvation unto all!

God. Go, then, O my beloved Son! It can by thee alone be done; By thee the victory shall be won O'er Satan and the Fall!

(Here the Angel Gabriel shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth: the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.)

#### II. MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and thence

Through the wicket in the garden fence, I steal with quiet pace, My pitcher at the well to fill,

That lies so deep and cool-and still In this sequestered place. These sycamores keep guard around

I see no face, I hear no sound; Save bubblings of the spring,

And my companions, who within The threads of gold and scarlet spin, And at their labour sing.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

(Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this place,

With such a gentle voice? Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is with thee now!

Blessed among all women thou, Who art his holy choice!

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Mary (setting down the pitcher). What can this mean? No one is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear, I almost fear to stay.

b

かんかんりのからののかなか

やのうななからからなるなかなななななななななななななるなのなるなるなるので

¢ ¢

9.40

(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall say:)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but believe!

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary! from the sky The majesty of the Most High Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the Lord!

According to thy holy word, So be it unto me!

(Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.)

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The Angels. The Angels of the Planets Seven,

Across the shining fields of heaven The natal star we bring!

Dropping our sevenfold virtues down, As priceless jewels in the crown

Of Christ, our new-born King. Raphael. I am the Angel of the Sun, Whose flaming wheels began to run When God's almighty breath

Said to the darkness and the Night, Let there be light! and there was light!

I bring the gift of Faith.

Gabriel. I am the Angel of the Moon.

Darkened, to be rekindled soon Beneath the azure cope!

Nearest to earth, it is my ray That best illumes the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope!

Anael. The Angel of the Star of Love,

The Evening Star, that shines above The place were lovers be,

Above all happy hearths and homes, On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,

I give him Charity! Zobiachel. The planet Jupiter is mine!

The mightiest star of all that shine, Except the sun alone!

He is the High Priest of the Dove, And sends, from his great throne above,

**然於於來為為自力** 

Justice, that shall atone! Michael. The Planet Mercury, whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space, Is my allotted sphere! And with celestial ardour swift I bear upon my hands the gift

Of heavenly Prudence here! Uriel. I am the Minister of Mars, The strongest star among the stars!

My songs of power prelude The march and battle of man's life, And for the suffering and the strife,

I give him Fortitude! Orifel. The Angel of the uttermost Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse Of the Saturnian, endless space I bring the last, the crowning grace, The gift of Temperance!

(A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the village below.)

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN Three Gypsy Kings, and CHILD. GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BEL-SHAZZAR, shall come in.

Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth!

Though in a manger thou draw breath,

Thou art greater than Life and Death, Greater than Joy or Woe! This cross upon the line of life Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife, And through a region with peril rife In darkness shalt thou go!

Melchior. Hail to thee, King of erusalem!

Though humbly born in Betlehem, A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand! The sceptre is a simple reed, The crown will make thy temples

bleed, And in thy hour of greatest need, Abashed thy subjects stand! Belshazzar. Hail to thee, Christ of

Christendom! O'er all the earth thy kingdom come! From distant Trebizond to Rome Thy name shall men adore!

Peace and good-will among all men, The Virgin has returned again, Returned the old Saturnian reign And Golden Age once more. The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son of God am I. Jesus the Son of God am

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Herod. Ho, seneschal! another cup!
With wine of Sorek fill it up!
I would a bumper drain!
Rehab. May maledictions fall and blast
Thyself and lineage to the last
Of all thy kith and kin!
Herod. Another gobbet! quick! and site
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrth
And calamus therein!
Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy child into our hands!
It is King Herod who commands.
That he should thus be slain!
The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous men! What have ye done!
It is King Herod's only son
That ye have left in twain!
Herod. Ah luckless day! What words of fear
Are these that smile upon my ear With such a doleful sound!
What torments rack my heart and head.
Would! were dead! would I were dead.
And buried in the ground!
He falls down and writhes as though calen by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.)

Will. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.
Jesus. The shower is over. Let us play.
Down by the river's side.
Jakes See, how the stream has overflowed
It is kanks, and o'er the meadow road is spreading far and wide!

With Jesus and o'er the meadow road is spreading far and wide!

With Jesus and o'er the meadow road is spreading far and wide!

With Jesus and o'er the meadow road is spreading far and wide!

With Jesus and he other boys do the same.)

Will. The VILLAGE SCHOOL.

There's not a beggar in the street!
Makes such a sorry sight!

Will. The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high shool, with a rod in his hand.)

Will. The Rabbi Ben Israel.
Throughout this village known full well.

With All that mad upon your feet!
There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

Rabbi I am the Rabbi Ben Israel.
Throughout this village known full well.

With All that mad upon your feet!
There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

Rabbi I am the Rabbi Ben Israel.
Throughout this village known full well.

With All that mad upon your feet!
Three is the street of the street of

#### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

That I no difference can see Between "Accursed Haman be!" And "Blessed be Mordecai!"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or not.
Why howl the dogs at night?
Judas. In the Rabbinical Book, it

The dogs howl, when with icy breath Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,
Takes through the town his flight!
Rabbi. Well, boy! now say, if thou

art wise,

When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,

Comes where a sick man dying lies,
What doth he to the wight?
Judas. He stands beside him, dark

and tall, Holding a sword, from which doth fall

Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.

Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say to me

What the great Voices Four may be, That quite across the world do flee,

And are not heard by men?

Judas. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,

The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome, The Voice of a Soul that goeth home, And the Angel of the Rain!

Rabbi. Right are thine answers, every one!

Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son, Let us see how thy task is done, Canst thou thy letters say?

Jesus. Aleph.

Rabbi. What next? Do not stop vet!

Go on with all the alphabet,

Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou forget?

Cock's soul! thou'dst rather play!

Jesus. What Aleph means I fain

would know,

Before I any further go!

Rabbi. O, by Saint Peter; wouldst

thou so? 'ome hither boy to

Come hither, boy, to me.
As surely as the letter Jod
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,

And punished shalt thou be!

(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike JESUS, and his right arm shall be paralysed.)

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

(JESUS sitting among his playmates crowned with flowers as their King.)

Boys. We spread our garments on the ground!

With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned,

While like a guard we stand around,
And hail thee as our King!
Thou art the new King of the Jews!
Nor let the passers-by refuse
To bring that homage which men

To majesty to bring,

(Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say:)

Boys. Come hither! and all reverence pay

Unto our monarch, crowned to-day! Then go rejoicing on your way,

In all prosperity!

Traveller. Hail to the King of Bethlehem.

Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!

(He passes by; and others come in, bearing on a litter a sick child.)

Boys. Set down the litter and draw near!

The King of Bethlehem is here! What ails the child, who seems to fear

That we shall do him harm?

The Bearers. He climbed up to the robin's nest,

And out there darted, from his rest, A serpent with a crimson crest,

And stung him in the arm.

Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me feel

The wounded place; my touch can heal

The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite!

(He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.)

Cease to lament! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be
Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite!

#### EPILOGUE.

世界を

中国教育的公司人民教教教教教教教教教教教教教育自己会会的教育教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教教

ø

0

こうのかは、なんながれていることのか

In the after part of the day Will be represented another play, Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord, Beginning directly after Nones!

At the close of which we shall accord,

By way of benison and reward, The sight of a holy Martyr's bones!

#### IV.

The road to Hirschau. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with their attendants, on horseback.

Elsie. Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing

Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring!

Prince Henry. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,

But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma

Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide;

Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side?

Elsie. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain,

Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the waggoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,

While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;

Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

Elsie. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat:

"我也我也我也我也是我也是我也是我也是我也是我的我们是我们是我们的我们

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(They turn down a green lane.)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;

We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side!

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide?

Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known these scenes of old,

Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain!

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,

That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(They pass on.)

The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest. The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place

With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair To breathe an ejaculatory prayer, And a benediction on the vines [wines! That produce these various sorts of For my part, I am well content tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those [foes; ' Who have to contend with invisible But I am quite sure it does not agree With a quiet, peaceable man like me, Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind and mind! That are always distressed in body And at times it really does me good To come down among this brotherhood,

Dwelling for ever under ground, Silent, contemplative, round sound;

Each one old, and brown with mould, But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth, truth, With the latent power and love of And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide, When buds are swelling on every side, And the sap begins to move in the vine, Then in all cellars, far and wide, The oldest, as well as the newest, wine Begins to stir itself, and ferment, With a kind of revolt and discontent At being so long in darkness pent, And fain would burst from its sombre

To bask on the hillside in the sun; As in the bosom of us poor friars, The tumult of half-subdued desires For the world that we have left behind Disturbs at times all peace of mind! And now that we have lived through My duty it is, as often before, [Lent, To open awhile the prison-door, And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone, And has stood a hundred years or more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar, Trailing and sweeping along the floor, Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave, Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave, Till his beard has grown through the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the dead! In its veins the blood is hot and red, And a heart still beats in those ribs of

That time may have tamed, but has not broke.

It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine, Is one of the three best kinds of wine, That we have got through with the And cost some hundred florins the ohm;

> But that I do not consider dear, When I remember that every year Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome. And whenever a goblet thereof I drain, The old rhyme keeps running in my brain!

> > At Bacharach on the Rhine, At Hochheim on the Main, And at Würzburg on the Stein, Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.

In particular Würzburg well may boast Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost, Which of all wines I like the most. This I shall draw for the Abbot's

drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

# (Fills a flagon.)

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs From the deep flagon while it fills, As of hyacinths and daffodils! Between this cask and the Abbot's lips Many have been the sips and slips; Many have been the draughts of wine, On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;

And many a time my soul has hankered For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,

When it should have been busy with other affairs,

Less with its longings and more with its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward condition, [tion; No danger of death and eternal perdi-

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all, Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

\*\*\*\*\*

9,44,4

2,0,0,0

44,4

(He drinks.)

O cordial delicious! O soother of pain! It flashes like sunshine into my brain! A benison rest on the Bishop who sends

Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends!

And now a flagon for such as may ask A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,

And I will be gone, though I know full well

The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound and good.

Brown and old in his oaken hood; Silent he seems externally As any Carthusian monk may be;

But within, what a spirit of deep unrest!

What a seething and simmering in his breast!

As if the heaving of his great heart Would burst his belt of oak apart! Let me unloose this button of wood, And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

#### (Sets it running.)

See! how its currents gleam and shine, As if they had caught the purple hues Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine, Descending and mingling with the dews;

Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,

Was taken and crucified by the Jews, In that ancient town of Bacharach; Perdition upon those infidel Jews, In that ancient town of Bacharach! The beautiful town that gives us wine With the fragrant odour of Muscadine! I should deem it wrong to let this pass Without first touching my lips to the glass,

For here in the midst of the current I stand.

Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river.

Taking toll upon either hand, And much more grateful to the giver.

(He drinks.)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind, Such as in any town you may find, Such as one might imagine would suit The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.

And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Huffelsheim.
A jolly old toper! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
And ask with a laugh, when that was
done.

If the fellow had left the other one!
This wine is as good as we can afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower
board,

And cannot distinguish bad from good,

And are far better off than if they could,

Being rather the rude disciples of beer Than of anything more refined and 4,60,000,00

٠

(Fills the other flagon and departs.)

The Scriptorium. FRIAR PACIFICUS transcribing and illuminating.

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark!
Yet one line more,

And then my work for to-day is o'er. I come again to the name of the Lord! Ere I that awful name record,

That is spoken so lightly among men, Let me pause awhile and wash my pen;

Pure from blemish and blot must it be When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on, Nearly through the Gospel of John. Can it be that from the lips Of this same gentle Evangelist,

That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look, [book,
As it stands there at the end of the
Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,

Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing
verse!

God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,

#### GOLDÊN LEGEND. THE

Lest my part too should be taken away [ From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day,

This is well written, though I say it I I should not be afraid to display it, In open day, on the selfsame shelf With the writings of St. Thecla herself, Or of Theodosius, who of old Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold! That goodly folio standing yonder, Without a single blot or blunder, Would not bear away the palm from mine,

If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter l Saint Ulric himself never made a better!

Finished down to the leaf and the snail, Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!

417

And now, as I turn the volume over, And see what lies between cover and cover.

What treasures of art these pages hold, All a-blaze with crimson and gold, God forgive me! I seem to feel A certain satisfaction steal Into my beart, and into my brain, As if my talent had not lain Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain. Yes, I might almost say to the Lord, Here is a copy of thy Word, Written out with much toil and pain; Take it, O Lord, and let it be As something I have done for thee I

(He looks from the window.)

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene 1

I wish I had as lovely a green

٨

Ă

To paint my landscapes and my leaves! [eaves! How the swallows twitter under the There, now, there is one in her nest; I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast.

XXX

4

And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book. (He makes a sketch.)

yonder [thunder
A shower is passing; I hear the
Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and
main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble
rider!

Now she gives him her hand to alight;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful
Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall paint. (Goes out.)

The Cloisters. The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the wall Steals the sunshine, steals the shade; Evening damps begin to fall, Evening shadows are displayed. Round me, o'er me, everywhere, All the sky is grand with clouds, And athwart the evening air Wheel the swallows home in crowds. Shafts of sunshine from the west Paint the dusky windows red; Darker shadows, deeper rest, Underneath and overhead. Darker, darker, and more wan, In my breast the shadows fall; Upward steals the life of man, As the sunshine from the wall. From the wall into the sky, From the roof along the spire; Ah, the souls of those that die Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY.)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen!

Abbot. Amen! he is arisen!

His peace be with you!

Prince Henry. Here it reigns

for ever!

The peace of God, that passeth understanding,

Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent?

Abbot. I am.

Prince Henry. And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

Who crave your hospitality to-night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honour; and we shall requite it,

I fear, but poorly, entertaining you With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.

Prince Henry. How fares it with the

holy monks of Hirschau?
Are all things well with them?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent! I have known it long

By the report of travellers. I now see Their commendations lag behind the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the Nagold

As in a nest: and the still river, gliding Along its bed, is like an admonition How all things pass. Your lands are

rich and ample,
And your revenues large. God's
benediction

Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,

When he departed, left us in his will, As our best legacy on earth, the poor! These we have always with us; had

Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember right, the Counts of Calva

Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say.

Prince Henry. And, if I err not, it is very old.

418

Ł

À

λ

Á

 $\lambda$ 

○<del>⋞</del>○⋞○⋞○⋞○⋞○⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋴⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼⋞⋼

Abbot. Within these cloisters lie already buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags

On which we stand, the Abbot William lies.

Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose tomb is that,

Which bears the brass escutcheon?

Abbot. A benefactor's,

Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood

Godfather to our bells.

Prince Henry. Your monks are learned

And holy men, I trust.

Abbot. There are among them Learned and holy men. Yet in this age

We need another Hildebrand, to shake And purify us like a mighty wind.

The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder

God does not lose his patience with it wholly,

And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,

Within these walls, where all should be at peace,

I have my trials. Time has laid his hand

Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it, But as a harper lays his open palm Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

Ashes are on my head, and on my lips Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness

And weariness of life, that makes me ready

To say to the dead Abbots under us,
"Make room for me!" Only I see
the dusk

Of evening twilight coming, and have not

Completed half my task; and so at times

The thought of my shortcomings in this life

Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

Prince Henry. We must all die, and not the old alone;

The young have no exemption from that doom.

Abbot. Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!

**ᢀ᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈᠆᠈** 

That is the difference.

laud f your transcribers. Your Scripto-

Prince Henry. I have heard much

Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium

Is famous among all; your manuscripts

(人)を入いた

Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,

You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile

Shall the Refectorarius bestow

Your horses and attendants for the night.

(They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.)

The Chapel. Vespers: after which the monks retire, a chorister leading an old monk who is blind.

Prince Henry. They are all gone, save one who lingers,
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.
As if his heart could find no rest,
At times he beats his heaving breast
With clenched and convulsive fingers,
Then lifts them trembling in the air.
A chorister, with golden hair,
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
Can it be so? Or does my sight
Deceive me in the uncertain light?
Ah no! I recognize that face,
Though Time has touched it in his

flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,
The deadliest foe of all our race,

And hateful unto me and mine!

The Blind Monk. Who is it that doth stand so near

His whispered words I almost hear?

Prince Henry. I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine! I know you, and I see the scar, The brand upon your forehead, shine And redden like a baleful star!

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo once, but now the wreck Of what I was. O Hoheneck!

The passionate will, the pride, the wrath

That bore me headlong on my path, Stumbled and staggered into fear, And failed me in my mad career,

419

As a tired steed some evil-doer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close behind
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.
Then suddenly from the dark there
came

1

Ý

A voice that called me by my name, And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"

And so my terror passed away,
Passed utterly away for ever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
A hope, a longing, an endeavour,
By days of penance and nights of prayer,

To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains start,
Where once the hot volcano glowed.
And you, O prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier time,
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.
Give me your hand; here let me kneel;
Make your reproaches sharp as steel;
Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!
Yes; lift your princely hand, and take
Revenge, if 'tis revenge you seek;
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

Prince Henry. Arise, Count Hugo!
let there be

No further strife nor enmity
Between us twain; we both have erred!
Too rash in act, too wroth in word.
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's right,
And each reliant on his might.
But now our souls are more subdued;
The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of pain.
Let us kneel down, and side by side
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

(They kneel.)

The Refectory. Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight. LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.

Friar Paul (sings).

Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia!

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise, my worthy freres,
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

Friar Paul (sings).

O! quam placens in colore!

O! quam fragrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your tongue had broken its chain!

Friar Paul (sings).

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!

Friar Cuthbert. Peace! I say, peace!

Will you never cease!

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again!

Friar John. No danger! to-night he will let us alone,

As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they?
Friar John. A German Prince and his train,

Who arrived here just before the rain. There is with him a damsel fair to see, As slender and graceful as a reed! When she alighted from her steed, It seemed like a blossom blown from a tree.

Friar Cuthbert. None of your palefaced girls for me!

None of your damsels of high degree!

Friar John. Come, old fellow, drink
down to your peg!

But do not drink any farther, I beg!

Friar Paul (sings).
In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold!

Friar Cuthbert. What an infernal racket and riot!

Can you not drink your wine in quiet!

Why fill the convent with such scandals, As if we were so many drunken Van-

> Friar Paul (continues). Now we have changed That law so good, To crosier of gold And bishop of wood!

Friar Cuthbert. Well, then, since you are in the mood To give your noisy humours vent, Sing and howl to your heart's content!

Chorus of Monks.

Funde vinum, funde! Tanquam sint fluminis undæ, Nec quæras unde, Sed fundas semper abunde!

Friar John. What is the name of yonder friar,

With an eye that glows like a coal of fire.

And such a black mass of tangled hair? Friar Paul. He who is sitting there, With a rollicking,

Devil may care,

Free-and-easy look and air,

As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking?

Friar John. The same. Friar Paul. He's a stranger. You ] had better ask his name,

And where he is going, and whence he

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar! Friar Paul. You must raise your voice a little higher,

He does not seem to hear what you say. Now, try again! He is looking this

way.
Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar.

We wish to inquire

Whence you came, and where you are going,

And anything else that is worth the knowing,

So be so good as to open your head. Lucifer. I am a Frenchman born and bred,

Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.

My home

Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys, Of which, very like, you never have heard.

Monks. Never a word! Lucifer. You must know, then, it is in the diocese

Called the Diocese of Vannes,

In the province of Brittany. From the gray rocks of Morbihan It overlooks the angry sea; The very sea-shore where, In his great despair, Abbot Abelard walked to and fro, Filling the night with woe, And wailing aloud to the merciless

The name of his sweet Heloise! Whilst overhead

The convent windows gleamed as red As the fiery eyes of the monks within, Who with jovial din

Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin! Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!

Over the doors,

None of your death-heads carved in wood,

None of your Saints looking pious and good,

None of your patriarchs old and shabby;

But the heads and tusks of boars, And the cells

Hung all round with the fells

Of the fallow-deer. And then what cheer;

What jolly, fat friars,

Sitting round the great, roaring fires,

Roaring louder than they, With their strong wines,

And their concubines.

And never a bell,

With its swagger and swell,

Calling you up with a start of affright In the dead of night,

To send you grumbling down dark stairs,

To mumble your prayers.

But the cheery crow

Of cocks in the yard below,

After daybreak, an hour or so,

And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,

These are the sounds

That, instead of bells, salute the ear.

And then all day

Up and away Through the forest, hunting the deer! Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here You are a little too pious, a little too

tame, And the more is the shame.

'Tis the greatest folly

Not to be jolly;

That's what I think!

Come drink, drink, Drink, and die game!

Monks. And your Abbot What's-his-name?

Lucifer. Abelard!

Monks. Did he drink hard?

Lucifer. O no! Not he!

He was a dry old fellow,

Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,

Lowering at us in sullen mood, As if he had come into Brittany Just to reform our brotherhood!

(A roar of laughter.)

But you see

It never would do!

For some of us knew a thing or two, In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys!

For instance, the great ado With old Fulbert's niece,

The young and lovely Heloise.

Friar John. Stop there, if you please, Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

All (drinking and shouting).
Heloise! Heloise!

(The Chapel-bell tolls.)

Lucifer (starting). What is that bell for? Are you such asses

As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor unfortunate brother,

Who is gifted with most miraculous powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours, And, by way of penance and Christian

meekness,
Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell;
So that all the monks who are lying

awake

May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,

And adapted to his peculiar weakness!

Friar John. From frailty and fall—
All. Good Lord, deliver us all!

Friar Cuthbert. And before the bell
for matins sounds,

He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes, Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you please, [Rhuys.

With your story about St. Gildas de

Lucifer. Well, it finally came to pass That, half in fun and half in malice, One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the chalice. But, either by accident or design,

Peter Abelard kept away

From the chapel that day, And a poor young friar, who in his stead XXX.

XXX

Drank the sacramental wine, Fell on the steps of the altar, dead!

But look! do you see at the window there

That face, with a look of grief and despair,

That ghastly face, as of one in pain?

Monks. Who? where?

Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished away again.

Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious Siebald the Refectorarius.

That fellow is always playing the scout, Creeping and peeping and prowling about;

And then he regales

The Abbot with scandalous tales.

Lucifer. A spy in the convent? One of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the others?
Out upon him, the lazy loon!

I would put a stop to that pretty soon, In a way he should rue it.

Monks. How shall we do it?

Lucifer. Do you, brother Paul, Creep under the window, close to the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call. Then seize the villain by the hair,

And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for all. Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan of old,

We are told,

Once caught the Devil by the nose!

Lucifer. Ha! ha! that story is very clever,

But has no foundation whatsoever. Quick! for I see his face again Glaring in at the window-pane;

Now! now! and do not spare your blows.

(FRIAR PAUL opens the window suddenly and seizes SIEBALD. They beat him.)

Friar Siebald. Help! help! are you going to slay me?

Friar Paul. That will teach you again to betray me!

Friar Siebald. Mercy! mercy!

Friar Paul (shouting and beating).

Rumpas bellorum lorum,
Vim confer amorum
Morum verorum rorum
Tu plena polorum!

Lucifer. Who stands in the doorway yonder,

Stretching out his trembling hand, Just as Abelard used to stand, The flash of his keen black eyes Forerunning the thunder?

Y

¥

The Monks (in confusion). The Abbot! the Abbot!

Friar Cuthbert. And what is the wonder!

He seems to have taken you by surprise.

Friar Francis. Hide the great flagon From the eyes of the dragon!

Friar Cuthbert. Pull the brown hood over your face!

This will bring us into disgrace!

Abbot. What means this revel and

carouse?
Is this a tavern and drinking-house?
Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,

To pollute this convent with your revels?

Were Peter Damian still upon earth, To be shocked by such ungodly mirth, He would write your names, with pen of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all! Away, you drunkards! to your cells, And pray till you hear the matin-bells; You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul!

And as a penance mark each prayer With the scourge upon your shoulders bare;

Nothing atones for such a sin But the blood that follows the discipline. And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with

Alone into the sacristy;

You, who should be a guide to your brothers,

And are ten times worse than all the others,

For you I've a draught that has long been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the doing! Away to your prayers, then, one and

I wonder the very convent wall [fall!]
Does not crumble and crush you in its

The neighbouring Nunnery. The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE in the moonlight.

Irmingard. The night is silent, the wind is still,

The moon is looking from yonder hill Down upon convent, and grove, and garden;

The clouds have passed away from her face.

Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,

Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed
with pardon!

And such am I. My soul within Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.

But now its wounds are healed again; Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain;

For across that desolate land of woe, O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go.

Ĭ

4

4

A wind from heaven began to blow; And all my being trembled and shook, As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,

And I was healed, as the sick are healed,

When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book.

As thou sittest in the moonlight there, Its glory flooding thy golden hair, And the only darkness that which lies In the haunted chambers of thine eyes, I feel my soul drawn unto thee, Strangely, and strongly, and more and

As to one I have known and loved before;

For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mystery!
I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name!
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and
hard,

Has found through me the way to fame.

Brief and bright were those days, and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid light.

Love, that of every woman's heart Will have the whole, and not a part, That is to her, in Nature's plan, More than ambition is to man, Her light, her life, her very breath, With no alternative but death, Found me a maiden soft and young, Just from the convent's cloistered school, And seated on my lowly stool, Attentive while the minstrels sung, Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall, Fairest, noblest, best of all, Was Walter of the Vogelweid; And, whatsoever may betide, Still I think of him with pride I His song was of the summer-time, The very birds sang in his rhyme; The sunshine, the delicious air, The fragrance of the flowers, And I grew restless as I heard, [there; Restless and buoyant as a bird,

į

ŧ

サスガン ぜつ

A SA SA

۳

使の事の者を参う

Ť

Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing, Yielding and borne I knew not where, But feeling resistance unavailing,

And thus, unnoticed and apart, And more by accident than choice, I listened to that single voice Until the chambers of my heart Were filled with it by night and day, One night,—it was a night in May,— Within the garden, unawares, Under the blossoms in the gloom, I heard it utter my own name With protestations and wild prayers; And it rang through me, and became Like the archangel's trump of doom, Which the soul hears, and must obey; And mine arose as from a tomb. My former life now seemed to me Such as hereafter death may be, When in the great Eternity We shall awake and find it day. It was a dream, and would not stay; A dream, that in a single night aded and vanished out of sight. Ty father's anger followed fast his passion, as a freshening blast

424

Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage It may increase, but not assuage. And he exclaimed: "No wandering bard

Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard!
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied:
"Henry of Hoheneck I discard!
Never the hand of Irmingard
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!"
This said I, Walter, for thy sake;
This said I, for I could not choose.
After a pause, my father spake
In that cold and deliberate tone
Which turns the hearer into stone,
And seems itself the act to be
That follows with such dread certainty;

"This, or the cloister and the veil!"
No other words than these he said,
But they were like a funeral wail;
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy pace, Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.
In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor
face.

Only a bulk without a shape, A darker shadow in the shade; One scarce could say it moved or stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape!
A foaming brook, with many a bound,
Followed us like a playful hound;
Then leaped before us, and in the
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow, And seemed impatient, and afraid That our tardy flight should be betrayed [made.]

By the sound our horses' hoof-beats
And when we reached the plain below,
We paused a moment and drew rein
To look back at the castle again;
And we saw the windows all aglow
With lights, that were passing to and
fro:

Our hearts with terror ceased to beat;
The brook crept silent to our feet;
We knew what most we feared to know.
Then suddenly horns began to blow;
Behind me close, to ope no me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shud And on my bruised spirit fell

And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,

And our horses snorted in the damp Night-air of the meadows green and wide,

And in a moment, side by side, So close, they must have seemed but one,

The shadows across the moonlight run.

And another came, and swept behind, Like the shadow of clouds before the wind!

How I remember that breathless flight Across the moors, in the summer night!

How under our feet the long, white road

Backward like a river flowed, Sweeping with it fences and hedges, Whilst farther away, and overhead, Paler than I, with fear and dread, The moon fled with us, as we fled Along the forest's jagged edges!

All this I can remember well;
But of what afterwards befell
I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong
fall;

The rest is a blank and darkness all.
When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows narrow
and tall;

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay!
I was lying again in my own room!
And I thanked God, in my fever and
pain,

That those shadows on the midnight plain

Were gone, and could not come again! I struggled no longer with my doom!

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so.
And when I heard the convent door
Behind me close, to ope no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell

The dampness of my narrow cell As night-air on a wounded man, Giving intolerable pain.

(3) (8) (B)

3

0000000

000

000

· (3)

But now a better life began. I felt the agony decrease By slow degrees, then wholly cease, Ending in perfect rest and peace! It was not apathy, nor dulness, That weighed and pressed upon my brain.

But the same passion I had given To earth before, now turned to heaven With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril! The path that runs through the fairest meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads Into a region bleak and sterile! Alike in the high-born and the lowly, The will is feeble, and passion strong. We cannot sever right from wrong; Some falsehood mingles with all truth; Nor is it strange the heart of youth Should waver and comprehend but slowly

The things that are holy and unholy! But in this sacred, calm retreat, We are all well and safely shielded From winds that blow, and waves that

From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,

To which the strongest hearts have yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven, For our celestial bridegroom yearning; Our hearts are lamps for ever burning, With a steady and unwavering flame, Pointing upward, for ever the same, Steadily upward toward the heaven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud: A sudden darkness fills the room. And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom, Shine like jewels in a shroud. On the leaves is a sound of falling rain; A bird, awakened in its nest, Gives a faint twitter of unrest, Then smooths its plumes and sleeps again.

No other sounds than these I hear: The hour of midnight must be near. Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue

Of riding many a dusty league; Sink, then, gently to thy slumber: Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of fright, Have started from their graves tonight,

They have driven sleep from mine eyes away:

I will go down to the chapel and pray.

A covered bridge at Lucerne.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build

The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses Before impassable to human feet,

No less than on the builders of cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death. Well has the name of Pontifex-been given

Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder

୵୲୵୵୵୵୵୵୵୵୵୵୵୷୴୰୷୵୷ୡ୷୷ଵୄଌଊ୕୷ୠ୷୷୕ୣ୷ୠଊ୕ୡଡ଼୕ଊଡ଼୕ଌଊ୕ୡଌ୕ଌ୕ୡୠଊୡ୕ୠଊୡଊୠ୷ଵଌ୕ୡଊୡଌ୕ୡୡୡଌ୕ୡୠ୷ଵୄୡଊୠୡୡୠୠୡୡୠୠ୷୴ୠ୷୷

And architect of the invisible bridge That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows! What are these paintings on the walls around us?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macaber! What?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death! All that go to and fro must look upon it, Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life, With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,

Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

Elsie. O yes! I see it now!

Prince Henry. The grim musician Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,

To different sounds in different measures moving;

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,

To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture? Prince Henry. It is a young man singing to a nun,

Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling

426

P. C. C. C.

Turns round to look at him, and . Death, meanwhile,

Is putting out the candles on the altar! Elsie. Ah, what a pity 'tis that she should listen

Unto such songs, when in her orisons She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,

And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest! Prince Henry. And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,

Coming from church with her beloved lord.

He startles with the rattle of his drum.

Elsie. Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 'tis best

That she should die, with all the sunshine on her, [ing,

And all the benedictions of the morn-Before this affluence of golden light Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,

Then into darkness!

Prince Henry. Under it is written, "Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

Elsie. And what is this, that follows close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,

A poor old woman, with a rosary, Follows the sound, and seems to wish

her feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him. Under-

Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,

The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

Elsie. Better is Death than Life!
Ah yes! to thousands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings That song of consolation, till the air Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old alone.

But the young also hear it, and are still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder moments. 'Tis the sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,

Responding to the pressure of a finger With music sweet and low and melancholy.

Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you?

Prince Henry. For the reason

That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

Elsie. The grave itself is but a covered bridge,

Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

Prince Henry (emerging from the bridge). I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant

066-6

(C)

90300000

()·

୯୫୬ନ୍ଧ

To come once more into the light of day,

Out of that shadow of death! To hear again

The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,

And not upon those hollow planks, resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder
lies

The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled

In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native mountains.

Then pouring all her life into another's, Changing her name and being! Overhead.

Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air, Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(They pass on.)

The Devil's Bridge. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

Guide. This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge, It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath us, black and deep, As if, in some convulsive spasm, The summits of the hills had cracked, And made a road for the cataract,

That raves and rages down the steep!

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Never any bridge but this

Could stand across the wild abyss;

All the rest, of wood or stone,

By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

427

ŀ

And the mischief I make in the idle throng,

\*

100

1:4

I should not continue the business long.

Pilgrims (chanting).
In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens cælos,
In hâc semper festum melos!

Prince Henry. Do you observe that monk among the train,

Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,

As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,

And this way turns his rubicund, round face?

Elsie. It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,

Preached to the people in the open air.

Prince Henry. And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,

The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,

His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play,

Both as King Herod and Ben Israel. Good morrow, Friar!

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow, noble sir!

Prince Henry. I speak in German, for, unless I err,

You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gainsay . you.

But by what instinct, or what secret sign,

Meeting me here, do you straightway divine

That northward of the Alps my country lies?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,

Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face before,

And heard you preach at the cathedral door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.

We were among the crowd that gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many years

To walk with little children, your own will

(Cw00)

000000

00000

3000**0000**000

(C)

¥.

ROYA.

36.

(\*

**いののものなのなのなのでい** 

Had caught a childish attitude from theirs.

A kind of stooping in its form and gait, And could no longer stand erect and straight.

Whence come you now?

Friar Cuthbert. From the old monastery

Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,

To see the image of the Virgin Mary, That moves its holy eyes and sometimes speaks,

And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks.

To touch the hearts of the impenitent. Prince Henry. O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,

That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

Lucifer (at a distance). Ho, Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert!

Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince! I cannot stay to argue and convince.

I cannot stay to argue and convince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,

Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!

All hearts are touched and softened at her name:

Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever present!

And even as children, who have much offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame, Penitent, and yet not daring unattended

To go into his presence, at the gate Speak with their sister, and confiding

Till she goes in before and intercedes; So men, repenting of their evil deeds, And yet not venturing rashly to draw

near
With their requests an angry Father's
ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their confession.

And she for them in heaven makes intercession.

And if our Faith had given us nothing more

Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,

So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,

This were enough to prove it higher and truer

Than all the creeds the world had known before.

(°. (°

•

SOOBESS.

である

多多多

30000

Pilgrims (chanting afar off).

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!

The Inn at Genoa. A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it is the sea,

In all its vague immensity, Fading and darkening in the distance! Silent, majestical, and slow, The white ships haunt it to and fro, With all their ghostly sails unfurled, As phantoms from another world Haunt the dim confines of existence! But ah! how few can comprehend Their signals, or to what good end From land to land they come and go! Upon a sea more vast and dark The spirits of the dead embark, All voyaging to unknown coasts. We wave our farewells from the shore, And they depart, and come no more, Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our
ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea). Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,

But thou hast the power to end it!

The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet;
There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is
near; [breath,
Thou needest not whisper above thy
And he will hear;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear!

Prince Henry. The fisherman, who
lies afloat,

1000C

୵୷ୠୠ୕୕୷୕୕ୠଊ୷ୠଊୠ୕୷ଊ୕୵୷୰

. (1)

ありのかののかののものののの

のこうじじょ

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat, Is singing softly to the Night! But do I comprehend aright. The meaning of the words he sung So sweetly in his native tongue? Ah yes! the sea is still and deep. All things within its bosom sleep! A single step, and all is o'er; A plunge, a bubble, and no more; And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free From martyrdom and agony.

Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace). The night is calm and cloudless,

And still as still can be, And the stars come forth to listen To the music of the sea. They gather, and gather, and gather, Until they crowd the sky, And listen, in breathless silence, To the solemn litany. It begins in rocky caverns, As a voice that chants alone To the pedals of the organ In monotonous undertone; And anon from shelving beaches, And shallow sands beyond, In snow-white robes uprising The ghostly choirs respond. And sadly and unceasing The mournful voice sings on, And the snow-white choirs still answer Christe eleison!

Prince Henry. Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies!
Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes, [breeze,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in the And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves.

Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas, And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

But I hear discord only and despair, And whispers as of demons in the air !

43I

#### At Sea.

(A)

),

之中的的**的的**的的的有效的有效的有效的有效的有效

90

.

3,

きょうものかかのか

3

3

DESCRIPTION OF THE STATE OF THE

\*

(1)

11 Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,

And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
Swiftly our light felucca flies.
Around, the billows burst and foam;
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
They beat her sides with many a shock,
And then upon their flowing dome
They poise her, like a weathercock!
Between us and the western skies
The hills of Corsica arise;
Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,
The summits of the Apennine,
And southward, and still far away,
Salerno, on its sunny bay.
You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that nevermore mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or day!

Elsie. Behind us, dark and awfully,
There comes a cloud out of the sea,
That bears the form of a hunted deer,
With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,
And antlers laid upon its back,
And fleeing fast and wild with fear,
As if the hounds were on its track!

Prince Henry. Lo! while we gaze, it breaks and falls
In shapeless masses, like the walls
Of a burnt city. Broad and red
The fires of the descending sun
Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,

Athwart the vapours, dense and dun, Long shafts of silvery light arise, Like rafters that support the skies! Elsie. See! from its summit the

lurid levin
Flashes downward without warning,
As Lucifer, son of the morning,
Fell from the battlements of heaven!

Il Padrone. I must entreat you, friends, below!

The angry storm begins to blow, For the weather changes with the moon.

All this morning, until noon, We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to Saint Antonio

I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze he has sent a
gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars, With their glimmering lanterns, all at play

On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,

And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties! yo heave ho! Brail up the mainsail, and let her go As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward yonder,
Running with her gunwale under?
I was looking when the wind o'ertook
her.

DESENDED DESENDED DESENDES PROFES PROFES POR LA PORTINA DE LA PROPOSITION DEPUBBLICATION DE LA PROPOSITION DE LA PROPOSI

1

4

(1)

\*

大学のののののではいる

∢

てきのなののはのののなのかないです。

STATE OF THE

She had all sail set, and the only wonder

Is, that at once the strength of the blast Did not carry away her mast. She is a galley of the Gran Duca, That, through the fear of the Algerines.

Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
Now all is ready, high and low;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!
Ha! that is the first dash of the rain,
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails, And make them ready for the strain. See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,

And speeds away with a bone in her mouth!

Now keep her head toward the south, And there is no danger of bank or breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we go; Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

#### VI.

The School of Salerno. A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.

Scholastic. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield, Hung up as a challenge to all the field! One hundred and twenty-five propositions,

Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue
Against all disputants, old and young.

Let us see if doctors or dialecticians
Will dare to dispute my definitions,
Or attack any one of my learned theses.
Here stand I; the end shall be as God
pleases.

I think I have proved, by profound researches,

The error of all those doctrines so vicious

Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
That are making such terrible work in
the churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,

And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,

Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to maintain,

In the face of the truth, and error infernal.

That the universe is and must be eternal;

At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,

That nothing with God can be accidental:

Then asserting that God before the creation

\*\*\*\*

Could not have existed, because it is plain

That, had he existed, he would have created;

Which is begging the question that should be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than laughter.

All nature, he holds, is a respiration Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter,

Will inhale it into his bosom again, So that nothing but God alone will remain.

And therein he contradicteth himself; For he opens the whole discussion by stating,

That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

(He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.)

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,

That a word which is only conceived in the brain

Is a type of eternal Generation; The spoken word is the Incarnation. Doctor Cherubino. What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,

With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

Doctor Serafino. You make but a paltry show of resistance;

Universals have no real existence!

Doctor Cherubino. Your words are but idle and empty chatter;

Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

Doctor Serafino. May the Lord have mercy on your position,

You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs!

Doctor Cherubino. May he send your soul to eternal perdition,

For your treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

(They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.)

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then, is your College, [Salern? What think you of ours here at Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I

arrived so lately,

I hardly yet have had time to discern. So much at least, I am bound to acknowledge: [stately,

The air seems healthy, the buildings And on the whole I like it greatly.

First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet: the Calabrian hills

Send us down puffs of mountain air; And in summer time the sea-breeze fills

With its coolness cloister and court and square.

Then at every season of the year
There are crowds of guests and
travellers here;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders

From the Levant with figs and wine, And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,

Coming back from Palestine.

Second Scholar. And what are the studies you pursue?

What is the course you here go through?

First Scholar. The first three years of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source Of all that is noble, and wise, and true. Second Scholar. That seems rather

strange, I must confess, [less In a Medical School; yet neverthe-You doubtless have reasons for that.

REPRESENTATION OF THE STREET O

First Scholar. Oh yes!
For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician;
That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art;
For without it how could you hope to show

That nobody knows so much as you know?

After this there are five years more Devoted wholly to medicine, With lectures on chirurgical lore, And dissections of the bodies of swine, As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the books now most in vogue?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive catalogue;

Mosfly, however, books of our own; As Gariopontus' Passionarius,

And the writings of Matthew Platearius;

And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written in terse

And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its turn.

And when at length we have finished these.

Then comes the struggle for degrees, With all the oldest and ablest critics; The public thesis and disputation, Question and answer and explanation Of a passage out of Hippocrates, Or Aristotle's Analytics.

THE PARTY OF THE P

There the triumphant Magister stands! [hands,

A book is solemnly placed in his On which he swears to follow the rule And ancient forms of the good old School;

To report if any confectionarius Mingles his drugs with matters various, And to visit his patients twice a day, And once in the night, if they live in

And if they are poor, to take no pay.

Having faithfully promised these,

His head is crowned with a laurel crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morning before us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection,

And listen awhile to a learned prelection

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a doctor.)

Lucifer. This is the great School of Salern!

A land of wrangling and of quarrels, Of brains that seethe and hearts that burn.

Where every emulous scholar hears, In every breath that comes to his ears, The rustling of another's laurels!

The air of the place is called salubrious;

The neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it An odour volcanic, that rather mends it.

And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious, [ror

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

That inspires a feeling of awe and ter-Into the heart of the beholder, And befits such an ancient homestead

And befits such an ancient homestead of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands Are carried away, in the zeal of youth, And sown like tares in the field of truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here affixed to the gate?

The challenge of some scholastic wight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate
On sundry questions wrong or right!
Ah, now this is my great delight!
For I have often observed of late
That such discussions end in a fight.
Let us see what the learned wag
maintains

With such a prodigal-waste of brains. (Reads.)

"Whether angels in moving from place to place

Pass through the intermediate space; Whether God himself is the author of evil, [Devil;

Or whether that is the work of the

434

korreration proposition de la compartica de la compartica

# THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

When, where, and wherefore Lucifer! [hell." fell:

And whether he now is chained in

I think I can answer that question well!

So long as the boastful human mind Consents in such mills as this to grind, I sit very firmly upon my throne! Of a truth it almost makes me laugh, To see men leaving the golden grain To gather in piles the pitiful chaff

That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,

To have it caught up and tossed again On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is in the air Garden A fragrance like that of the Beautiful Of Paradise, in the days that were! An odour of innocence, and of prayer, And of love, and faith that never fails, Such as the fresh young heart exhales Before it begins to wither and harden!

I cannot breathe such an atmosphere! My soul is filled with a nameless fear, That, after all my trouble and pain, After all my restless endeavour,

The youngest, fairest soul of the twain, The most ethereal, most divine,

Will escape from my hands for ever and ever.

But the other is already mine! Let him live to corrupt his race, Breathing among them with every breath,

Weakness, selfishness, and the base And pusillanimous fear of death. I know his nature, and I know That of all who in my ministry Wander the great earth to and fro, And on my errands come and go, The safest and subtlest are such as he.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with attendants.)

Prince Henry. Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

Lucifer. He stands before you. Prince Henry. Then you know our

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and The maiden that I spake of in my

Lucifer. It is a very grave and solemn business! 435

E. E. C.

We must not be precipitate. Does she Without compulsion, of her own free will,

Consent to this?

Prince Henry. Against all opposi-

Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.

She will not be persuaded.

That is strange! Lucifer. Have you thought well of it?

Elsie. I come not here To argue, but to die. Your business

is not

To question, but to kill me. ready.

I am impatient to be gone from here Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again

なるというと

Sec. 5162.

The spirit of tranquillity within me. Prince Henry. Would I had not come here! Would I were dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,

And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?

Let me go back and die.

It cannot be; Elsie. Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread

Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway

Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it: Not one step farther. For I only meant

To put thus far thy courage to the proof.

It is enough. I, too, have strength to die,

For thou hast taught me!

Elsie. O my Prince! remember Let me fulfil my Your promises. errand.

You do not look on life and death as I do.

There are two angels that attend unseen

Each one of us, and in great books record

Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down

The good ones, after every action closes God. .His volume, and ascends with it to

RESERVATE CONTRACTOR OF CAREAUTERS CONTRACTOR CONTRACTO

The other keeps his dreadful daybook open

Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,

The record of the action fades away, And leaves a line of white across the page.

Now if my act be good, as I believe, It cannot be recalled. It is already Sealed up in heaven as a good deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

# (To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, [heaven.

And you will have another friend in Then start not at the creaking of the door

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

# (To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison

Unto my father's house, and all within it.

This morning in the church I prayed for them,

After confession, after absolution,

When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they need me not.

And in your life let my remembrance linger,

As something not to trouble and disturb it,

But to complete it, adding life to life. And if at times beside the evening fire You see my face among the other faces.

Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a
guest that loves you,

Nay, even as one of your own family, Without whose presence there were something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

Prince Henry. Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,

Believe not what she says, for she is mad,

And comes here not to die, but to be healed.

Elsie. Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer. Come with me; this way.

(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and closes the door.)

Prince Henry. Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the

world!

O, what a vile and abject thing am I, That purchase length of days at such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the death

Of all that's good and true and noble in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature By this one act is forfeited for ever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her [derer! From self-destruction? Angelo! mur-

(Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.)

Elsie (within). Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door! Lucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not be too late!

(They burst the door open and rush in.)

The Cottage in the Odenwald. URSULA spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.

Ursula. I have marked it well,—it must be true,—

Death never takes one alone, but two! Whenever he enters in at a door, Under roof of gold or roof of thatch, He always leaves it upon the latch, And comes again ere the year is o'er. Never one of a household only! Perhaps it is a mercy of God, Lest the dead there under the sod, In the land of strangers, should be lonely!

436.

ara da arara arara da arara d

#### THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!
It is hard to go,—but harder to stay!
Were it not for the children, I should
pray

That Death would take me within the

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all day. In the sunny field, or the forest murk, But I know that his thoughts are far away,

I know that his heart is not in his work!

And when he comes home to me at

He is not cheery, but sits and sighs, And I see the great tears in his eyes, And try to be cheerful for his sake. Only the children's hearts are light. Mine is weary, and ready to break. God help us! I hope we have done right;

We thought we were acting for the best!

(Looking through the open door.)

Who is it coming under the trees? A man, in the Prince's livery dressed! He looks about him with doubtful face.

As if uncertain of the place.

He stops at the beehives;—now he sees

The garden gate; he is going past!
Can he be afraid of the bees?
No; he is coming in at last!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!

#### (Enter a Forester.)

Forester. Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I his wife.

Pray sit. What may your business be?

Forester. News from the Prince!

Ursula. Of death or life?

Forester. You put your questions eagerly!

Ursula. Answer me, then! How is the Prince?

Forester. I left him only two hours since

Homeward returning down the river, As strong and well as if God; the Giver.

Had given him back his youth again.

Ursula (despairing). Then Elsie,
my poor child, is dead!

Forester. That, my good woman, I have not said.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it.

Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

Ursula. Keep me no longer in this pain!

Forester It is true your daughter is no more;—

That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn, And it is not well that you of the court Should mock me thus, and make a sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,

For you, too, were of mother born!

Forester. Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!

You will learn ere long how it all befell. Her heart for a moment never failed; But when they reached Salerno's gate, The Prince's nobler self prevailed, And saved her for a nobler fate. And he was healed, in his depair, By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones;

Though I think the long ride in the open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,

In the miracle must come in for a share!

Ursula. Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and
thanksgiving!

Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it

Into the awful presence of God;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.
Our child who was dead again is
living!

Forester. I did not tell you she was dead;

If thou thought so 'twas no fault of mine.

At this very moment, while I speak, They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,

437

#### WORKS. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

And decked with banners white and As fair and lovely did she seem red As the colours on your daughter's check. They call her the lady Alicia now; For the Prince in Salerno made a vow That Elsie only would he wed. Ursula. Jesu Maria! what a change, All seems to me so weird and strange ! Forester. I saw her standing on the deck, Beneath an awning cool and shady; Her cap of velvet could not hold The tresses of her hair of gold, That flowed and floated like the stream, And fell in masses down her neck.

As in a story or a dream Some beautiful and foreign lady. And the Prince looked so grand and proud, And waved his hand thus to the crowd That gazed and shouted from the shore, All down the river, long and loud. Ursula. We shall behold our child once more;

She is not dead! She is not dead! God, listening, must have overheard The prayers, that, without sound or word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said I

438

O, bring me to her; for mine eyes Are hungry to behold her face; My very soul within me cries; My very hands seem to caress her, To see her, gaze at her, and bless her; Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

(Goes out toward the garden.)

Forester. There goes the good woman out of her head; And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here; A very capacious flagon of beer, And a very portentous loaf of bread. One would say his grief did not much oppress him.

Here's to the health of the Prince, God bless him!

(He drinks.)

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a hornet And what a scene there, through the door!

The forest behind and the garden be-

And midway an old man of threescore, With a wife and children that caress

Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it

With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

(Goes out blowing his horn.)

The Castle of Voutsberg on the Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing on the terrace at evening. The sound of bells heard from a distance.

Prince Henry. We are alone. The wedding guests

Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,

And the descending dark invests The Niederwald, and all the nests Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that ring so slow.

So mellow, musical, and low? Prince Henry. They are the bells of Geisenheim,

That with their melancholy chime Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved. Prince Henry. They are done.

Dear Elsie! many years ago Those same soft bells at eventide

Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,

As, seated by Fastrada's side At Ingelheim, in all his pride  $\cdot$ He heard their sound with secret pain. Elsie. Their voices only speak to

Of peace and deep tranquillity, And endless confidence in thee.

Prince Henry. Thou knowest the story of her ring,

How, when the court went back to

Fastrada died; and how the king Sat watching by her night and day, Till into one of the blue lakes, Which water that delicious land, They cast the ring drawn from her hand:

And the great monarch sat serene And sad beside the fated shore, Nor left the land for evermore.

Elsie. That was true love. Prince Henry. For him the queen Ne'er did what thou hast done for me. Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faithful

Wilt thou so love me after death? Prince Henry. In life's delight, in death's dismay,

In storm and sunshine, night and day, In health, in sickness, in decay, Here and hereafter, I am thine! Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath The calm, blue waters of thine eyes Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies, And, undisturbed by this world's

breath, With magic light its jewels shine! This golden ring, which thou hast

Upon thy finger since the morn, Is but a symbol and a semblance, An outward fashion, a remembrance, Of what thou wearest within unseen, O my Fastrada, O my queen! Behold! the hill-tops all aglow With purple and with amethyst; While the whole valley deep below Is filled, and seems to overflow, With a fast-rising tide of mist. The evening air grows damp and chill; Let us go in.

Ah, not so soon. See yonder fire! it is the moon Slow rising o'er the eastern hill. It glimmers on the forest tips, And through the dewy foliage drips In little rivulets of light, night, And makes the heart in love with

Prince Henry. Oft on this terrace, when the day

Was closing, have I stood and gazed, And seen the landscape fade away, And the white vapours rise and drown Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town, While far above the hill-tops blazed. But then another hand than thine Was gently held and clasped in mine; Another head upon my breast Was laid, as thine is now, at rest. Why dost thou lift those tender eyes With so much sorrow and surprise? A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand, Was that which in my own was pressed. A manly form usurped thy place, A beautiful, but bearded face, That now is in the Holy Land, Yet in my memory from afar Is shining on us like a star. But linger not. For while I speak, A sheeted spectre white and tall, The cold mist, climbs the castle wall, And lays his hand upon thy cheek!

(They go in.)

•^^^^

THE SECOND PROPERTY OF STREET STREET

# EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

The Angel of Good Deeds (with closed book). God sent his messenger the rain,

And said unto the mountain brook, "Rise up, and from thy caverns look And leap, with naked, snow-white feet, From the cool hills into the heat Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith, And whispered in the maiden's heart, "Rise up, and look from where thou And scatter with unselfish hands [art, Thy freshness on the barren sands And solitudes of death.' O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness! O power of meekness, Whose very gentleness and weakness Are like the yielding, but irresistible Upon the pages [air! Of the sealed volume that I bear The deed divine Is written in characters of gold, That never shall grow old, But through all ages Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence!
O God! it is thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this!

The Angel of Evil Deeds (with open book). Not yet, not yet Is the red sun wholly set, But evermore recedes, While open still I bear The Book of Evil Deeds, To let the breathings of the upper air Visit it pages and erase The records from its face! Fainter and fainter as I gaze In the broad blaze The glimmering landscape shines, And below me the black river Is hidden by wreaths of vapour! Fainter and fainter the black lines Begin to quiver Along the whitening surface of the paper; Shade after shade

Shade after shade
The terrible words grow faint and fade,
And in their place
Runs a white space!

Down goes the sun!
But the soul of one,
Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.
It is the end!
With closed book
To God do I ascend.

Lo! over the mountain steeps A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps Beneath my feet; A blackness inwardly brightening With sullen heat, As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning. And a cry of lamentation, Repeated and again repeated, Deep and loud As the reverberation Of cloud answering unto cloud Swells and rolls away in the distance, As if the sheeted Lightning retreated, Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance. It is Lucifer, The son of mystery; And since God suffers him to be, He, too, is God's minister, And labours for some good By us not understood!

i e e e e la compara de la com

#### SECOND INTERLUDE.

**\*** 

÷

0000

10000

9

4446

현

Ęμ

公衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛衛 在京日本本本本本

九,既然我就然我以不 九年天,在 九日日 衛子大日 大

.0

MARTIN LUTHER.

A Chamber in the Wartburg. Morning. MARTIN LUTHER, writing.

Martin Luther. OUR God, a Tower of Strength is he,
A goodly wall and weapon;
From all our need he helps us free,
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe
Doth in earnest grow,
In grim armour dight,
Much guile and great might;
On earth there is none like him.
O yes; a tower of strength indeed,
A present help in all our need,
A sword and buckler is our God.
Innocent men have walked unshod
O'er burning ploughshares, and have

Unharmed on serpents in their path, And laughed to scorn the Devil's wrath!

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand Where God hath led me by the hand, And look down, with a heart at ease, Over the pleasant neighbourhoods, Over the vast Thuringian Woods, With flash of river, and gloom of trees,

AND CONTRACTOR AND AND CONTRACTOR AN

With castles crowning the dizzy heights,
And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed
me fast,

ø

4

0,00000

dr G

049

a

0 40

\*\*\*

农物中办会会

ō

:dr =Y

٥

•

And the howling demons of despair That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can; We soon are unprotected; There fighteth for us the right Man, Whom God himself elected,

Who is he? ye exclaim; Christus is his name, Lord of Sabaoth, Very God in troth; The field he holds for ever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more
Than the name of Him whom we adore.
Therefore doth it delight me best
To stand in the choir among the rest,
With the great organ trumpeting
Through its metallic tubes, and sing:
Et Verbum caro factum est!
These words the Devil cannot endure,
For he knoweth their meaning well!
Him they trouble and repel,
Us they comfort and allure,

And happy it were, if our delight Were as great as his affright! Yea, music is the Prophets' art; Among the gifts that God hath sent, One of the most magnificent! It calms the agitated heart; Temptations, evil thoughts, and all The passions that disturb the soul, Are quelled by its divine control. As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul, And his distemper was allayed, When David took his harp and played.

This world may full of devils be,
All ready to devour us;
Yet not so sore afraid are we,
They shall not overpower us.
This World's Prince, howe'er
Fierce he may appear,
He can harm us not,
He is doomed, God wot!
One little word can slay him!

Incredible it seems to some
And to myself a mystery,
That such weak flesh and blood as we,
Armed with no other shield or sword,
Or other weapon than the Word,
Should combat and should overcome
A spirit powerful as he!
He summons forth the Pope of Rome
With all his diabolic crew,
His shorn and shaven retinue
Of priests and children of the dark;
Kill! kill! they cry, the Heresiarch,
Who rouseth up all Christendom
Against us; and at one fell blow
Seeks the whole Church to overthrow!
Not yet; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,
Hunting with others in the wood,
I did not pass the hours in vain,
For in the very heart of all
The joyous tumult raised around,
Shouting of men, and baying of hound,
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,
And echoes answering back again,
From crags of the distant mountain
chain,—

In the very heart of this, I found
A mystery of grief and pain.
It was an image of the power
Of Satan, hunting the world about,
With his nets and traps and welltrained dogs,

His bishops and priests and theologues, And all the rest of the rabble rout, Seeking whom he may devour!

A SACREMENTAL REPORT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR

Enough have I had of hunting hares, Enough of these hours of idle mirth, Enough of nets and traps and gins! The only hunting of any worth Is where I can pierce with javelins The cunning foxes and wolves and bears,

The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,
The Roman Pope and the Roman
priests

That sorely infest and afflict the earth: Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air! The fowler hath caught you in his

And keeps you safe in his gilded cage, Singing the song that never tires, To lure down others from their nests; How ye flutter and beat your breasts, Warm and soft with young desires, Against the cruel pitiless wires, Reclaiming your lost heritage! Behold! a hand unbars the door, Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand, And little thanks they merit! For He is with us in the land, With gifts of his own Spirit! Though they take our life,
Goods, honours, child and wife,
Let these pass away,
Little gain have they;
The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth for evermore, However Satan may rage and roar, Though often he whispers in my ears: What if thy doctrines false should be? And wrings from me a bitter sweat. Then I put him to flight with jeers, Saying: Saint Satan! pray for me; If thou thinkest I am not saved yet!

And my mortal foes that lie in wait
In every avenue and gate!
As to that odious monk John Tetzel
Hawking about his hollow wares
Like a huckster at village fairs,
And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel,
Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin, CellAnd all the busy, multifarious [arius,
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard, Poor and humble as I am. But ah! Erasmus of Rotterdam, He is the vilest miscreant That ever walked this world below!

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A Momus, making his mock and mow At Papist and at Protestant, Sneering at St. John and St. Paul, At God and Man, at one and all; And yet as hollow and false and drear, As a cracked pitcher to the ear, And ever growing worse and worse! Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse On Erasmus, the Insincere!

4,0,4,4,4,4

京大学院を大学院のから、ころい

Philip Melancthon! thou alone
Faithful among the faithless known,
Thee I hail, and only thee!
Behold the record of us three!
Res et verba Philippus,
Res sine verbis Lutherus;
Erasmus verba sine re!
My Philip, prayest thou for me?
Lifted above all earthly care,
From these high regions of the air,

Among the birds that day and night Upon the branches of tall trees Sing their lauds and litanies, Praising God with all their might, My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip! thou who knowest best
All that is passing in this breast;
The spiritual agonies,
The inward deaths, the inward hell,
And the divine new births as well,
That surely follow after these,
As after winter follows spring;
My Philip, in the night-time sing
This song of the Lord I send to
thee,
And I will sing it for thy sake

<u>م</u> م

· 我然然然如何的安治的

PARK MANAGEMENT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARK AND THE PARK

And I will sing it for thy sake, Until our answering voices make A glorious antiphony, And choral chant of victory!

# Virds of Passage.

"... come I gru van cantando lor lai, Facendo in aer sè lunga riga."—DANTE.

# FLIGHT THE FIRST.

# PROMETHEUS,

OR, THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

Or Prometheus, how undaunted
On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths are told and songs are chanted,
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition

Of that flight through heavenly portals,

The old classic superstition
Of the theft and the transmission
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration,
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture,—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearning,
In their passionate pulsations,
In their words among the nations,
The Promethean fire is burning

The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil for human culture?
Through the cloud-rack, dark and trailing,

Must they see above them sailing O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
That around their memories cluster,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplendent
With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,
Through the dreary darkness
chanted;

Thoughts in attitudes imperious, Voices soft, and deep, and serious, Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension, All the quivering, palpitating Chords of life in utmost tension, With the fervour of invention, With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
In such hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavour,

Thus to scale the walls of heaven, And to leaven with fiery leaven All the hearts of men for ever:

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted Honour and believe the presage, Hold aloft their torches lighted, Gleaming through the realms benighted As they onward bear the message!

# THL LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame
A ladder if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame!

All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end Our pleasures and our discontents, Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;

The hardening of the heart that brings | Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,

That have their root in thoughts of ill;

a

a,

÷

Ċ,

4

1,4

28 25ct X

9.0

Ç.

ere experience expenses

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs.

When nearer seen, and better known, Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear Their solid bastions to the skies, Are crossed by pathways that appear As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore With shoulders bent and downcast eyes.

We may discern—unseen before— A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

# THE PHANTOM SHIP.

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's
prayers,

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—

"To bury our friends in the ocean, Take them, for they are thine!"

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

But Master Lamberton muttered, And under his breath, said he, This ship is so crank and walty, I fear our grave she will be!

And the ships that came from England,

When the winter months were gone, Brought no tidings of this vessel, Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying That the Lord would let them hear What in his greater wisdom He had done with friends so dear.

And answered:-

It was in the month of June, An hour before the sunset Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward, A ship was seen below, [Master, And they knew it was Lamberton, Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas, Right against the wind that blew, Until the eye could distinguish The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts, Hanging tangled in the shrouds, And her sails were loosened and lifted, And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging, Fell slowly, one by one, And the hulk dilated and vanished, As a sea-mist in the sun!

at- last their prayers were And the people who saw this marvel Each said unto his friend, That this was the mould of their vessel. And thus her tragic end.

> And the pastor of the village Gave thanks to God in prayer, That, to quiet their troubled spirits, He had sent this Ship of Air.

# THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel, The day was just begun, And through the window-panes, on floor and panel, Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, And the white sails of ships; And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover Were all alert that day, To see the French war steamers speeding over, When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions, Their cannon through the night, Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance, The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations On every citadel; Each answering each, with morning salutations, That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden, Replied the distant forts, As if to summon from his sleep the Warden And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, No drum-beat from the wall,

**笼掘ӁѬӾѤҼѤӔӆҠҵӼҶӃҾҾӉӉҾҞ҇ѶҞҺ҇ҾӃӜӜӁѦ҄ѴѴ҃ҀӢѦѦӯӷӜѬѦӆҿӆҿѻҠӝ<b>ӝӝӝӝӝӝӝӝӝ** 

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;
No colour shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her side.

3

;

Hereafter?—And do you think to look
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and
errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares, In your own shortcomings and despairs,

In your own secret sins and terrors!

#### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

200000000000

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanI forget in what campaign, [ders,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedgerows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

でいていたのではないと

-€

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
"Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the
rumour,

And the soldiers, as they quaffed Flemish beer at dinner, laughed At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

#### THE TWO ANGELS.

AAAAAAAAAAA

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

448

HAUNTED HOUSES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died Are haunted houses. Through the open doors The harmless phantoms on their errance glide, With feet that make no sound upon the floors. We meet them at the doorway, on the stair, Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air, A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts Invited; the illuminated hall Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts, As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear; He but perceives what is; while unto me All that has peen is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands; Owners and occupants of earlier dates From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands, And hold in mortimain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense A vital breath of more ethereal air,

Our little lives are kept in equipoise By opposite attractions and desires; The struggle of the instinct that enjoys, And the more noble instinct that enjoys, And the more noble instinct that enjoys, And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light, Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends A bridge of light, connecting it with this, O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends, Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

Was she a lady of high degree, Son more she breathes, nor feels, nor feels, nor stirs;
At her feet and at her head Lies a slave to attend the dead, But their dust is white as hers.

# THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves, Close by the street of this fair seaport town, Silent beside the never-silent waves, At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown, That pave with level flags their burial-place, Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"

The mourner said, "and Death is rest and peace!"

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate, What persecution, merciless and blind, Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure, Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire; Taught in the school of patience to endure The life of anguish and the death-of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread And bitter herbs of exile and its fears The wasting famine of the heart they fed, And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand Walked with them through the world where'er they went;

⋖⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗∊⋗⋴⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼<del>⋗</del>⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼**⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼⋗⋼** 

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand, And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime, And all the great traditions of the Past They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!

The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,

And the dead nations never rise again.

#### OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone:
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown
Sang the Poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed;
Only made to be his nest
All the lovely valley seemed;

No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,.
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

G G 2

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a
heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

#### VICTOR GALBRAITH.

Under the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the mist of the morning damp and
gray,
These were the words they seemed to
say:
'Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!''

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith!
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said;
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice and
eye,
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"

Take good aim; I am ready to die I.
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scathe
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,

But he rises out of the dust again, Victor Galbraith!

The water he drinks has a bloody stain;

"Oh kill me, and put me out of my pain!"

In his agony prayeth Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,

And the bugler has died a death of shame,

Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,

And no one answers to the name, When the Sergeant saith, "Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!
Through the mist of the valley damp
and gray

The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith!"

## MY LOST YOUTH.

-----

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old
town,

And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of ts trees.

And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far surrounding
seas.

And islands that were the Hesperides Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

I remember the black wharves and the slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free; And Spanish sailors with bearded lips And the beauty and mystery of the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore, And the fort upon the hill; The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er, And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the
tranquil bay,

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song

Goes through me with a thrill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves, The shadows of Deering's Woods; And the friendships old and the early loves

Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighbourhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,

It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart

Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in
part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;

There are dreams that cannot die; There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek, And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each
well-known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain My heart goes back to wander there, And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song.

The groves are repeating it still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

#### THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so
thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door; Squares of sunshine on the floor Light the long and dusky lane; And the whirring of a wheel, Dull and drowsy, makes me feel All its spokes are in my brain.

٧ Y Ψ

V

٧

¥

V

Y

Ă

Y

Y

4

As the spinners to the end Downward go and reascend, Gleam the long threads in the

While within this brain of mine Cobwebs brighter and more fine By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing, Like white doves upon the wing, First before my vision pass; Laughing, as their gentle hands Closely clasp the twisted strands, At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks, With its smell of tan and planks, And a girl poised high in air On a cord, in spangled dress, With a faded loveliness, And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms, And a woman with bare arms Drawing water from a well; As the bucket mounts apace, With it mounts her own fair face, As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower, Ringing loud the noontide hour, While the rope coils round and round Like a serpent at his feet,

And again, in swift retreat, Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard, Faces fixed, and stern, and hard, Laughter and indecent mirth: Ah! it is the gallows-tree! Breath of Christian charity, Blow and sweep it from the earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite Gleaming in a sky of light, And an eager, upward look; Steeds pursued through lane and By the fireside there are youthful field;

Fowlers with their snares concealed; And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze, Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas, Anchors dragged through faithless sand:

Sea-fog drifting overhead, And, with lessening line and lead, Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold, These and many left untold, In that building long and low; While the wheel goes round and round, With a drowsy, dreamy sound, And the spinners backward go.

# THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

~~~~~~~~~~

LEAFLESS are the trees; their purple branches Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral, Rising silent

In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village, Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,

Smoky columns Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;

Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,

Social watch-fires Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,

And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree For its freedom

Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated.

Seeing ruined cities in the ashes, Asking sadly

Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

dreamers,

Building castles fair, with stately stairways,

#### CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine, Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers Of wayside inns, When the rain begins To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song Of the Scuppernong, From warm Carolinian valleys, Nor the Isabel And the Muscadel That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang, Whose clusters hang O'er the waves of the Colorado, And the fiery flood Of whose purple blood Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best Is the wine of the West, That grows by the Beautiful River; Whose sweet perfume Fills all the room With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees Are the haunts of bees, For ever going and coming; So this crystal hive Is all alive With a swarming and buzzing and To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth, humming.

Very good in its way Is the Verzenay, Or the Sillery soft and creamy; But Catawba wine Has a taste more divine. More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine By the haunted Rhine, By Danube or Guadalquivir, Nor on island or cape, That bears such a grape As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice For foreign use, When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,

Ý

To rack our brains With the fever pains, That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks With all such drinks, And after them tumble the mixer; For a poison malign Is such Borgia wine, Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring Is the wine I sing, And to praise it, one needs but name it: For Catawba wine Has need of no sign, No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine, This greeting of mine, The winds and the birds shall deliver To the Queen of the West, In her Garlands dressed, On the banks of the Beautiful River.

# THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain, Who dwelt in Helgoland, Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth, Which he held in his brown right

 His figure was tall and stately, Like a boy's his eye appeared; His hair was yellow as hay, But threads of a silvery gray Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere, His cheek had the colour of oak; With a kind of laugh in his speech, Like the sea-tide on a beach, As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons, Had a book upon his knees, And wrote down the wondrous tale Of him who was first to sail Into the Arctic seas.

፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠*፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠፠* 

••••••••••••••••••••••••

- "I own six hundred reindeer, With sheep and swine beside; I have tribute from the Finns, Whalebone and reindeer-skins, And ropes of walrus-hide.
- "I ploughed the land with horses, But my heart was ill at ease, For the old seafaring men Came to me now and then, With their sagas of the seas;—
- "Of Iceland and of Greenland, And the stormy Hebrides, And the undiscovered deep;— Oh, I could not eat nor sleep For thinking of those seas.

いいとうまであいいともともののもところのもののとかとい

"To the northward stretched the de-

How far I fain would know; So at last I sallied forth, And three days sailed due north, As far as the whale-ships go.

- "To the west of me was the ocean, To the right the desolate shore, But I did not slacken sail For the walrus or the whale, Till after three days more.
- "The days grew longer and longer, Till they became as one, And southward through the haze I saw the sullen blaze Of the red midnight sun.
- 'And then uprose before me, Upon the water's edge; The huge and haggard shape Of that unknown North Cape, Whose form is like a wedge.
- "The sea was rough and stormy, The tempest howled and wailed, And the sea-fog, like a ghost, Haunted that dreary coast, But onward still I sailed.
- "Four days I steered to eastward, Four days without a night: Round in a fiery ring Went the great sun, O King, With red and lurid light.

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons, Ceased writing for a while; And raised his eyes from his book, With a strange and puzzled look, And an incredulous smile.

- But Othere, the old sea-captain, He neither paused nor stirred Till the King listened, and then Once more took up his pen, And wrote down every word.
- "And now the land," said Othere, "Bent southward suddenly, And I followed the curving shore And ever southward bore Into a nameless sea.
- "And there we hunted the walrus, The narwhale and the seal; Ha! 'twas a noble game! And like the lightning's flame Flew our harpoons of steel.

୵୕ଵ୕୕୵ୠୠ୕ୠୡ୕୵୕୵୰୕୕ୡ୕ୡ୷୵୷୷ୄ୷ୡୠୠ୕୶ଽୢ୵ୠୠୠୠଊୠୠଊଊୠଊୠୠୠୠୠୠୡୠୠୠୠୠୡୡୠୠୠଵୄୠୠଵ୕ଵୄଵଵଵୄଵଵଵୄ

**૱૱ૡૹ૱૱** 

"There were six of us altogether, Norsemen of Helgoland; In two days and no more We killed of them threescore, And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller Suddenly closed his book, And lifted his blue eyes, With doubt and strange surmise Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain, Stared at him wild and weird, Then smiled, till his shining teeth Gleamed white from underneath His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons, In witness of the truth, Raising his noble head, He stretched his brown hand, and

"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

### SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls Into our inmost being rolls, And lifts us unawares Out of all meaner cares.

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Honour to those whose words or deeds

Thus help us in our daily needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain, In dreary hospitals of pain, The cheerless corridors, The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering
gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be Opened and then closed suddenly, The vision came and went The light shone and was spent.

 $\mathbf{c}$ 

On England's annals, through the long

Hereafter of her speech and song, That light its rays shall cast From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

#### DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea, And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

459

And hurried landward far away, Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout! Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,

And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer, Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn, "Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower, "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

# THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ,

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud.
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful
song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Though at times he hears in his dreams

The Ranz des Vaches of old, And the rush of mountain streams From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!

For his voice I listen and yearn; It is growing late and dark, And my boy does not return!"

#### CHILDREN.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

COME to me, O ye children! For I hear you at your play, And the questions that perplexed me Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows, That look towards the sun, Where thoughts are singing swallows, And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,

your thoughts the brooklet's flow:

But in mine is the wind of Autumn. And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us If the children were no more? We should dread the desert behind

Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood,-

That to the world are children; Through them it feels the glow Of a brighter and sunnier climate Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our books, When compared with your caresses, And the gladness of your looks? Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead.

# SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old.

In the Legends the Rabbins have told

Of the limitless realms of the air, Have you read it,—the marvellous

Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory, Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of light, That, crowded with angels unnumbered.

By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire. Chant only one hymn, and expire With the song's irresistible stress; Expire in their rapture and wonder, As harp-strings are broken asunder By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng, Unmoved by the rush of the song With eyes unimpassioned and slow, Among the dead angels, the deathless Sandalphon stands listening breathless

To sounds that ascend from below ;---

From the spirits on earth that adore, From the souls that entreat and implore

In the fervour and passion of prayer;

From the hearts that are broken with

And weary with dragging the crosses Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,

And they change into flowers in his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red; And beneath the great arch of the Through the streets of the City Im-

Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

It is but a legend, I know,— A fable, a phantom, a show Of the ancient Rabbinical lore; Yet the old mediæval tradition, The beautiful, strange superstition,

When I look from my window at

And the welkin above is all white, All throbbing and panting with As from the land of snow and sleet

Among them majestic is standing Sandalphon the angel, expanding His Linions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part Of the hunger and thirst of the

The frenzy and fire of the brain, That grasps at the fruitage forbidden, The golden pomegranates of Eden, To quiet its fever and pain.

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

M.M.M.OUV

BLACK shadows fall From the lindens tall, That lift aloft their massive wall Against the southern sky;

And from the realms Of the shadowy elms A tide-like darkness overwhelms The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair, And everywhere

A warm, soft vapour fills the air, And distant sounds seem near

And above, in the light Of the star-lit night, But haunts me and holds me the Swift birds of passage wing their Through the dewy atmosphere.

> I hear the beat Of their pinions fleet, They seek a southern lea.

' I hear the cry Of their voices high Falling dreamily through the sky, But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so! Those sounds that blow In murmurs of delight and woe Came not from wings of birds;

They are the throngs Of the poet's songs, Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and The sound of winged words.

This is the cry Of souls, that high On toiling, beating pinions, fly, Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight Through realms of light It falls into our world of night, With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

# FLIGHT THE SECOND.

# THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, The sound of a door that is opened, When the night is beginning to [tions, lower.

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet, 461

And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall! By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

(3) (3)

1.3000

 $oldsymbol{eta}$ 

<u>୕ଌଌଊ୷ଡ଼ଡ଼ଡ଼ଵ୵୶ଧନ୍ଦିର ଅବସ୍ଥର ନଳ୍କ ଅପର</u>୍

3

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair;

If I try to escape, they surround me; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old mustache as I am Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever, Yes, for ever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away!

# ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At
length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened
rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!

'Tis the glare of his awful eyes!

And the storm-wind shouts through the pines

Of Alps and of Apennines,

'Enceladus, arise!"

### WEARINESS.

TO BENDOOR OF A CONTROL OF A CO

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and
fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest
begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and
pen
Have toiled among my follow man

Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat

With such impatient, feverish heat, Such limitless and strong desires; Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,

With passions into ashes turned, Now covers and conceals its fires.

462

Then like a kraken huge and black, She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!

grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,

With a sudden shudder of death, And the cannon's breath For her dying gasp.

Next morn as the sun rose over the bay,

Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.

Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;

Ho! brave land! with hearts like these.

Thy flag, that is rent in twain, Shall be one again, And without a seam!

# A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;

Whereon it is enough for me, Not to be doing, but to be!

ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ପ

3

Through every fibre of my brain, Through every nerve, through every vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees Playing celestial symphonies; I see the branches downward bent, Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun

Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,

Towards yonder Islands of the Blest, Whose steep sierra far uplifts Its craggy summits white with drifts. Blow, winds! and waft thro' all the rooms

The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!

Blow, winds! and bend within my reach

The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be Blithe as the air is, and as free?

#### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will, Something still remains undone, Something uncompleted still Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can
bear.

Heavy as the weight of dreams, Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone
by,

Who, as Northern legends say, On their shoulders held the sky.

Marian Comme

#### SNOW-FLAKES.

Our of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her
garments shaken,

Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest-fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take Suddenly shape in some divine expression,

464

As the weary traveller sees,
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast:

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled;

So I wander and wander along,
- And for ever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wander and wait
For the vision to reappear.

#### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

me and many arrays

EACH heart has its haunted chamber, Where the silent moonlight falls! On the floor are mysterious footsteps, There are whispers along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted By phantoms of the Past, As motionless as shadows By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as the dawn approaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine,
Whose boughs wave upward and downward
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms! That hount my troubled brain?

That vanish when day approaches, And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
But the statues without breath,
That stand on the bridge overarching
The silent river of death?

#### THE MEETING.

V000000000000.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three
berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not
say it,
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes,

And of what they did and said, Till the dead alone seem living, And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

### VOX POPULI.

~~~~~~~~

WHEN Mazárvan, the Magician, Journeyed westward through Cathay, Nothing heard he but the praises Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended When he came to Khaledan, There the folk were talking only Of Prince Camaralzaman.

466

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

addicination in a contration of the contration o

So it happens with the poets:

Every province hath its own;

Camaralzaman is famous

Where Badoura is unknown.

# THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy with soft and silken locks,

A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,

A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,

And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee, An eager listener unto stories told At the Round Table of the nursery, Of heroes and adventures manifold.

ł

There will be other towers for thee to build:

There will be other steeds for thee to ride;

There will be other legends, and all filled

With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,

Rising and reaching upward to the skies;

Listen to voices in the upper air,

Nor lose thy simple faith in myste
ries.

#### CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the milestone stood,
Now a stranger looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?

Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

# THE CHALLENGE.

~^^^^^

I HAVE a vague remembrance Of a story that is told In some ancient Spanish legend Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez Was before Zamora slain, And his great besieging army Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living in their houses,
And in their graves the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread

There is a greater army,

That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,

At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet, Where the feast and song are high,

Amid the mirth and the music I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty, And odours fill the air;

H H 2

enerror rounde en proponencia de la constancia de la cons

But without there is cold and darkness, And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine, In wind and cold and rain, Christ, the great Lord of the army, Lies dead upon the plain!

#### THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

/UUUUUUUUU

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean

There rolled a turbulent wave,

Now singing along the sea-beach,

Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,

Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and
sweetness

That turbulent, bitter heart!

# FROM THE SPANISH CANCIONEROS.

I.

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful, Heart so full of care and cumber, I was lapped in rest and slumber, Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!

In this life of labour endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II.

Some day, some day, O troubled breast, Shalt thou find rest. If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained In life, at last, When life is passed, Shall all be gained; And no more pained, No more distressed, Shalt thou find rest.

TTT.

Come, O Death, so silent flying That unheard thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceiving In my constancy and pain I new life should win again, Thinking that I am not living. So to me unconscious lying, All unknown thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me.

Unto him who finds thee hateful,
Death, thou art inhuman pain;
But to me, who dying gain,
Life is but a task ungrateful.
Come, then, with my wish complying.

All unheard thy coming be, Lest the sweet delight of dying Bring life back again to me.

IV.

Glove of black in white hand bare, And about her forehead pale Wound a thin transparent veil, That doth not conceal her hair; Sovereign attitude and air, Cheek and neck alike displayed, With coquettish charms arrayed, Laughing eyes and fugitive;—This is killing men that live, 'Tis not mourning for the dead.

CARTERIO CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR CARTE CONTRACTOR CONTRAC

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

#### AFTERMATH.

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds,
In the silence and the gloom.

### EPIMETHEUS,

U//4//CCCUVVVVV

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian?

THE SECTIONS OF SE

What! are these the guest whose glances
Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me?

These the wild, bewildering fancies, That with dithyrambic dances As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!
Pallid cheeks and haggard bosoms!
Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses.

And from loose dishevelled tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures

Filled my heart with secret rapture!
Children of my golden leisures!
Must even your delights and pleasures

Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous, When they came to me unbidden; Voices single, and in chorus, Like the wild birds singing o'er us In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!

Must each noble aspiration

Come at last to this conclusion,

Jarring discord, wild confusion,

Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,

In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!
Why did mighty Jove create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour, Thou, beloved, never leavest; In life's discord, strife, and clamour, Still he feels thy spell of glamour; Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted, Struggling souls by thee are strength ened.

Clouds of fear asunder rifted, Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,

Lives, like days in summer, length ened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O, my Sibyl, my deceiver!
For thou makest each mystery clearer
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!

Though the fields around us wither,

fever!

There are ampler realms and spaces, Where no foot has left its traces: Let us turn and wander thither!

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

# FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

1875.

#### CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave, And flowers upon his hearse, And to the tender heart and brave The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and
broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field,
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise, And stays our hurrying feet; The great design unfinished lies, Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death, When life in death survives, And the uninterrupted breath Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the
sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

# TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast, And yonder gilded vane, Immovable for three days past, Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my
shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall Rise from its groves of pine, And towers of old cathedrals tall, And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on
fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land, And toil through various climes, I turn the world round with my hand, Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

ecesses a comparation de la comparcia de la co

rarerererenteres de la constant de l

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

# CADENABBIA.

LAKE OF COMO.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks

The silence of the summer day, As by the loveliest of all lakes I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and
flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore, With villas scattered one by one Upon their wooded spurs, and lower Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,

Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away; Linger until my heart shall take Into itself the summer day, And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

#### MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads.
Unheard the Garigliano glides along:—
'The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
'The river tacitum of classic song.

The Land of Labour and the Land of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne;
Sciara Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

<u>Trebuggereeseeleeleeleeleeleeleerreerteeleerteer</u>

enservateurerenterrenterrenterrenterrenterrenterrenter

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian town,
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendour seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendour is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dream that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud That pauses on a mountain summit high, Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed The stony pathway leading to its gate; Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed, Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which far down the valley, like a park
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;
The pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way, Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores The illuminated manuscripts, that lay Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child Of fancy and of fiction at the best! This the urbane librarian said, and smiled Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire
Had burned its heart out like a anchorite.

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

4.我有'我母去去'中'母母'去'母 日氏'与'白'年'母 4.中 4.中 4.中 4.年 热点点,中 4.年 点点点,不可以有一种 4.年 电电影系统系统系统系统系统

And then translated, in my convent cell, Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay; And, as a monk who hears the matin bell, Started from sleep; already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene On which Sain t Benedict so oft had gazed,— The mountains and the valley in the sheen Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
s on a field of battle held me fast,
While this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

# AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of the land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains
meet,
Where, amid her mulberry-trees

Sits Amalfi in the heat, Bathing ever her white feet In the tideless summer seas.

いるから たられらればかんりの

#\ (r)

大名はななれたといるから

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands, Far above, the convent stands. On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands.
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

a

(日本)各名英族英雄的高高高光光光光点点点,只要有点,只要有点,我也是有一种的人,我们是一种是一种的人,也是一个人,这一个人,也是一个人,我们是一个人,我们们是一个人,我们们是一个人,我们们们们们们

日日,在日本,在大大大

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and court?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud, Like a passing trumpet-blast, Are those splendours of the past, And the commerce and the crowd!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Fathoms deep beneath the seas
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire. Silent streets and vacant halls, Ruined roofs and towers and walls: Hidden from all mortal eyes Deep the sunken city lies: Even cities have their graves!

00000

中心是被教養的人也也也不然在我的教養的人物人的人的人的人的人的人的人

ø

Þ

0000000

0 0 V

Ö

ģ.

This is an enchanted land! Round the headlands far away Sweeps the blue Salernian bay With its sickle of white sand: Further still and furthermost On the dim discovered coast Pæstum with its ruins lies, And its roses all in bloom Seem to tinge the fatal skies Of that lonely land of doom. On his terrace, high in air Nothing doth the good monk care For such worldly themes as these.

From the garden just below, Little puffs of perfume blow, And a sound is in his ears Of the murmur of the bees In the shining chestnut-trees; Nothing else he heeds or hears. All the landscape seems to swoon In the happy afternoon! Slowly o'er his senses creep The encroaching waves of sleep, And he sinks as sank the town Unresisting, fathoms down, Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow, Hearing the fierce north-wind blow, Seeing all the landscape white, And the river cased in ice, Comes this memory of delight, Comes this vision unto me Of a long-lost Paradise In the land beyond the sea.

# THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air, A shaft of song, a winged prayer, As if a soul released from pain, Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him An emblem of the Seraphim;

Around Assisi's convent gate The birds, God's poor, who cannot wait. From moor and mere and darksome wood Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," Saint Francis said, "Ye come to me and ask for bread; But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds, With manna of celestial words; Not mine, though mine they seem to , 我只会,我会,在女人,只有心

Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise The great Creator in your lays; He giveth you your plumes of down, Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly And breathe a purer air on high, And careth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs Together rose the feathered throngs, And singing scattered far apart; Deep peace was in St Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood His homily had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

## BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind; The sun burns me, and the wind Blows through the city gate And covers me with dust From the wheels of the august Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased The Persians o'er wild and waste, -As General of the East;

Night after night I lay In their camps of yesterday; Their forage was my feast.

For him with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
'To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road of the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see for ever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

#### SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream, Save in fancy or in dream, Winding slow through bush and brake, Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf, Ever doubling on itself, Flows the stream, so still and slow, That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old, Lost in woodland or on wold, Such a winding path pursued Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest After hazel-nut or nest, Through the forest in and out Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide Tangled thickets on each side Hang inverted, and between Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing Seems the only living thing, Or the loon, that laughs and flies Down to those reflected skies. Silent stream! thy Indian name Unfamiliar is to fame; For thou hidest here alone, Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach Wisdom deep as human speech, Moving without haste or noise In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill, And art ever calm and still, Even thy silence seems to say To the traveller on his way:—

"Traveller, hurrying from the heat Of the city, stay thy feet! Rest a while, nor longer waste Life with inconsiderate haste!

"Be not like a stream that brawls Loud with shallow waterfalls;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

\*

"我因本也就是你就是"

悉令其武的人の我來就就是其何即因說我就即在即即即我也就在我我就就我就就就就就就就就就就說就

# FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

1878.

#### THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass

To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern, And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking; For only a sound of lament we discern, And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below, With its towns and rivers and desert places; And the splendour of light above, and the glow Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one has lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

### A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again, From cruising about with his buccaneers:

caneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,

And carried away the Dean of Jaen And sold him in Algiers.

"我也然也只然我心就也在我就我就就就我我

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,

And weathercocks flying aloft in air.

There are silver tankards of antique styles.

Plunder of convent and castle, and piles

Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town, Overlooking the sluggish stream, With his Moorish cap and dressinggown.

The old sea-captain, hale and brown, Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,

And the listed tulips look like Turks, And the silent gardener as he works Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost

Verge of the landscape in the haze,

To him are towers on the Spanish

coast.

With whiskered sentinels at their post, Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin.

He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,

And old seafaring men come in, Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin.

And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine of the flickering fire of the winter night;

Figures in colour and design Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine, Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won, And their talk is ever and ever the same,

While they drink the red wine Tarragon,

From the cellars of some Spanish Don, Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides

He paces his parlour to and fro;

He is like a ship that at anchor

And swings with the rising and falling tides,

40.00

**(†**.

快办

中中中央中央中央的

4

\$ **\$** 

۵,

Q.

a

And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near, Sound of the wind and sound of the sea.

Are calling and whispering in his ear, "Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?

Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again

For one more cruise with his buccaneers,

To singe the beard of the King of Spain,

And capture another Dean of Jaen And sell him in Algiers.

# CASTLES IN SPAIN.

aana maa aan

How much of my young heart, O Spain.

Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,

In the dim twilight half revealed;
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,

The Goth uplifting from his knees Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colours of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld,

Did towns, whose history lies hid In monkish chronicle or rhyme.—Burgos, the birth place of the Cid, Zamora and Valladold, amid The wars of Wamba's time; The long, straight line of the highway. The distant town that seems of Early Their toil to cross themselves and pray, When from the belfy at midday The Angelus they hear; White crosses in the mountain pass, Mules gay with tassels, the loud din Of muleteers, the tethered ass That crops the dusty wayside grass, And cavaliers with spurs of brass Alighting at the inn; White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat, White sunshine flooding square and Street, Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet The river-beds are dry with heat,—All was a dream to me. Yet comething sombre and severe O'er the enchanted landscape raigned; A terror in the atmosphere As if King Philip listened near, O'r Torquemada, the austere, His ghostly sway maintained. Thesofter Andalusian skies Dispelled the sadness and the gloom; There Cadiz by the seaside lies, And Seville's orange-orchards rise, Making the land a partadise O'f beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among The palim, the olive, and the vine. Gem of the South, by poets sung, And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung. As lamps the bells that once had rung At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme. The stars of stars the eynosure, The stars of stars the eynosure, The artist's and the poet's theme,

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Ashore by storms, thy castle stands. THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-A mouldering landmark of the

Upon its terrace walk I see A phantom gliding to and fro; It is Colonna,—it is she Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife, The type of perfect womanhood, Whose life was love, the life of life, That time and change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band

\$ \$

0

In others, only closer pressed The wedding-ring upon her hand, And closer locked and barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom, The weariness, the endless pain Of waiting for some one to come Who nevermore would come again.

.The shadows of the chestnut-trees, The odour of the orange-blooms, The song of birds, and more than these,

The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea, The soft caresses of the air, All things in nature seemed to be But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long Imprisoned in itself, found vent And voice in one impassioned song Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from sight,

Transmutes to gold the leaden mist,

Her life was interfused with light, From realms that, though unseen, exist.

Inarimé! Inarimé! Thy castle on the crags above In dust shall crumble and decay, But not the memory of her love.

A 100 A A A A A A A A

# THE-FACE.

In that desolate land and lone, Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone Roar down their mountain path, By their fires the Sioux Chiefs Muttered their woes and griefs And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face, "Revenge upon all the race Of the White Chief with yellow hair I"

And the mountains dark and high From their crags re-echoed the cry Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide By woodland and riverside, I'he Indian village stood; All was silent as a dream, Save the rushing of the stream And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads, Like a bison among the reeds, In ambush the Sitting Bull Lay with three thousand braves, Crouched in the clefts and caves, Savage, unmerciful!

中央,京京大成成成成成本 中

G

a o

Into the fatal snare The White Chief with yellow hair And his three hundred men Dashed headlong, sword in hand; But of that gallant band Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death Overwhelmed them like the breath And smoke of a furnace fire; By the river's bank, and between The rocks of the ravine, They lay in their bloody attire,

But the foemen fled in the night, And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight, Uplifted high in air, As a ghastly trophy, bore The brave heart, that beat no more, Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong? Sing it, O funeral song,

With a voice that is full of tears, And say that our broken faith Wrought all this ruin and scathe, In the Year of a Hundred Years.

## TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette!
O darling river, like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre, See and salute thee on thy way, And, with a blessing and a prayer, Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain Would hold thee in its fond embrace!

Thou glidest from its arms again And hurriest on with swifter pace.

.

<u>ن</u> درد نید Thou wilt not stay; with restless feet
Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings

The wood-birds sang the chansonette That here a wandering poet sings.

#### THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

[Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur? A play upon the words gant, a glove, and Gand, the French for Ghent.]

On St. Bavon's tower, commanding Half of Flanders, his domain, Charles the Emperor once was standing,

While beneath him on the landing Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and alleys
Poured the populace of Ghent;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!" Cried Duke Alva as he gazed; "Haunt of traitors and deceivers, Stronghold of insurgent weavers, Let it to the ground be razed!" 000000

G G

ð

一点就又自然我的日本我的人

このころいるかのなるなられるのでのかられるからのできるのでん

<u>ئ</u> د

On the Emperor's cap the feather
Nods, as laughing he replies:
"How many skins of Spanish leather,
Think you, would, if stitched together,
Make a glove of such a size?"

# A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, loquitur.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer south-west."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumours in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came:
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

<u>୕</u>

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!

#### THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet, His chestnut steed with four white feet.

Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou, Son of the road and bandit chief, Seeking refuge and relief, Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered Khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore Men-at-arms his livery wore, Did his bidding night and day. Now, through regions all unknown, He was wandering, lost, alone, Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly, the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit, At the precipice's foot, Reyhan the Arab of Orfah Halted with his hundred men, Shouting upward from the glen, "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed, Round and slender as a reed, Carry me this peril through! Satin housings shall be thine, Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine, O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O, life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red Trembled not upon his head, Careless sat he and upright;

I

**/<><><><</></><</></></></>** 

Neither hand nor bridle shook, Nor his head he turned to look, As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of barness in the air, Seen a moment like the glare Of a sword drawn from its sheath; Thus the phantom horseman passed, And the shadow that he cast Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath While this vision of life and death Passed above him. "Allahu!" Cried he. "In all Koordistan Lives there not so brave a man As this Robber Kurroglou!"

# HAROUN AL RASCHID.

200000000000

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read A book wherein the poet said:

"Where are the kings, and where the

Of those who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,

They're gone the way that thou shalt

"O thou who choosest for thy share The world, and what the world calls fair.

"Take all that it can give or lend, But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head: Tears fell upon the page he read.

### KING TRISANKU.

100000000000

Viswamitra the Magician, By his spells and incantations, Up to Indra's realms elysian Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended Hurled him downward, and descending,

In the air he hung suspended, With these equal powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted, By misgivings downward driven, Human hearts are tossed and drifted Midway between earth and heaven.

# A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

\*,000,000,000,000

"Sir, I should build me a fortification if I came to live here."—BOSWELL'S Johnson.

On the green little isle of Inchkenneth Who is it that walks by the shore, So gay with his Highland blue bon-

So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant, But his face wears an aspect of pain; Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth? Can this be Sir Alan McLean?

Ah. no! It is only the Rambler, The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court, And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,

He would wall himself round with a fort.

#### THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far

Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar; Three Wise Men out of the East were

And they travelled by night and they slept by day,

For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,

That all the other stars of the sky Became a white mist in the atmosphere,

And by this they knew that the coming was near

Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

# BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,

Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk with

Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows.

Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,

Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,

And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,

And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest

With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar.

"Good people, I pray you, tell us the news:

For we in the East have seen his star, And have ridden fast, and have ridden far.

To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;

We know of no king but Herod the Great!"

They thought the Wise Men were men insane,

As they spurred their horses across the plain.

Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard
this thing,

Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;

And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new
king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still.

The only one in the gray of morn; Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,

Right over Bethlehem on the hill, The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,

Through the silent street, till their horses turned

And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;

But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,

And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay, In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,

The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but
divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth Sat watching beside his place of

Watching the even flow of his breath, For the joy of life and the terror of death

Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head.

And sat as still as a statue of stone: Her heart was troubled yet comforted, Remembering what the Angel had said Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,

With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;

But they went not back to Herod the Great,

For they knew his malice and feared his hate,

And returned to their homes by another way.

\*\*\*

483

Å

<u>مِ ا</u>

a

#### SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;

Home-keeping hearts are happiest, For those that wander they know not where

Are full of trouble and full of care; To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed, They wander east, they wander west, And are baffled and beaten and blown about

By the winds of the wilderness of doubt; To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and

rest; The bird is safest in its nest; O'er all that flutter their wings and

· AAC AAAAAAAAAA

A hawk is hovering in the sky; To stay at home is best.

#### THE WHITE CZAR.

The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, Father dear, and Gosudar, Sovereign, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height That wreath of mist, in the light Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist! It is not a wreath of mist; It is the Czar, the White Czar,

Batyushka! Gosudar.!

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,

Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don He has led his armies on, Over river and morass, Over desert and mountain pass;

# FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The Czar, the Orthodox Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain Toward the seas, that cleave in twain The continents; his hand Points southward o'er the land Of Roumili! O Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips: "I am the builder of ships, And my ships shall sail these seas To the Pillars of Hercules! I say it; the White Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free; It shall make room for me; And the gates of its water-streets Be unbarred before my fleets. I say it; the White Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!

"And the Christian shall no more Be crushed, as heretofore, Beneath thine iron rule, O Sultan of Istamboul! I swear it! I the Czar, Batyushka! Gosudar!"

# DELIA.

SWEET as the tender fragrance that survives,

When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives.

本の本の本の本の本の本の本の本の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の

Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain,

But never will be sung to us again, Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest

Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling; it is best.

# flower-de-Ance.

1866.

#### FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

rivers. Or solitary mere, Or where the sluggish meadow-brook | The rushes, the green yeomen of thy delivers Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whir and worry Of spindle and of loom,

And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and | Thou art the Iris, fair among the pleasance,

Thou dost not toil nor spin, But makest glad and radiant with thy | And winged with the celestial azure, presence

The meadow and the lin,

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still | The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner, And round thee throng and run

manor,

The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,

And tilts against the field, And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent

With steel-blue mail and shield.

fairest,

Who, armed with golden rod bearest

The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let

the river, Linger to kiss thy feet;

O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever

The world more fair and sweet.

VVVVVVVVVVV

#### PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height, and listened

To the incessant sobbing of the sea In caverns under me,

And watched the waves, that tossed and fied and glistened,

Until the rolling meadows of amethyst Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;

For round about me all the sunny capes

Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in da
departed,

# FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams

On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory

Faded away, and the disconsolate shore

Stood lonely as before;

And the wild roses of the promontory

Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed

Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers

Of all things their primordial form exists,

And cunning alchemists

Could re-create the rose with all its members

From its own ashes, but without the bloom,

Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science

Can from the ashes in our hearts once more

The rose of youth restore?

What craft of alchemy can bid defiance

To time and change, and for a single hour

Renew this phantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendours,

The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,

When the swift stream of life Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders

The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap

Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,

Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,

"Alas! thy youth is dead!

It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;

In the dark places with the dead of old

It lies for ever cold !"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements

I will not drag this sacred dust again,

Only to give me pain;

But, still remembering all the lost endearments,

Go on my way, like one who looks before,

And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations

Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow

glow
Of sunsets burning low,

Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations

Light up the spacious avenues between This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,

What households, though not alien, yet not mine,

What bowers of rest divine;

To what temptations in lone wildernesses,

What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,

The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question

Those pages of the mystic book which hold

The story still untold,

But without rash conjecture or suggestion

Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

### THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

Burn, O evening hearth, and waken Pleasant visions, as of old!

Though the house by winds be shaken,

Safe I keep this room of gold

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges Over many a dark ravine, Where beneath the gusty ridges Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture, Naught avails the cry of pain! When I touch the flying vesture, 'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear, Murmur of bells and voices blending With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden, Every tower and town and farm, And again the land forbidden Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking.

Blown by wind and beaten by shower,

Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

#### HAWTHORNE.

\*\*\*\*\*

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day

In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendour could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple blooms,

And the great elms o'erhead

Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,

The historic river flowed:

I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his toad.

The faces of familiar friends seemed

strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed
to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,

The one low voice was mute; Only an unseen presence filled the air, And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream

Dimly my thought defines;

Long a dream within a dream

I only see—a dream within a dream— The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled
breast,

The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men

The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the
pen,

And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,

And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South, And with the sound
The cannon thundered in the South, And with the sound
The hearth-stones of a continent, And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent, And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said; "For hate is strong, And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards, and occasing the peace on the song of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

The The the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages.

Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;

And mocks the song Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep; "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep; The Wrong shall fail, The Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to

men!"

00000000000

اري ال

000 (m

## THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

**DUDONOUTOUR** 

SEE, the fire is sinking low, Dusky red the embers glow, While above them still I cower, While a moment more I linger, Though the clock, with lifted finger, Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune Learned in some forgotten June From a school-boy at his play,

"These are prophets, bards, and seers; In the horoscope of nations,

Like ascendant constellations, They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair! Those who walk with feet of air Leave no long-enduring marks; At God's forges incandescent Mighty hammers beat incessant, These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought; Books are sepulchres of thought; The dead laurels of the dead Rustle for a moment only, Like the withered leaves in lonely Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down; Sink the rumours of renown; And alone the night-wind drear Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,— "'Tis the brand of Meleager Dying on the hearth-stone here !"

\*

### FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations,

Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of Endor.

Ye ory aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

#### KILLED AT THE FORD.

annon annon

HE is dead, the beautiful youth, The heart of honour, the tongue of truth.

He, the life and light of us all, Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-

Whom all eyes followed with one con-

The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,

Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along, Down the dark of the mountain gap, To visit the picket-guard at the ford, Little dreaming of any mishap, He was humming the words of some old song:

"Two red roses he had on his cap, And another he bore at the point of his sword.

Sudden and swift a whistling ball Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;

Something I heard in the darkness fall, And for a moment my blood grew chill;

I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks In a room where some one is lying

But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again, And through the mire and the mist and the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp, And laid him as if asleep on his bed; And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp

Two white roses upon his cheeks, And one, just over his heart, blood-red! And I saw in a vision how far and fleet

That fatal bullet went speeding forth, Till it reached a town in the distant North.

Till it reached a house in a sunny street,

Till it reached a heart that ceased to

Without a murmur, without a cry; And a bell was tolled, in that far-off

For one who had passed from cross to crown,

And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

#### GIOTTO'S TOWER.

~~~~~~~~~

How many lives, made beautiful and

By self-devotion and by self-restraint, Whose pleasure is to run without complaint.

On unknown errands of the Paraclete.

Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet.

Fail of the nimbus which the artists

Around the shining forehead of the saint,

And are in their completeness incomplete!

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's

The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,-

A vision, a delight, and a desire,— The builder's perfect and centennial flower,

That in the night of ages bloomed alone.

But wanting still the glory of the spire.

#### TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of slæp

My little lambs are folded like the flocks:

From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks

491

Მ®^^^^ 

Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks, the opening door that time unlocks
Teel the fresh breathing of To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown who creet to me: "Remember Barken, and trenble to be happy with the rest."

And I make answer: "I am satisfied; I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already sald what shall betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

OFF have I seen at some cathedral door, A labourer pausing in the dust and Lay loven his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er; Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street Become an undistinguishable roar, so, as I enter here from day tay, and leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneelingin prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate To inarticulate murmurs dies away, While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.
How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This rowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves

Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves

And through and praying and pour and bours, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of the fowers, and the vast minister seems a cross of th 

 $oldsymbol{e}$ FLOWER-DE-LUCE. The ice about thy heart melts as the Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights, On mountain heights, and in swift Through all the nations, and a sound overflow is heard, Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs As of a mighty wind, and men of shame. devout. Strangers of Rome, and the new pro-Thou makest full confession; and a gleam, As if the dawn on some dark forest selytes, In their own language hear thy wondrous word, Seems on thy lifted forehead to And many are amazed and many increase; doubt. Lethe and Eunoe-the remembered dream And the forgotten sorrow—bring at NOEL. That perfect pardon which is perfect ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE peace, DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS DIVERS. I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows L'Académie en respect, Nonobstant l'incorrection With forms of saints and holy men A la faveur du sujet. Ture-lure, who died, N'y fera point de rapture; Here martyred and hereafter glori-Noël! ture-lure-lure. GUI BAROZAI. fied; And the great Rose upon its leaves Ouand les astres de Noël displays Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel, Christ's Triumph, and the angelic Six gaillards, et chacun ivre, roundelays, Chantaient gaiment dans le givre, With splendour upon splendour "Bons amis multiplied; Allons donc chez Agassiz!" And Beatrice again at Dante's side No more rebukes, but smiles her Ces illustres Pèlerins words of praise. D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins, And then the organ sounds, and un-Se donnant des airs de prêtre. seen choirs A l'envi se vantaient d'être Sing the old Latin hymns of peace "Bons amis and love, De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz!" And benedictions of the Holy Ghost; Œil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur, And the melodious bells among the Sans reproche et sans pudeur, Dans son patois de Bourgogne, O'er all the house-tops and through Bredouillait comme un ivrogne, heaven above " Bons amis, Proclaim the elevation of the Host. J'ai dansé chez Agassiz!" Verzenay le Champenois, O STAR of morning and of liberty! Bon Français, point New-Yorquois, O bringer of the light, whose splen-Mais des environs d'Avize, dour shines Fredonne à mainte reprise, Above the darkness of the Apen-"Bons amis, J'ai chanté chez Agassiz!" Forerunner of the day that is to be! A côté marchait un vieux The voices of the city and the sea, Hidalgo, mais non mousseux; The voices of the mountains and the Dans le temps de Charlemagne pines, Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines Fut son père Grand d'Espagne! "Bons amis, Are footpaths for the thought of J'ai diné chez Agassiz l'' Italy ! 493 

## LONGFELLOW'S PÖETICAL WORKS.

Derrière eux un Bordelais. Gascon, s'il en fut jamais, Parfumé de poésie Riait, chantait, plein de vie, "Bons amis, J'ai soupé chez Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux, Bras dessus et bras dessous, Mine altière et couleur terne, Vine le Sire de Sauterne; "Bons amis, l'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dernier de ces preux, Etait un pauvre Chartreux, Qui disait, d'un ton robuste, "Bénédictions sur le Juste! Bons amis, Bénissons Père Agassiz!"

Ils arrivent trois à trois. Montent l'escalier de bois Clopin-clopant! quel gendarme · Peut permettre ce vacarme, Bons amis, A la porte d'Agassiz!

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur, Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur; Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes Gens de bien et gentilshommes, Bons amis De la famille Agassiz!"

Chut, ganaches | taisez-vous | C'en est trop de vos glouglous! Epargnez aux Philosophes Vos abominables strophes ! Bons amis. Respectez mon Agassiz.

#### MY SECRET.

^^^^

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX ARVERS.

My soul its secret hath, my life too hath its mystery,

A love eternal in a moment's space conceived;

Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,

And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed.

Alas! I shall have passed close by herunperceived,

For ever at her side and yet for ever lonely, [journey, only I shall unto the end have made life's Daring to ask for naught and having naught received.

For her, though God hath made her gentle and endearing,

She will go on her way distraught and without hearing

These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend, Piously faithful still unto her austere Will say, when she shall read these

lines full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

# The Masque of Pandora.

1875.

#### THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

HEPHÆSTUS, standing before the statue | But moulded in soft clay, that unreof Pandora.

Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's | Yields itself to the touch, this lovely

Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts | Before me stands perfect in every Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works

Olympus,

sisting

form

part.

Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Not Aphrodite's self appeared more

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the humane?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate; to whom Both Gods and men have shown themselves ungrateful.

When every spark was quenched on every hearth

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

HERMES.
To light thy furnaces?
FROMETHEUS.
Why comest thou hither So early in the dawn?
The Immortal Gods Know naught of late or early. Zeus himself
The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.
To bring this maiden to thee.
PROMETHEUS.
To bring this maiden to thee.
PROMETHEUS.
The Gods and all their gifts, if they have sent to thee Tit is for no good purpose, have sent ther It is for no good purpose, have sent to the them not. I have within my, self woman?

HERMES.
The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
What disaster Could she bring on thy house who is a woman?

The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape As beaultiful as this, is evil only. Who art thou?
PROMETHEUS.
The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape As beaultiful as this, is evil only. Who art thou?
PROMETHEUS.
The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape As beaultiful as this, is evil only. Who art thou?
PROMETHEUS.
The Gods are not my friends, nor am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in a shape As beaultiful as this, is evil only. Who art thou?
PROMETHEUS.
The Gods and all their gifts. If they have sent to thee The decision made Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not, Plead not, solicit not; they only offer Choice and occasion, which once being passed.
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?
PROMETHEUS.
No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape in the humane?

PROMETHEUS.
PROMET

To fascinate my sense, will I receive. Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all

The silence and the solitude of thought,

THE EUREPERPERE PROPERTY DE LE CONTRACT DE LE CONTRACT DE LE CONTRACT DE LA CONTR

The endless bitterness of unbelief, The loneliness of existence without love.

in in the constitution of the constitution of

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant, The self-centred, self-reliant, Wrapped in visions and illusions, Robs himself of life's best gifts! Till by all the storm-winds shaken, By the blast of fate o'ertaken, Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken, In the mists of his confusions To the reefs of doom he drifts!

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted, From no agonies exempted, In the penance of his trial, And the discipline of pain; Often by illusions cheated, Often baffled and defeated In the tasks to be completed, He, by toil and self-denial, To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer ; Bear unto some idle dreamer This new toy and fascination, This new dalliance and delight! To the garden where reposes Epimetheus crowned with roses, To the door that never closes Upon pleasure and temptation, Bring this vision of the night!

#### IV.

#### THE AIR.

HERMES, returning to Olympus.

As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,

As firm and cold as are the crags about him,

Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of Zeus

Alone can move him; but the tender heart,

Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat, Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges!

Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow, My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar Into the air returning to Olympus.

O joy of motion! O delight to cleave The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether,

Through the warm sunshine and the cooling cloud,

Myself as light as sunbeam or as -cloud!

With one touch of my swift and winged feet,

I spurn the solid earth, and leave it rocking

As rocks the bough from which a bird takes wing.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

BEAUTIFUL apparition! go not hence! Surely thou art a Goddess, for 'thy voice

Is a celestial melody, and thy form Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

#### PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth.

4.0

But a mere woman fashioned out of clay, And mortal as the rest.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair; There is a wonder in thine azure eyes That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems

A soft desire, a breathing thought of

Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim

If thou shouldst wed beneath thee?

#### PANDORA.

Ask me not: I cannot answer thee. I only know The Gods have sent me hither.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

I believe. And thus believing am most fortunate. It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros.

And swifter than his arrows were thine eves.

In wounding me. There was no moment's space

498

ABBERRERERERERE CONTRACTOR DE LA CONTRAC

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

Between my seeing thee and loving thee.

Oh, what a tell-tale face thou hast!
Again

I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

#### PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in thine.

Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me.

Thou knowest me not.

いいといいいいい

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better Than had I known thee longer. Yet it seems

That I have always known thee, and but now

Have found thee. Ah! I have been waiting long.

#### PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house! The atmosphere

Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers

Seem full of welcomes.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

But truly are.
master
Belong to thee.

They not only seem,
This dwelling and its

#### PANDORA.

Here let me stay for ever! There is a spell upon me.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense
In an Elysian dream.

#### PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay!

How beautiful are all things round about me,

Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls!

What treasures hast thou here! You oaken chest,

Carven with figures and embossed with gold, | choice Is wonderful to look upon! What And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it?

499

I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

#### PANDORA.

Hast thou never

Lifted the lid?

#### EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes
For ever sleeps the secret of the Gods.

Seek not to know what they have hidden from thee

Till they themselves reveal it.

#### PANDORA.

As thou wilt,

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this mysterious place.

The garden walks are pleasant at this hour;

The nightingales among the sheltering boughs

Of populous and many-nested trees Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me

By what resistless charms or incantations

They won their mates.

# PANDORA. Thou dost not need a teacher.

They go out.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.
What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,
Tell unto no man;
Waking or sleeping,
Closed be thy portals
To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it;
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it;
By breath or by token
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours The Gods unforgiving. Pursue the offenders, The dead and the living! Fortune forsakes them, Nor earth shall abide them, Nor Tartarus hide them; Swift wrath overtakes them!

K K 2

With useless endeavour,
For ever, for ever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain!
Immersed in the fountain,
Tantalus tastes not
The water that wastes not!
Through ages increasing
The pangs that afflict him,
With motion increasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim!

VI.

IN THE GARDEN.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a swan

Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA.

Or perchance Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera,
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.
The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.
Gently swaying to and fro,
Rocked by all the winds that blow,
Bright with sunshine from above,
Dark with shadow from below,
Beak to beak and breast to breast
In the cradle of their nest,
Lie the fledglings of our love,

ECHO.

Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly overhead

The feathered flute-players pipe their songs of love,

And Echo answers, love, and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS. Every flutter of the wing, Every note of song we sing, Every murmur, every tone, Is of love, and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone !

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she might be
Changed like Callisto to a star in

heaven?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she might be
Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes?

EPIMETHEUS.
Whence knowest thou these stories?

大学 ななない ないのい はいのい

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me; He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.
Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent,
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet outran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is made,

And when he plays upon it to the shepherds

They pity him, so mournful is the sound.

Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

PROMETHEUS, without. Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS.

'Tis my brother's voice A sound unwelcome and inopportune As was the braying of Silenus' ass, Heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

I would not be found here. I would

223255

not see him.
[She escapes among the trees.

200

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.
Haste and hide thee,
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Haste and hide thee!

PROMETHEUS, entering.
Who was it fled from here? I saw a shape
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.
Thou drivest me to madness with thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS.
And me thou drivest to madness with thy follies.
Come with me to my tower on Caucasus;
See there my forges in the roaring caverns,
EPIMETHEUS.
O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee? Let me now implore
Thou harbourest in thy house a dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.
Whom the Gods love they honour with such guests.

PROMETHEUS.
Thou drivest me to madness with thy follies.
Come with me to my tower on Caucasus;
See there my forges in the roaring caverns, And learn the virtues that lie hidden in plants,
And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.
O my brother!
I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit
Our father's strength, and I our mother's weakness:
The softness of the Oceanides.

PROMETHEUS. Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS. Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS. Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS. Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

EPIMETHEUS. Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not; for thou art more than man;

Thou art descended from Titanic race, And hast a Titan's strength and faculties

erration de la contrata del contrata de la contrata de la contrata del contrata de la contrata d

Our father's strength, and I our mother's weakness:

The softness of the Oceanides.

The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself; rise up to thy full height;

Shake from thy soul these dreams effeminate,

These passions born of indolence and ease.

Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits

Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of waterfalls, The rushing of a mighty wind with

And undistinguishable voices calling, Are in my ear!

PROMETHEUS.
Oh, listen and obey.

Thou leadest me as a child. I follow thee. [They go out.

CHORUS OF OREADES. Centuries old are the mountains; Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted Helios crowns by day, Pallid Selene by night; From their bosoms uptossed The snows are driven and drifted, Like Tithonus' beard Streaming dishevelled and white. Thunder and tempest of wind Their trumpets blow in the vastness; Phantoms of mist and rain, Cloud and the shadow of cloud, Pass and repass by the gates Of their inaccessible fastness; Ever unmoved they stand, Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.
Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad;
Flung in the meadows their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.
High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and
scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides, And flee for shelter the shepherds; White are the frightened leaves, Harvests with terror are white; Panic seizes the herds, And even the lions and leopards, Prowling no longer for prey, Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.
Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armour of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom,
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves,

Planted firm on the rock, With foreheads stern and defiant, Loud they shout to the winds, Loud to the tempest they call; Nought but Olympian thunders, That blasted Titan and Giant, Them can uproot and o'erthrow, Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.
These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,

THE STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF T

Waking the sluggard that sleeps, Waking the dreamer of dreams. These are the Voices Three, That speak of endless endeavour, Speak of endurance and strength, Triumph and fulness of fame, Sounding about the world, An inspiration for ever, Stirring the hearts of men, Shaping their end and their aim.

#### VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

PANDORA.

LEFT to myself, I wander as I will, And as my fancy leads me, thro' this house.

Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete

were I indeed the Goddess that he deems me.

ELECTRICA ESTRECA DE CONTROL DE C

## THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

No mansion of Olympus, framed to be The habitation of the Immortal Gods, Can be more beautiful. And this is mine,

\*\*

1

And more than this, the love wherewith he crowns me.

As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all doors
But open into it. You mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I
knew

What there lies hidden! But the oracle Forbids. Ah me! The secret then is safe.

So would it be if it were in my keeping. A crowd of shadowy faces from the mirrors

That line these walls are watching me. I dare not

Lift up the lid. A hundred times the act

Would be repeated, and the secret seen By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.

She walks to the other side of the hall.

My feet are weary, wandering to and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart with waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he returns, Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.

Throws herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.

#### ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep, O son of Erebus and Night; All sense of hearing and of sight Enfold in the serene delight And quietude of sleep!

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn, Whence, beautiful as planets, rise The dreams of truth, with starry eyes, And all the wondrous prophecies And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE
IVORY GATE.
Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep

Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate;

Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers;
O son of Erebus
And Night, behold! we thus
Elude your watchful wardens on the

towers!

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the Gods would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA, waking.
A voice said in my sleep: "Do not delay:

Do not delay: the golden moments fly!
The oracle hath forbidden; yet not thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only!"
I am alone. These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of
myself;

They cannot help nor hinder. No one sees me,

Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good

And knowing evil, have created me Such as I am, and filled me with desire Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

She approaches the chest.

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe, Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest and fills the room.

Pandora falls senseless on the floor.

Storm without.

urrezzerrezzerezzek etakola etakon errezerrezerrezek

### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

#### CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide! It already hath decided; And the secret once confided To the keeping of the Titan Now is flying far and wide, Whispered, told on every side, To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain, Sorrow, pestilence, and pain, Moans of anguish, maniac laughter, All the evils that hereafter Shall afflict and vex mankind. All into the air have risen From the chambers of their prison; Only Hope remains behind.

#### VIII.

#### IN THE GARDEN.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

THE storm is past, but it hath left behind it

Ruin and desolation. All the walks Are strewn with shattered boughs; the birds are silent;

The flowers, down trodden by the wind, lie dead;

The swollen rivulet sobs with secret pain;

The melancholy reeds whisper together As if some dreadful deed had been committed

They dare not name, and all the air is heavy

With an unspoken sorrow! Premonitions.

Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster

Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the omen!

PANDORA, coming from the house.

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy voice.

Being no longer worthy of thy love.

#### EPIMETHEUS. What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

## EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA. I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS. What hast thou done?

> PANDORA. I dare not speak of it.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me!

#### PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house!

My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded

The fatal secret from us, and my hand Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest!

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost! I am indeed undone.

#### PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

#### EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall

The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed

Their secret when, in evil hour, I said It was a secret; when, in evil hour,

I left thee here alone to this temptation.

Why did I leave thee?

#### PANDORA.

Why didst thou return? Eternal absence would have been to

The greatest punishment. To be left alone

And face to face with my own crime, had been

Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods, Let all your vengeance fall!

#### EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me. I do not love thee less for what is done, And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness

Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth

My love will have a sense of pity in it, Forgive me not, but kill me. | Making it less a worship than before.

504

PANDORA.
Pity me not: pity is degradation.
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.
Beautiful Pandora!
Thou art a Goddess still!

PANDORA.

I am a woman;
And the insurgent demon in my nature.
That made me brave the oracle, revolts
At pity and compassion. Let me die!
What else remains for me?

EPIMETHEUS.
Youth, hope, and love:
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.

Even now in passing through the garden walks
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest Ruined and full of min; and over me Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.
Auspicious omen!

EPIMETHEUS.
May the Eumenides
May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us

May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us

Pandora.

And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not!

PANDORA.

And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not!

PANDORA.

And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not!

PANDORA.

And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not!

PANDORA.

And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not!

PANDORA.

And touch us not!

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.

Only through punishment of our evil deeds,
Only through punishm

May the Eumenides Put out their torches and behold us Kindled with nobler passions and denot.

And the new life begun,

#### HANGING OF THE CRANE. THE

1874.

THE lights are out, and gone are all the guests

That thronging came with merriment and jests

To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane

In the new house,—into the night are gone;

But still the fire upon the hearth burns

And I alone remain.

505

O fortunate, O happy day, When a new household finds its place

Among the myriad homes of earth, Like a new star just sprung to birth, And rolled on its harmonious way Into the boundless realms of space! So said the guests in speech and

As in the chimney, burning bright. We hung the iron crane to-night, And merry was the feast and long. II.

DO NOT THE RESIDENCE AND ACCOUNT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPER

AND now I sit and muse on what may be.

And in my vision see, or seem to see, Through floating vapours interfused with light,

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,

As shadows passing into deeper shade Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must
be

Each other's own best company.

III.

THE picture fades; as at a village fair A showman's views, dissolving into air.

Again appear transfigured on the screen,

So in my fancy this; and now once more,

In part transfigured, through the open door

Appears the self-same scene.
Seated, I see the two again.
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To-grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that
please?

Ah yes; consider well the guest, And whatsoe'er he does seems best; He ruleth by the right divine Of helplessness, so lately born In purple chambers of the morn, As sovereign over thee and thine.

\$\darkarting \darkarting \dark

He speaketh not; and yet there lies A conversation in his eyes; The golden silence of the Greek, The gravest wisdom of the wise, Not spoken in language, but in looks More legible than printed books, As if he could but would not speak. And now, O monarch absolute, Thy power is put to proof; for lo! Resistless, fathomless, and slow, The nurse comes rustling like the sea, And pushes back thy chair and thee, And so good night to King Canute.

3 (47 Y - 14 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4) 最優麗麗麗

東京大

5,4,0

からは、なるななななが

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees A lovely landscape through the parted trees.

Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;

Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed

Through drifting clouds, and then again concealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now; The king, deposed and older grown, No longer occupies the throne,— The crown is on his sister's brow; A Princess from the Fairy Isles, The very pattern girl of girls, All covered and embowered in curls, Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers, And sailing with soft, silken sails From far-off Dreamland into ours. Above their bowls with rims of blue Four azure eyes of deeper hue Are looking, dreamy with delight; Limpid as planets that emerge Above the ocean's rounded verge, Soft-shining through the summer night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see Beyond the horizon of their bowls; Nor care they for the world that rolls With all its freight of troubled souls Into the days that are to be.

v.

AGAIN the tossing boughs shut out the scene,

Again the drifting vapours intervene, And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite;

And now I see the table wider grown, As round a pebble into water thrown Dilates a ring of light.

506

# THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

I see the table wider grown, I see it garlanded with guests, As if fair Ariadne's Crown Out of the sky had fallen down; Maidens within whose tender breasts A thousand restless hopes and fears, Forth reaching to the coming years, Flutter awhile, then quiet lie, Like timid birds that fain would fly, But do not dare to leave their nests; And youths, who in their strength elate Challenge the van and front of fate Eager as champions to be In the divine knight-errantry Of youth, that travels sea and land Seeking adventures, or pursues, Through cities and through solitudes Frequented by the lyric Muse, The phantom with the beckoning hand.

That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!

VI.

THE meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,

Quickens its current as it nears the mill;

And so the stream of Time that lingereth

In level places, and so dull appears, Runs with a swifter current as it nears The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll, That in the owner's keeping shrinks With every wish he speaks or thinks, Till the last wish consumes the whole, The table dwindles, and again I see the two alone remain The crown of stars is broken in parts; Its jewels, brighter than the day, Have one by one been stolen away To shine in other homes and hearts. One is a wanderer now afar In Ceylon or in Zanzibar, Or sunny regions of Cathay; And one is in the boisterous camp Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp, And battle's terrible array. I see the patient mother read, With aching heart, of wrecks that float Disabled on those seas remote,

Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands
bleed

一天并 形成的的的的形式形成形式 不平文中文字

、然而指統的法法由的各种的法統領

K)K

To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII

AFTER a day of cloud and wind and rain

Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,

And, touching all the darksome woods with light,

Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,

Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring

Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair, The storm of grief, the clouds of care, The wind, the rain, have passed away; The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright, The house is full of life and light: It is the Golden Wedding-day.

The guests come thronging in once more,

Quick footsteps sound along the floor, The trooping children crowd the stair, And in and out and everywhere Flashes along the corridor The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,

Smiling contented and serene,
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well-pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors
gleams,

Or lamps upon a bridge at night Stretch on and on before the sight, Till the long vista endless seems.

# MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

1875.

#### POEM

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis, Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.—Ovid, Fastorum, Lib. vi.

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry In the arena, standing face to face With death and with the Roman populace.

v

ø

· 林林

女女 新年 野野 四一年 天久日日二

我我我是是我我是我我的女子,我也是我的人,我们是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的人,我就是我们的,我们是我们的,我们是我们的,我们是我们

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,

That once were mine and are no longer mine,-

Thou river, widening through the meadows green

To the vast sea, so near and yet un-

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose

And vanished,—we who are about to

Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,

And the Imperial Sun that scatters down

His sovereign splendours upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear! We are forgotten; and in your austere And calm indifference, ye little care Whether we come or go, or whence or where.

What passing generations fill these halls.

What passing voices echo from these walls,

Ye heed not; we are only as the blast, A moment heard, and then for ever

Not so the teachers who in earlier days Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;

They answer us—alas! what have I

What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?

**THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY** 

What salutation, welcome, or reply? What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?

They are no longer here; they all are gone

Into the land of shadows,—all save

Honour and reverence, and the good repute

That follows faithful service as its fruit, Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,

TO THE SECOND CONTRACT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Met there the old instructor of his youth,

And cried in tones of pity and of ruth: "Oh, never from the memory of my heart

Your dear paternal image shall depart, Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,

Taught me how mortals are immortalized;

How grateful am I for that patient care

All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,

And utter them in plaintive undertone;

Nor to the living only be they said, But to the other living called the dead, Whose dear paternal images appear Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here:

Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw,

Were part and parcel of great Nature's law:

Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid.

#### MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But laboured in their sphere, as men
who live

In the delight that work alone can give.

Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest.

And the fulfilment of the great behest:

'Ye have been faithful over a few things,

Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,

And follow in the furrows that we tilled,

Young men, whose generous hearts are beating high,

We who are old, and are about to die, Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours.

And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams

With its illusions, aspirations, dreams! Book of Beginnings, Story without End.

Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!

Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,

That holds the treasures of the universe!

All possibilities are in its hands,

No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;

In its sublime audacity of faith,

"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith.

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,

Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state With the old men, too old and weak to fight,

Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight

To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield.

Of Trojans and Achaians in the field; So from the snowy summits of our years

We see you in the plain, as each appears,

And question of you; asking, "Who is he

That towers above the others? Which may be

Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,

Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armour on

As he who puts it off, the battle done. Study yourselves; and most of all note well

Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.

Not every blossom ripens into fruit; Minerva, the inventress of the flute,

Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed

Distorted in a fountain as she played: The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate

Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

THE WAR AND SOME AND ASSESSED THE PARTY OF THE PARTY AND THE PARTY AND THE PARTY AND THE PARTY OF THE PARTY O

○ 在京水水点 大京大京大大京大京 在京大京

会 不是

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,

"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;

Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess

Than the defect; better the more than less;

Better like Hector in the field to die, Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few

That number not the half of those we knew,

Ye, against whose familiar names not yet

The fatal asterisk of death is set, Ye I salute! The horologe of Time Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,

And summons us together once again, The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep

Caverns of darkness answer me:
"They sleep!"

I name no name; instinctively I feel Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,

And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,

For every heart best knoweth its own loss,

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white

Through the pale dusk of the impending night;

O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws

Its golden lilies mingled with the rose; We give to each a tender thought, and pass

Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,

Unto these scenes frequented by our feet

When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say

Better than silence is? When I survey

This throng of faces turned to meet my own,

Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,

. .

Transformed the very landscape seems to be:

It is the same, yet not the same to me. So many memories crowd upon my brain.

So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,

I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread.

As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate; My feet reluctant linger at the gate; As one who struggles in a troubled dream

To speak and cannot; to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years! Whatever time or space may intervene, I will not be a stranger in this scene. Here every doubt, all indecision ends; Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last we

Seem to me fifty folios bound and set By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,

Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies, are there!

What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!

What chronicles of triumph and defeat,

Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!

What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!

What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what divine And holy images of love and trust,

Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!

ウナー大きのかのかかればその大き大き大き大き大き大きの大きの大きの大き

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore

These volumes closed, and clasped for evermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;

I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas! Whatever hath been written shall remain.

Nor be erased nor written o'er again; The unwritten only still belongs to thee:

Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thundercloud

Are reassured if some one reads aloud A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,

Let me endeavour with a tale to chase The gathering shadows of the time and place,

And banish what we all too deeply feel

Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where, There stood an image with its arm in air,

And on its lifted finger, shining clear, A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"

Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed

The meaning that these words but half expressed,

### MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

Until a learned clerk, who at noonday With downcast eyes was passing on his way,

न**्द्रद्विद्**षेत्रद्वित्

\* - | \*, | Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,

Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;

And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found

A secret stairway leading underground.

Down this he passed into a spacious hall,

Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall; And opposite in threatening attitude With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.

Upon its forehead, like a coronet, Were these mysterious words of menace set:

"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim

None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,

With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased

With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,

And gold the bread and viands manifold.

Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,

Were seated gallant knights in armour clad,

And ladies beautiful with plume and zone.

But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;

And the vast hall was filled in every part

With silent crowds stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,

The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;

Then from the table, by his greed made bold,

He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,

And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,

The vaulted ceiling with loud clamours rang,

The archer sped his arrow, at their call,

7 4 4

今天的我的人的我就是我 只 人名英格拉尔人姓氏

0.0.0

ु

444

× 45.0450.

•

9.6000000

白,在,在我也,也我也

Ø.

٥

¢

Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,

And all was dark around and overhead;—

Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records

Its ghostly application in these words:

The image is the Adversary old,

Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;

Our lusts and passions are the downward stair

That leads the soul from a diviner air;

The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, life;

Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;

The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone

By avarice have been hardened into stone;

The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf

Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,

The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,

And all the sweet serenity of books;

The market-place, the eager love of gain,

Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told

To men grown old, or who are growing old?

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles

Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides

Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,

When each had numbered more than fourscore years;

A POST A CONTRACTOR OF CONTRAC

**SII** 

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten.

Had but begun his Characters of Men. Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,

At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales; Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed Faust when eighty years were past.

These are indeed exceptions; but they show

How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives, Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer fortells the storm While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,

So something in us, as old age draws near,

Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.

The nimble mercury, ere we are aware, Descends the elastic ladder of the air; The tell-tale blood in artery and vein Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;

þ

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent
moon.

The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:

It is not strength, but weakness; not desire.

But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire.

The burning and consuming element, But that of ashes and of embers spent, In which some living sparks we still discern,

Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say

The night hath come; it is no longer day?

The night hath not yet come; we are not quite

Cut off from labour by the failing light;

Something remains for us to do or dare; Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;

Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode, Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode

Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,

But other something, would we but begin;

For age is opportunity no less

Than youth itself, though in another dress,

And as the evening twilight fades away

The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

# KÉRAMOS.

1878.

Turn, my wheel! Turn round | While o'er his features, like a mask, and round | The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade

Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand.

Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,

Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task [tree, | And while he plied his ma Beneath the blossoming hawthorn- | For it was magical to me-

While o'er his features, like a mask, The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed to be A figure woven in tapestry, So sumptuously was he arrayed In that magnificent attire Of sable tissue flaked with fire. Like a magician he appeared, A conjurer without book or beard; And while he plied his magic art— For it was magical to me—

## KERAMOS.

I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

XXXX

ţ

とうどうどうせいせつどうかん せつぼうけ

Turn, turn, my wheel! all things must change

To something new, to something strange;

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,

The mist and cloud will turn to rain, The rain to mist and cloud again, To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still, By some unconscious act of will, The melody and even the words Were intermingled with my thought, As bits of coloured thread are caught And woven into nests of birds. And thus to regions far remote, Beyond the ocean's vast expanse, This wizard in the motley coat Transported me on wings of song, And by the northern shores of France Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be A mingling of the land and sea? This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes? This water-net, that tesselates The landscape? this unending maze Of gardens, through whose latticed gates

The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze; Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;

Where over fields and pastures green The painted ships float high in air, And over all and everywhere The sails of windmills sink and soar Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? You pretty town Is Delft, with all its wares displayed; The pride, the market-place, the crown

And centre of the Potter's trade.

See! every house and room is bright With glimmers of reflected light From plates that on the dresser shine; Flagons to foam with Flemish beer, Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine, And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis, And ships upon a rolling sea, And tankards pewter-topped, and queer

With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlour walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;

What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows
west:

The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and
breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Now southward through the air I glide,

The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its
walls,

A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to
day?

This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores, combined With potency of fire, to find

513

L. L

Some new enamel, hard and bright, His dream, his passion, his delight? O Palissy! within thy breast Burned the hot fever of unrest; Thine was the prophet's vision, thine The exultation, the divine Insanity of noble minds, That never falters nor abates, But labours and endures and waits, Till all that it foresees it finds, Or what it cannot find creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen
jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,

Y

XX

Y

X

And shall it to the Potter say,

What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?

As men who think to understand A world by their Creator planned, Who wiser is than they.

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle,
That lends its softened name to art,—
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustered with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of
smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my flight On my enchanter's magic cloak, I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea Into the land of Italy, And o'er the windy Apennines, Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and
glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came A youth with the angelic name

Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of colour and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and
leaves

ᢓ**ᢂ᠅ᠰ᠅ᠰ᠅ᡧᢀᡮ᠅᠘᠘ᠰ᠅ᡧ᠅ᡮ᠂ᡯ᠅ᡮ᠅ጂ᠅ᡯ᠅᠕᠅᠕᠅᠕᠅᠕᠅᠕᠅ᡯᢒᡯᢒᡯᢒᡯᢒᡯᠪᡯᠪᡯ᠙ᡯᡠᡯᢒᡯᢙᡯᢙᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ᠅ᡯ Ĭ** 

κ⊙

About some landscape, shaded brown, With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl, Upon a ground of deepest blue With yellow-lustered stars o'erlaid, Colours of every tint and hue Mingle in one harmonious whole! With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze, Her yellow hair in net and braid, Necklace and earrings all ablaze With golden lustre o'er the glaze, A woman's portrait; on the scroll, Cana, the beautiful! A name Forgotten save for such brief fame. As this memorial can bestow,—A gift some lover long ago Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town, Seated beside the Arno's stream; For Lucca della Robbia there Created forms so wondrous fair, They made thy sovereignty supreme. These choristers with lips of stone, Whose music is not heard, but seen, Still chant, as from their organ-screen, Their Maker's praise; nor these alone, But the more fragile forms of clay, Hardly less beautiful than they. These saints and angels that adorn The walls of hospitals, and tell The story of good deeds so well That poverty seems less forlorn, And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,

#### KÉRAMOS.

Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All carthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are
fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet,"

Ϋ́Υ

YOY Y YY

But the most wonderful of all The ornaments on tomb or wall That grace the fair Ausonian shores Are those the faithful earth restores, Near some Apulian town concealed, In vineyard or in harvest-field,-Vases and urns and bas-reliefs, Memorials of forgotten griefs, Or records of heroic deeds Of demigods and mighty chiefs: Figures that almost move and speak, And, buried amid mould and weeds, Still in their attitudes attest The presence of the graceful Greek,— Achilles in his armour dressed, Alcides with the Cretan bull, Aphrodite with her boy, Or lovely Helena of Troy, Still living and still beautiful.

I urn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.

XXX

ě

And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow,
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssiman sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands,
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,

513

LL2

Beating their breasts with loud appeals And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and
One,

Told by the fair Scheherezade.

Yayayayayaya

More strange and wonderful than these Are the Egyptian deities,
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue enamelled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their nightwatch kept

O'er Cleopatra while she slept,— All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,

Of every tongue, of every place, Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay, All that inhabit this great earth, Whatever be their rank or worth, Are kindred and allied by birth, And made of the same clay.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay, O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay, Bird-like I fly, and flying sing, To flowery kingdoms of Cathay, And bird-like poise on balanced wing Above the town of King-te-tching, A burning town, or seeming so,—Three thousand furnaces that glow Incessantly, and fill the air With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre, And painted by the lurid glare Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall, Spotted and veined with various hues, Are swept along the avenues, And lie in heaps by hedge and wall, So from this grove of chimneys whirled To all the markets of the world, These porcelain leaves are wafted on. Light yellow leaves with spots and Of violet and of crimson dye, [stains Or tender azure of a sky Just washed by gentle April rains, And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold! [old, The Tower of Porcelain, strange and Uplifting to the astonished skies Its ninefold painted balconies, With balustrades of twining leaves, And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves Hang porcelain bells that all the time Ring with a soft melodious chime; While the whole fabric is ablaze With varied tints, all fused in one Great mass of colour, like a maze Of flowers illumined by the sun.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun

At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the
frame,

And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure
And on the hillside I can see [drift,
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift [high,

Their twisted columns of smoke on Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,

And broken arches of blue sky.

# THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

All the bright flowers that fill the land, Ripple of waves on rock or sand, The snow on Fusiyama's cone, The midnight heaven so thickly sown With constellations of bright stars, The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make

A whisper by each stream and lake, The saffron dawn, the sunset red, Are painted on these lovely jars; Again the skylark sings, again The stork, the heron, and the crane Float through the azure overhead, The counterfeit and counterpart Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes, Her darling child; in whom we trace The features of the mother's face, Her aspect and her attitude, All her majestic loveliness Chastened and softened and subdued Into a more attractive grace, And with a human sense imbued. He is the greatest artist, then, Whether of pencil or of pen, Who follows Nature. Never man, As artist or as artisan, Pursuing his own fantasies, [please, Can touch the human heart, or Or satisfy our nobler needs, As he who sets his willing feet In Nature's footprints, light and fleet, And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May, Wrapped in my visions like the Seer, Whose eyes behold not what is near, But only what is far away, [peal, When, suddenly sounding, peal on The church-bell from the neighbouring town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon. [wheel, The Potter heard, and stopped his His aprop on the grass threw down.

His apron on the grass threw down, Whistled his quiet little tune, Not over-loud nor over-long, And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too
The noon will be the afternoon, [soon
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!

# THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And for ever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

<u>⑥~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~</u>

April, 1879.

#### THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

In the old churchyard of his native town, And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall, We laid him in the sleep that comes to all, And left him to his rest and his renown. The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall;—The dead around him seemed to wake, and call His name, as worthy of so white a crown. And now the moon is shining on the scene, And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er With shadows cruciform of leafless trees, As once the winding-sheet of Saladin With chapters of the Koran; but ah! more Mysterious and triumphant signs are these!

April, 1879.

#### HELEN OF TYRE.

XXX

XXXXXXXX

\* SYSYSY

What phantom is this, that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these?
A woman of cloud and of fire;
It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas!

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
The lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur, "Jezebel!"

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gay gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The word he utters in haste.

He says: "From this evil fame, From this life of sorrow and shame, I will lift thee, and make thee mine!

Thou hast been Queen Candace, And Helen of Troy, and shalt be The Intelligence Divine!"

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise,
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and deceives,

And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land The wizard's beckoning hand, As a leaf is blown by the gust, Till she vanishes into night!
O reader, stoop down, and write
With thy finger in the dust!

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy raft of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise, and thy ships;
Thou, too, art become as nought,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.
February, 1880.

#### GARFIELD.

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

THESE words the poet heard in Paradise,

Uttered by one who, bravely dying here

In the true faith, was living in that sphere

Where the celestial cross of sacrifice Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;

And, set thereon in jewels crystal clear,

The souls magnanimous that knew not fear [eyes. Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled

Ah me! How dark the discipline of pain,

Were not the suffering followed by the sense

Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our
suspense,

"I came from martyrdom unto this peace." October, 1881.

## HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

[As Seleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank as whole in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five Volumes. \*\* \* Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.—Iamblichus.]

STILL through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile;
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile;
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

Y

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helius and Hephæstus,
Gods of eldest eld?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred Thousand books he wrote?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote,
In oblivion sunk for ever,
As when o'er the land
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half-believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

NO NO

Ă

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian's song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three time greatest!
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of time!
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their pame survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately
Grave-yard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

January, 1882.

# MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

#### TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf for ever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

#### THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

#### TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

#### THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

#### ULTIMA THULE.

And now, beset with many ills, A toilsome life I follow; Compelled to carry from the hills These logs to the impatient mills Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms The rudeness of my labours; Daily I water with these arms The cattle of a hundred farms, And have the birds for neighbours.

Men call me Mad, and well they may, When, full of rage and trouble, I burst my banks of sand and clay, And sweep their wooden bridge away, Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme, As of thine own creating. Thou seest the day is past its prime; I can no longer waste my time; The mills are tired of waiting.

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1882.

# Altima Thule.

#### DEDICATION.

ONA THE EXPENSE OF CONCORD CONTROP CON

できるの

\$@@@**@@@@@@@@@** 

TO G. W. G.

WITH favouring winds, o'er sunlit

We sailed for the Hesperides, The land where golden apples grow; But that, ah! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean streams Have swept us from that land of dreams,

That land of fiction and of truth, The lost Atlantis of our youth!

Whither, ah, whither? Are not these The tempest-haunted Hebrides, Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers

And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle! Here in thy harbours for a while We lower our sails; a while we rest, From the unending, endless quest.

#### BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books! The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their shelves Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah! his hand will nevermore Turn their storied pages o'er;

Never more his lips repeat Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest! He is gone, who was its guest;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller! in what realms afar, In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aërial space, Shines the light upon thy face?

In what gardens of delight Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Poet! thou, whose latest verse Was a garland on thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone, In Deukalion's life, thine own.

On the ruins of the Past Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend! but yesterday the bells Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee, Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books, The peace of God in all thy looks!

## JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,

As down to his death in the hollow Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,

Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,

As the vision, that lured him to follow, With the mist and the darkness blended,

And the dream of his life was ended;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

#### FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE.

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my own

This splendid ebon throne?

Or by what reason, or what right divine,

Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong;

Only because the spreading chestnut tree

Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches
made

A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,

Its blossoms white and sweet Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,

Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from
the sheath,

Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,

Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home
at last,

And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride

Repel the ocean tide,

But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme

Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout
and call.

And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow,

And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat

The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me

This day a jubilee,

And to my more than three-score years and ten

Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,

And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is
wrought

The giver's loving thought.

ULTIMA THULE.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dend wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song,
Childe; the handle of wood from the critical of gold, inset with three precious stones from Sheria, Ceylon, and Maine,
THE IRON PEN,

[Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Childe; the handle of wood from the critical of gold, inset with three precious stones from Sheria, Ceylon, and Maine,
THOUGHT this Pen would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines, I dreamed these gems from the mues Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine,
I dreamed these gems from the mues Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine,
Under the pines, I dreamed these gems from the mues of Sheria, Ceylon, and Maine,
I start the light of that summer day
I shall see you standing there,
Carcessed by the fragmant air,
With the shatdow on your face,
And the sunshine on yo

I shall hear the sweet low tone Of a voice before unknown, Saying, "This is from me to you-From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain I shall answer and thank you again For the gift, and the grace of the gift, O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And for ever this gift will be As a blessing from you to me, As a drop of the dew of your youth On the leaves of an aged tree.

#### ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr, A ploughman, who, in foul and fair, Sings at his task So clear, we know not if it is The laverock's song we hear, or his, Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields A more ethereal harvest yields Than sheaves of grain; Songs flush with purple bloom the rye, The plover's call, the curlew's cry, Sing in his brain.

<u>ᲜᲘᲠᲝᲛᲘᲠᲢᲢᲝᲠᲔᲛᲢᲠᲢᲢᲝ</u>ᲛᲢᲝᲛᲢᲝᲠᲢᲢᲝᲠᲢᲛᲝᲠᲢᲛᲗᲠᲢᲠᲛᲝᲛᲛᲝᲠᲚᲛᲝᲠᲚᲛᲝᲠᲢᲛᲝᲛᲛᲝᲛᲛᲝᲠᲢᲛᲝᲠᲢᲝᲠᲚᲠᲝ **Რ**ᲝᲓᲛᲝᲛᲔᲛᲛᲛᲢᲛᲛᲢᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛᲛ

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed

Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed Beside the stream

Is clothed with beauty; gorse and

And heather, where his footsteps pass, The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumes The darkness of lone cottage rooms; He feels the force.

The treacherous undertow and stress Of wayward passions, and no less The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate; His voice is harsh, but not with hate; The brush-wood, hung Above the tavern door, lets fall Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song Is love of right, disdain of wrong; Its master chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood.

Its discords but an interlude Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave Unfinished what he might achieve! Yet better sure Is this, than wandering up and down An old man in a country town, Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land As an immortal youth; his hand Guides every plough; He sits beside each ingle-nook, His voice is in each rushing brook, Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room tonight A form of mingled mist and light From that far coast. Welcome beneath this roof of mine! Welcome! this vacant chair is thine, Dear guest and ghost!

## ELEGIAC.

DARK is the morning with mist; in the narrow mouth of the harbour Motionless lies the sea, under its curtain of cloud;

Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on the distant horizon.

Like to the towers of a town, built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth into the ocean;

With them sail my thoughts over the limitless deep,

Farther and farther away, borne on by unsatisfied longings,

Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have disappeared in the ocean;

Sunk are the towers of the town into the depths of the sea!

All have vanished but those that, moored in the neighbouring roadstead,

Sailless at anchor ride, looming so large in the mist.

524

#### ULTIMA THULE.

dim, unsatisfied longings;

ションラファラ

Sunk are the turrets of cloud into: the ocean of dreams:

While in a haven of rest my heart is riding at anchor,

Held by the chains of love, held by the anchors of trust!

#### OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

WHAT an image of peace and rest Is this little church among its graves!

All is so quiet; the troubled breast, The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,

Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands Over this humble hermitage,

And seems to caress with its little hands

The rough, gray stones, as a child As wheat to sift us, and we all that stands

Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of Not one, however rich or great, age!

You cross the threshold; and dim and small

Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold;

The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall, The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,

Whisper and say: "Alas! we are old.

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton Hardly more spacious is than this; But Poet and Pastor, blent in one, Clothed with a splendour, as of the sun, That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without That makes the building small or

But the soul's light shining round

And the faith that overcometh doubt, And the love that stronger is than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace, Were I a pastor of Holy Church, More than a Bishop's diocese

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the Should I prize this place of rest, and release

> From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay, and let the world With its distant thunder roar and roll;

Storms do not rend the sail that is furled;

Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled

In an eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

#### THE SIFTING OF PETER.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sifted;

And now, though ages intervene, Sin is the same, while time and scene Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small, Are tempted;

Is by his station or estate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter;

No heart hath armour so complete But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow, Who hear the warning voice, but go Unheeding,

Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows crucified And bleeding.

One look at that pale suffering face Will make us feel the deep disgrace Of weakness;

We shall be sifted till the strength Of self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;

The reddening scars remain, and make Confession;

Lost innocence returns no more; We are not what we were before Transgression.

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But noble souls, through dust and heat, Rise from disaster and defeat The stronger, And conscious still of the divine

Within them, lie on earth supine No longer.

#### MAIDEN AND WEATHER-COCK.

#### MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire, With your golden feathers all on fire, Tell me, what can you see from your;

Above there over the tower of the church?

#### WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets below,

And the people moving to and fro, And beyond, without either roof or street,

The great salt sea, and the fisherman's

I can see a ship come sailing in Beyond the headlands and harbour of Lynn,

And a young man standing on the deck, With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips, And now he is kissing his finger tips, And now he is lifting and waving his hand,

And blowing the kisses toward the land.

#### MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea, That is bringing my lover back to me, Bringing my lover so fond and true, Who does not change with the wind like you.

#### WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow, It is only because they made me so, And people would think it wondrous strange,

If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair, With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,

When you and your lover meet to-day, You will thank me for looking some other way.

#### THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD! a giant am I! Aloft here in my tower, With my granite jaws I devour The maize, and the wheat, and the rye, And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms; In the fields of grain I see The harvest that is to be, And I fling to the air my arms, For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails Far off, from the threshing-floors, In barns, with their open doors, And the wind, the wind in my sails, Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place, With my foot on the rock below, And whichever way it may blow I meet it face to face, As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive My master, the miller stands And feeds me with his hands; For he knows who makes him thrive, Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest; Church-going bells begin Their low, melodious din; I cross my arms on my breast, And all is peace within.

#### THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

<del>~`</del>~~~~~~~

THE tide rises, the tide falls, The twilight darkens, the curlew calls; Along the sea-sands damp and brown The traveller hastens toward the town, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls. But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;

The little waves, with their soft, white hands.

Efface the footprints in the sands, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls; The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveller to the shore, And the tide rises, the tide falls.

526

@@@#@@@@@@@@@@@

୬**୫୫୫୫୫୫୫**୫୫୫

#### ULTIMA THULE.

#### MY CATHEDRAL.

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines

Uplift their fretted summits tipped

with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,

Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,

And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;

No organ but the wind here sighs and moans.

No sepulchre conceals a martyr's

No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.

Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,

Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!

Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds.

In leafy galleries beneath the caves, Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled.

And learn there may be worship without words.

#### NIGHT.

INTO the darkness and the hush of night

Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,

And with it fade the phantoms of the day,

The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.

The crowd, the clamour, the pursuit, the flight,

The unprofitable splendour and dis-

The agitations, and the cares that

sight.

The better life begins; the world no

Molests us; all its records we erase From the dull common-place book of our lives,

That like a palimpsest is written o'er With trivial incidents of time and

And lo! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

PARTER BORDER DE LE CONTRE DE LE CONTRE DE LA CONTRE DEL CONTRE DE LA CONTRE DEL CONTRE DE LA CONTRE DEL CONTRE DE LA CONT

#### THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

.00 . (13/11)

As the birds come in the Spring, We know not from where; As the stars come at evening From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud, And the brook from the ground; As suddenly, low or loud, Out of silence a sound:

As the grape comes to the vine, The fruit to the tree; As the wind comes to the pine, And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships O'er the ocean's verge; As comes the smile to the lips, The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs, All hitherward blown From the misty realm, that belongs To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays He sings; and their fame Is his, and not his; and the praise And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day, And haunt him by night, Upon our hearts, all vanish out of And he listens, and needs must obey, When the Angel says: "Write!

# In the Harbour.

#### BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought, Still unattained the land it sought, My mind, with loosely-hanging sails, Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before, The ocean stretches like a floor,—A level floor of amethyst, Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow! Shake and uplift this golden glow! And fill the canvas of the mind With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel The straining sail, the lifting keel, The life of the awakening sea, Its motion and its mystery!

# THE POET'S CALENDAR. JANUARY.

.00000000000

t

JANUS am I; oldest of potentates; Forward I look, and backward, and below

I count, as god of avenues and gates, The years that through my portals come and go.

11.

I block the roads, and drift the fields with snow;

I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;

My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow.

My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

#### FEBRUARY.

I am lustration; and the sea is mine!

I wash the sands and headlands with my tide;

My brow is crowned with branches of the pine;

Before my chariot wheels the fishes glide.

By me all things unclean are purified, By me the souls of men washed white again; いののはいのものものものものののの

CLOY LEGGERSON SECRETARIOS SECRETARIOS CONTRACTOR DE CONTR

E'en the unlovely tombs of those who died

Without a dirge, I cleanse from every stain.

#### MARCH.

I Martius am! Once first, and now the third!

To lead the Year was my appointed place;

A mortal dispossessed me by a word, And set there Janus with the double face.

Hence I make war on all the human race:

I shake the cities with my hurricanes;

I flood the rivers and their banks efface.

And drown the farms and hamlets with my rains.

#### APRIL.

I open wide the portals of the Spring To welcome the procession of the flowers,

With their gay banners, and the birds that sing

Their song of songs from their aërial towers.

I soften with my sunshine and my showers

The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I glide

Into the hearts of men; and with the hours

Upon the Bull with wreathed horns I ride.

#### MAY.

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud proclaim

My coming, and the swarming of the bees.

These are my heralds, and behold!
my name

Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn trees.

and a contract of the contract

# IN THE HARBOUR.

I tell the mariner when to sail the seas!

I waft o'er all the land from far away

The breath and bloom of the Hesperides.

My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.

#### JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes, and mine

The Month of Marriages! All pleasant sights

And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,

The foliage of the valleys and the heights.

Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights;

The mower's scythe makes music to my ear;

I am the mother of all dear delights;
I am the fairest daughter of the
year.

#### JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe

The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land;

My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe, And bent before me the pale harvests

stand.

The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,

And there is thirst and fever in the air;

The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand;

I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

#### AUGUST.

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,

I being his favourite, bestowed his name

Upon me, and I hold it still in trust, In memory of him and of his fame.

I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage:

Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim

The golden Harvests as my heritage.
529

#### SEPTEMBER.

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise

The night and day; and when unto my lips

I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise

Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships;

The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips;

Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight;

The hedges are all red with haws and hips,

The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

#### OCTOBER.

My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,

Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed;

I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,

O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.

Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride, The dreamy air is full, and over-

With tender memories of the summertide,

And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

#### NOVEMBER.

or an experimental and a second a

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,

Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace;

With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,

A steed Thessalian with a human face.

Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase

The leaves, half dead already with affright;

I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race

Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

#### DECEMBER.

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,

I come, the last of all. This crown of mine

M M

recessory for the restrict contract and the restrict and

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Is of the holly; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant
cones of pine,

I celebrate the birth of the Divine, And the return of the Saturnian reign;— [shrine,

My songs are carols sung at every Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men."

#### AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

Until we meet again! That is the meaning

Of the familiar words that men repeat

At parting in the street.

Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening

Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain

We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow

Of parting as we feel it, who must stay

Lamenting day by day,

And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,

We shall not find in its accustomed place

The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,

Being released from earth, should still retain

A sense of earthly pain;

It were a double grief, if the truehearted

Who loved us here, should on the farther shore

Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,

That death is a beginning, not an end.

We cry to them, and send Farewells, that better might be called

predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future,
thrown

Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,

And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead Raised up to life, then only for a season [vain

Our partings are, nor shall we wait in Until we meet again!

20000000000000

# THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. [A FRAGMENT.]

Ī.

WHAT is this I read in history, Full of marvel, full of mystery, Difficult to understand? Is it fiction, is it truth? Children in the flower of youth, Heart in heart, and hand in hand, Ignorant of what helps or harms, Without armour, without arms, Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown From the parent trees were they; Like a flock of birds that fly Through the unfrequented sky, Holding nothing as their own, Passed they into lands unknown, Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!
O the faith that could believe
What the harnessed, iron-mailed
Knights of Christendom had failed
By their prowess to achieve,
They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching Holy Wars to knight and baron, That the words dropped in his teaching.

His entreaty, his beseeching, Would by children's hands be gleaned And the staff on which he leaned Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

530

THE PARTY OF THE P

### IN THE HARBOUR.

As a summer wind upheaves
The innumerable leaves
In the bosom of a wood,—
Not as separate leaves, but massed
All together by the blast,—
So for evil or for good
His resistless breath upheaved
All at once the many-leaved,
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air
Rock the boughs with all the nests
Cradled on their tossing crests;
By the fervour of his prayer
Troubled hearts were everywhere
Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,
His prophetic voice had ceased;
But the air was heated still
By his lurid words and will,
As from fires in far-off woods,
In the autumn of the year,
An unwonted fever broods
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,
In Cologne the nuns were singing
Hymns and canticles divine;
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,
And the thronging streets were loud
With the voices of the crowd;—
Underneath the city walls
Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From ihe gates, that summer day, Clad in robes of hodden gray, With the red cross on the breast, Azure-eyed and golden-haired, Forth the young Crusaders fared; While above the band devoted Consecrated banners floated, Fluttered many a flag and streamer, And the cross o'er all the rest! Singing lowly, meekly, slowly, "Give us, give us back the holy Sepulchre of the Redeemer!" On the vast procession pressed, Youths and maidens. . . .

III.

Ah! what master hand shall paint How they journeyed on their way, How the days grew long and dreary, How their little feet grew weary, How their little hearts grew faint! Ever swifter day by day
Flowed the homeward river; ever
More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black
ravine.

Like a phœnix in its nest, Burned the red sun in the West, Sinking in an ashen cloud; In the East, above the crest Of the sea-like mountain chain, Like a phœnix from its shroud, Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow, Closed the mountain peaks. Below Headlong from the precipice Down into the dark abyss, Plunged the cataract, white with foam;

And it said, or seemed to say:
"Oh return, while yet you may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is!"

But the dauntless leader said: " Faint not, though your bleeding feet O'er these slippery paths of sleet Move but painfully and slowly; Other feet than yours have bled; Other tears than yours been shed. Courage! lose not heart or hope; On the mountains' southern slope Lies Jerusalem the Holy!" As a white rose in its pride, By the wind in summer-tide Tossed and loosened from the branch, Showers its petals o'er the ground, From the distant mountain's side, Scattering all its snows around, With mysterious, muffled sound, Loosened, fell the avalanche. Voices, echoes far and near, Roar of winds and waters blending, Mists uprising, clouds impending, Filled them with a sense of fear, Formless, nameless, never ending.

#### THE CITY AND THE SEA.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE panting City cried to the Sea,
"I am faint with heat,—O breathe on
me!"

53

edanananan parananan dan menananan menanan menanan menanan menanan menanan menanan menanan menanan menanan men

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe; but my breath

To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep,

Silent as dreams are, and sudden as

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be;

O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea?

#### SUNDOWN.

THE summer sun is sinking low, Only the tree-tops redden and glow: Only the weathercock on the spire Of the neighbouring church is a flame of fire;

All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day, What hast thou given, what taken away!

Life and death, and love and hate, Homes made happy or desolate, Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one milestone more!

In the book of life one leaf turned o'er ;

Like a red seal is the setting sun On the good and the evil men have done,-

> Naught can to-day restore! July 24, 1879.

#### DECORATION DAY.

2000000000000

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest On this field of the Grounded Arms.

Where foes no more molest, Nor sentry's shot alarms! Ye have slept on the ground before, And started to your feet At the cannon's sudden roar, Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death No sound your slumber breaks; Here is no fevered breath, No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace, Untrampled lies the sod; The shouts of battle cease, It is the Truce of God;

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep! The thoughts of men shall be As sentinels to keep Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green We deck with fragrant flowers; Yours has the suffering been, The memory shall be ours. February 3, 1882.

#### CHIMES.

SWEET chimes! that in the loneliness of night

Salute the passing hour, and in the dark

And silent chambers of the household mark

The movements of the myriad orbs of light!

Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,

I see the constellations in the arc Of their great circles moving on, and hark!

I almost hear them singing in their flight.

Better than sleep it is to lie awake O'er-canopied by the vast starry

Of the immeasurable sky; to feel The slumbering world sink under us, and make

Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of

On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

August 28, 1879.

### IN THE HARBOUR.

#### FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

FOUR by the clock! and yet not day; But the great world rolls and wheels

With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,

Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark Sends its glimmer across the dark, And the heavy breathing of the sea Is the only sound that comes to me. NASHANT, Sept. 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning.

#### THE FOUR LAKES OF MADI-SON.

Four limpid lakes,—four Naiades Or sylvan deities are these,

In flowing robes of azure dressed; Four lovely handmaids, that uphold Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,

To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun Drink of these waters as they run Their swift diurnal round on high; By night the constellations glow Far down the hollow deeps below, And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light, Fair town, arrayed in robes of white, How visionary ye appear! All like a floating landscape seems, In cloud-land or the land of dreams, Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

#### MOONLIGHT.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

As a pale phantom with a lamp Ascends some ruin's haunted stair, So glides the moon along the damp Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,

As if this phantom, full of pain, Were by the crumbling walls concealed,

And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud In all the splendour of her light, She walks the terraces of cloud, Supreme as Empress of the Night. I look, but recognize no more Objects familiar to my view; The very pathway to my door Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade,

The elm-trees drop their curtains down;

By palace, park, and colonnade I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet Is clothed with a diviner air; White marble paves the silent street And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies The common life of every day; Only the spirit glorifies With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind; We see but what we have the gift Of seeing; what we bring we find. December 20 1878.

#### TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river! like his verse Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse;

Nor wait beside the churchyard wall For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now A boy with sunshine on his brow, And hear in Stratford's quiet street The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge Wading knee-deep amid the sedge; And lost in thought, as if thy stream Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows; And fain would follow where it goes, To the wide world, that shall erelong Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er; He stands upon another shore; A vaster river near him flows, And still he follows where it goes.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

#### ELEGIAC VERSE.

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,

Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,

Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac.

Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.

For as a wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,

Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,

So the Hexameter, rising and sinking, with cadence sonorous,

Falls; and in refluent rhythm back the Pentameter flows.\*

II.

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

III.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet; Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

IV.

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand; When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking, Hail and snow and rain, are they not three and yet one?

VI.

Ey the mirage uplifted the land floats vague in the ether, Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air;

\* Compare Schiller.

"Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells In the twilight of age all things seem flüssige Saule; Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab."

See also Coleridge's translation

So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,

So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

VII.

Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are.

VIII.

Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, rejoicing in freedom; Little it dreams of the mill, hid in the valley below;

Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laugh-

Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

X.

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within

If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

XI.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

XII.

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language: While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

XIII.

strange and phantasmal, As between daylight and dark ghostlike the landscape appears.

XIV.

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending;
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

1881.

#### A FRAGMENT.

AWAKE! arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at they door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

Awake! arise! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much
rest;

The fallow land, the untilled farm Produces only weeds at best.

#### THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS\*

21 11 111 1 1 1 1 1/1/

What say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbour of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore,—
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a
name.

For bells are the voice of the church; They have tones that touch and search

The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the land.

\* The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow.

Becerratereres de la compart d

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?

"Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was
filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people
learn
That the Priest is lord of the
land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

March 15, 1882

^^^^

#### PRELUDE.

As treasures that men seek, Deep buried in sea-sands, Vanish if they but speak, And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip, O songs, and fade away, When the word is on my lip To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then, To let the treasures rest Hid from the eyes of men, Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place, But half the secret told, That, following this slight trace, Others may find the gold.

#### FROM THE FRENCH.

WILL ever the dear days come back

Those days of June, when lilacs were in bloom.

And bluebirds sang their sonnets in the gloom

Of leaves that roofed them in from sun or rain?

I know not; but a presence will re-

For ever and for ever in this room, Formless, diffused in air, like a perfume,

A phantom of the heart, and not the brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken word

Was like a foot-fall nearer and more near,

And a mysterious knocking at the gate

Of the heart's secret places, and we heard

In the sweet tumult of delight and

A voice that whispered, "Open, I cannot wait!"

#### THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES CORAN.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon You are dear to my memory still! With mine host and his merry song, Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way Under the trellis I found again Mine host, still sitting there au And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon so fresh and bold, Treats me as one it used to know; Souvenirs of the days of old Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met; We pledge, we drink. How sour it

Never Argenteuil piquette Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in sooth;

The self-same juice, the self-same cask!

It was you, O gaiety of my youth, That failed in the autumnal flask!

#### AT LA CHAUDEAU.

\*\*\*\*\*\*

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES CORAN.

AT La Chaudeau,—'tis long since then:

I was young,—my years twice ten; All things smiled on the happy boy, Dreams of love and songs of joy, Azure of heaven and wave below, At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old: My head is gray, my blood is cold; Seeking along the meadow ooze, Seeking beside the river Seymouse, The days of my spring-time of long ago At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain Ever grows old with grief and pain; A sweet remembrance keeps off age; A tender friendship doth still assuage

The burden of sorrow that one may know

At La Chaudeau.

ţ

大学以来被张明·英国的《大学》,是是一种《大学》,是是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,是一种《大学》,

**5**-1

大学大学大学大教教教

365. | 3⊷1, At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed To limit the wandering life I lead Peradventure I still, forsooth, Should have preserved my fresh green youth,

Under the shadows the hill-tops throw At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends; Happy to be where God intends; And sometimes, by the evening fire, Think of him whose sole desire Is again to sit in the old Château At La Chaudeau.

#### A QUIET LIFE.

01/100000000000

ROM THE FRENCH.

LET him who will, by force or fraud innate,

Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery height;

I, leaving not the home of my delight,

Far from the world and noise will meditate.

Then without pomps or perils of the great,

I shall behold the day succeed the night;

Behold the alternate seasons take their flight,

And in serene repose old age await. And so, whenever Death shall come to close

The happy moments that my days compose,

I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone!

How wretched is the man with honours crowned,

Who, having not the one thing needful found,

Dies known to all, but to himself unknown.

September 11, 1879.

#### LOSS AND GAIN.

o G

4.也在分子在在日本的本地在於於於於在外外於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於於

SON A A MANAGEMENT AND A STANDARD A STANDARD AND A STANDARD AND A STANDARD A STANDARD A STANDARD

WHEN I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,

What I have missed with what attained.

Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware

How many days have been idly spent; How like an arrow the good intent

Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

#### AUTUMN WITHIN.

MARK THINKS

It is autumn; not without,
But within me is the cold.
Youth and spring are all about;
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air, Singing, building without rest; Life is stirring everywhere, Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence; the dead leaves
Fall and rustle and are still;
Beats no flail upon the sheaves,
Comes no murmur from the mill.

April 9, 1874.

#### VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

~~~~~~~~~

As one who long hath fled with panting breath

Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,

I turn and set my back against the wall,

And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.

I call for aid, and no one answereth;
I am alone with thee, who conquerest all;

Yet me thy threatening form doth not appal,

For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,

ガルが大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大大

With armour shattered, and without a shield,

I stand unmoved; do with me what thou wilt;

I can resist no more, but will not yield. This is no tournament where cowards tilt:

The vanquished here is victor of the field.

April 4, 1876.

#### MEMORIES.

Off I remember those whom I have known

In other days, to whom my heart was led

As by a magnet, and who are not dead,

But absent, and their memories overgrown

With other thoughts and troubles of my own,

As graves with grasses are, and at their head

The stone with moss and lichens so o'erspread,

Nothing is legible but the name alone. And is it so with them? After long years.

Do they remember me in the same way,

And is the memory pleasant as to me?

I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my fears?

Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and decay,

And yet the root perennial may be. September 23, 1881.

#### MY BOOKS.

an www.anaanaa

SADLY as some old mediæval knight Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,

The sword two-handed and the shining shield

Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,

While secret longings for the lost delight

Of tourney or adventure in the field Came over him, and tears but half concealed

Trembled and fell upon his beard of white.

So I behold these books upon their shelf,

My ornaments and arms of other days;

Not wholly useless, though no longer used,

For they remind me of my other self, Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways,

In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

December 27, 1881.

#### POSSIBILITIES.

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong

The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent

Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,

But with the utmost tension of the thong?

Where are the stately argosies of song, Whose rushing keels made music as they went

Sailing in search of some new continent,

With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?

Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the field or street,

Who shall become a master of the art,

An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,

Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet

For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

January 17, 1882.

4.4.

中介明天子不知此之方然其天然其外不在在大大大大大大大大大大

# Jubenile Poems.

#### THANKSGIVING.

Jubal's tongue

3

依然然是我也是我的,我们是我就是我就是我的,我们是我的,我们是我们是我的,我们是我们是我的,我们是我的,我们是我们是我的,我们们是这一个,我们的,我们是我们的, 第15

The tuneful anthem filled the morning

His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.

Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;

The voice of praise was heard in every

And prayer, and thanks to Him the Eternal One,

To Him, that with bright inspiration touched

The high and gifted lyre of heavenly

And warmed the soul with new vitality. A stirring energy through Nature

breathed: The voice of adoration from her broke, Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard

Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time

Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth

Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,

Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.

The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit

Moved in the breasts of men to do Him homage;

And when the morning smiled, or evening pale

Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn, They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,

And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,

Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,

And grey moss mantling hung. Above was heard

the green trees

WHEN first in ancient time from Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,

And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below

To sacred hymnings and elysian song The bright and widely wandering rivulet

Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots

That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks

Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there,

The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice

Where reeds grew rank on the rushyfringed brink,

And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,

Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.

Men felt the heavenly influence, and it stole

Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;

And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,

Became religion; for the ethereal spirit

That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,

And mellows everything to beauty, moved

With cheering energy within their breasts,

And made all holy there, —for all was love,

The morning stars, that sweetly sang together,

The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky,

Dayspring, and eventide, and all the fair

And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice

Of eloquent worship. Ocean with its

The melody of winds, breathed out as | Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm

Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat

CALLY.

The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice

Of awful adoration to the spirit That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.

And when the bow of evening arched the east,

Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling

Kissed with a sweet embrace the seaworn beach,

And soft the song of winds came o'er the waters,

The mingled melody of wind and wave

Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;

For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship,

And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth

No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?

Have our mute lips no hymn,—our souls no song?

Let him that in the summer day of

Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,

And him that in the nightfall of his years

Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace

His dim pale eyes on life's short wayfaring,

Praise him that rules the destiny of man.

Sunday Evening, October, 1824.

#### AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

A CO CO CO CO CO CO CO

ROUND Autumn's mouldering

Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,

When nightfall shades the quiet vale, And stars in beauty burn.

'Tis the year's eventide.

The wind, like one that sighs in pain,

O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again, Mourns on the far hillside. And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long.

And for the fairy-land of song, That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow, In the mid-sky her urn glows bright, And in her sad and mellowing light The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are
flung
The fringes of decay.

THE STANSON

光光光光光光光

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless
beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall
reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free;
A spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown
halls,

And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice Echoes the sound of precious things; Of early feeling's tuneful springs Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful
days,—
But not my joys again

But not my joys again.

December 1, 1824.

# TUVENILE POEMS.

#### ITALIAN SCENERY.

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto. Beneath its shades the beauteous Arno sleeps

In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees

Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down

Upon the beauty of that silent river.
Still in the west a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight
pale

Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky;

While eve's sweet star on the fast fading year

そうことが、そのことのなるが、大人は、東京のようには、これにいいていいい

A. J. 引起被放放機 我我我我我们的一个人

×

÷

\display \di

A. W. W.

\*\*

**美女子** 

Smiles calmly. Music steals at intervals

Across the water, with a tremulous swell,

From out the upland dingle of tall firs,

And a faint footfall sounds where dim and dark

Hangs the grey willow from the river's brink.

O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there

The lover's gondola drops down the stream,

Silent, save when its dipping oar is heard,

Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.

Mouldering and moss-grown through the lapse of years,

In motionless beauty stands the giant oak,

Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth

Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,

Whose secret springs the star-light pale discloses,

Gushes in hollow music, and beyond The broader river sweeps its silent way.

Mingling a silver current with that sea,

Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.

On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea

The halcyon flits, and where the wearied storm

Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep! The winds that came

O'er the dark sea-serge with a tremulous breathing,

And mourned on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank

And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea

Heaved its long billows, with a cheerless song

Have passed away to the cold earth again,

安京人 人名英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英英

, a

Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently Up from the calm sea's dim and distant verge,

Full and unveiled the moon's broad disk emerges.

On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's woods,

The silver light is spreading. Far above,

Encompassed with their thin, cold atmosphere,

The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,

Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard

The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,

And stays his wearied wing. Here let us pause!

The spirit of these solitudes—the soul That dwells within these steep and difficult places—

Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,

And brings unutterable musings. Earth

Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea

Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet,

Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering tombs

Of the Imperial City, hidden deep

Beneath the mantle of their shadows rest.

My spirit looks on earth! A heavenly voice

Comes silently: "Dreamer, is earth thy dwelling?

Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom

Which has sustained thy being, and within

The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs

A KIKKKIKIKI KIKIKKIKI KIKIKI KIKIKI KIKIKI KIKIKI KIKIKI KIKIKIKI KIKIKI KIKIK

Of thine own dissolution! E'en the

That fans the clear blue sky, and gives Most beautiful, most gentle. thee strength,

Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds.

And the wide waste of forest, where the osier

Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,

Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence

And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things;

yet my eye

Rests upon earth again! How beautiful,

Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves

Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,

Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow

light

Silvers the Albanian mountains, and 'I'is said that some have died of love, the haze

THE REPORT OF THE WAR AND THE REPORT OF THE STATE OF THE WAR WAS THE W

That rests upon their summits mellows | That once from beauty's high romance

The austerer features of their beauty. Faint

And dim-discovered glow the Sabine | Have spurned life's threshold with a hills.

And, listening to the sea's monotonous shell,

High on the cliffs of Terracina stands

ruins.

But night is in her wane: day's early flush

Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,

Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn

With cheerful lustre lights the royal

Where with its proud tiara of dark

It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

December 15, 1824.

\* Theodoric.

#### THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Yet how lost

To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye

That watched her being; the maternal care

That kept and nourished her; and the calm light

That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests

On youth's green valleys and smoothsliding waters!

This world is not thy home!" And Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds, Had withered or had wasted the fresh

> That bloomed upon her cheek; but one chill frost

> Came in that early Autumn, when ripe thought

> Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it; And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,

Arches the perilous river. A soft And drooped, and drooped, and shed its many leaves.

and some,

had caught

Love's passionate feelings and heartwasting cares,

desperate foot:

And others have gone mad,—and she was one!

Her lover died at sea; and they had felt

The castle of the royal Goth\* in A coldness for each other when they parted;

But love returned again, and to her

Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover

Had suddenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.

I saw her in her native vale, when high

The aspiring lark up from the reedy

Mounted on cheerful pinion; and she

Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,

And marking how they sunk; and oft she sighed

For him that perished thus in the vast deep.

She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought
From the far-distant ocean, and she pressed
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear, and thought
It whispered tidings of the dark blue sea;
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths.
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter,
And soon was swallowed up in the blue depths.
And wand she cried, "The tides are out;—and now lise his corseupon the stormy beach!"
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped shells,
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung.
And close beside her lay a delicate fan.
Made of the haleyon's blue wing; and when
She looked upon it, it would calm her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean,—for it gave
Mournful, yet pleasant memory. Once
I marked
When through the mountain hollows and green woods
That hent beneath its footsteps the loud wind
Came with a voice as of the resitess deep,
She raised her head, and on her pale
A beauty of diviner seeming came:
And then she appread her hands, and smiled, as if
She welcomed a long-absent friend,—and then she spread her hands, and wept.
I turnedaway: a multitude of thoughts, Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind,
And as I left that lost and ruined one,—A living monument that still on earth There is warm love and deeps in secrity,—
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace
Those fairy islands of bright cloud that lay
So calm and quietly in the thin ether. And then she pointed where, alone and high,
One little cloud salled onward, like a lost

143

And wand fainter,
And wand fainter med hale depths.
And when it sunk away, she turned again
With a deepths.
And when it sunk are promate for that cold parting! The way for that cold parting!
The vener that of the resides of the wary of a fairs
She welcomed a long-absent friend,—and then she appread her hands, and spile.

She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
One are the silent rivers sweep,
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.
One arth and her embosomed lakes, and where the silent rivers sweep,
From the thin

The bell swings to its midnight chime, Relieved against the deep blue sky! Haste I—dip the car again I—'dis time To seek Genevra's balcony.

Yansary 15, 1885

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave Is winding slow at evening's close. The beech, upon a nameless grave, It's sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down Upon the many twinkling leaves, And twilight's mellow shades are brown,
Where darkly the green turl upheaves.

The river glides in silence there, And hardly waves the sapling tree. Sweet flowers are springing, and the sair.

The beech upon a nameless grave, It's sadly move glides in silence there, And hardly waves the sapling tree. Sweet flowers are springing, and the sair.

The river glides in silence there, And hardly waves the sapling tree. Sweet flowers are springing, and the sair.

The river glides in silence there, And hardly waves the sapling tree. Sweet flowers are springing, and the sair.

The river such stable the waving firs. The timking cymbals sound; And as the wind the foliage stirs, I feel the dancers bound where the green branches, arched above, End over this fair scene of love.

And he is there that sought Myrome he not? Alas I I should Reclaim him still, if weeping could. Why comes he not? Alas I I should Reclaim him still, if weeping could. The come has a savey.

The funeral train has long past on, And times wiped dry the father's tag!

Farmewell, lost madden! there is one That mourns thee yet,—and he is here.

Marck 14, 1825.

Marck 14, 1825.

#### JUVENILE POEMS,

An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,

日本 新田 明 田 見 新 日

Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day

Had been out on the hills, a perilous

But the foot of the deer was far and fleet.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,

As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white;

A footstep was heard in the rustling brake

Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,

And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore.

And the hunter was seen on the hills

aţ

のあった。木つ木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の木の

ìе

W

as

жİ

.

its lat ed k

e-

th h,

> rp 1

Where was the warrior's foot when first

The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where, when the sultry noontime came,

On the green vales with scorching flame,

And made the woodlands faint with thirst?

'Twas where the wind is keen and loud.

And the grey eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when night

Veiled in thick cloud the mountain height?

None heard the loud and sudden crash,—

None saw the fallen warrior dash Down the bare rock so high and white!

But he that drooped not in the chase Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day

Of cold desertion passed away, And traces on that barren cleft Of struggling hard with death were left.—

Deep marks and footprints in the clay!

And they have laid this feathery helm By the dark river and green elm.

August 1, 1825.

#### THE SEA DIVER.

<u>^</u>^^^^^

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the worn seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson blush When ocean by the sun is kissed; When fades the evening's purple flush, My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'cr living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'er-

grown

The glorious dwellings made for them.

**ᡮ**᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠘ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ᠐ᢜ

一人、人の人、人の人の人の人の人

At night upon my storm-drenched wing,

I poised above a helmless bark, And soon I saw the shattered thing Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were done.

A ship, that had rode out the gale, Sunk down without a signal gun, And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to these whose graves are made

Beneath the bright and silver sea! Peace, that their relics there were laid With no vain pride and pageantry.

August, 15, 1825.

#### MUSINGS.

I SAT by my window one night,
And watched how the stars grew
high,

And the earth and skies were a splendid sight

To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down

With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of
the town

In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood Its crimson scarf unrolled,

## JUVENILE POEMS.

And the trees like a splendid army stood

In a panoply of gold!

χı

I saw them waving their banners high,

As their crests to the night wind bowed,

And a distant sound on the air went by, Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how fast

The lights all around me fled, As the wearied man to his slumber passed,

And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned
With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out,—and I turned
Where my own lamp within shone
bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die; Yes, the brightest from earth we win:

Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly
within.

November 15, 1825.

#### SONG.

WHERE, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river,
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver,—

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst From hidden springs of feeling, Like silent streams, unseen at first, From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

April 1, 1826.

TWO SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.\*

**冰水水水水** 

大小ななるなるを本人と

からなる人で

本なな人が大人

٨

いちゃってんとなったいかいれていることの人の人の人の人の人の人

I.

#### ART AND NATURE.

Causa la vista el artificio humano, etc.

The works of human artifice soon tire

The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling rill,

And gardens, when adorned by human skill,

Reproach the feeble hand, the vain desire.

But oh! the free and wild magnificence

Of Nature in her lavish hours doth steal.

In admiration silent and intense,

The soul of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way.

The verdant reach of meadows fair and green,

And the blue hills that bound the sylvan scene,—

These speak of grandeur, that defies decay,—

Proclaim the Eternal Architect on high,

Who stamps on all his works his own eternity.

II.

#### THE TWO HARVESTS.

Yo vi romper aquestas vegas llanas, etc.

But yesterday those few and hoary sheaves

Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain

I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain

Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.

\* These sonnets appeared at the end of Mr. Longfellow's first separate publication, "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from the Spanish, with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and devotional Poetry of Spain. By Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Mod. Lang. and Lit. in Bowdoin College." Boston: Allen and Ticknor, 1833. Pp. 85—87. They have never since been reprinted.

N. N. 2.

Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,

And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled.

A peerless emerald in each silken fold, And on its palm a pearl of morning

And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space

All that beneath the reaper's sickle died.

All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide,

And what are we? a copy of that race, The later harvest of a longer year! And oh! how many fall before the ripened ear.

#### AGASSIZ.

^^^^

I STAND again on the familiar shore, And hear the waves of the distracted

Piteously calling and lamenting thee, And waiting restless at thy cottage

The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,

The willows in the meadow, and the

Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;

Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?

Ah! why shouldst thou be dead when common men

Are busy with their trivial affairs,

thou hadst read

Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then

Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears, Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

## INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

^^^^

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet; Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet; It flows for rich and poor the same. Then go thy way, remembering still The wayside well beneath the hill. The cup of water in his name.

The Century, June, 1882.

#### COLUMBUS.

^^^^^

#### A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

The following lines were written for Charles Sumner, and were read July 4, at Roseland Park, Woodstock, Connecticut.

STEER, bold mariner, on! albeit witlings deride thee,

And the steersman drop idly his hand at the helm;

Ever, ever to westward! There must the coast be discovered,

If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in thy mind.

Trust to the God that leads thee, and follow the sea that is silent:

Did it not yet exist, now would it rise from the flood.

Having and holding? Why, when Nature with Genius stands united in league everlasting;

> What is promised to one, surely the other performs.

There are the wisdom and the omnipotence That oped the thoroughfares 'twixt heaven and earth, For which there erst had been so long a yearning.'

As fire from out a cloud unlocks itself,

Dilating so it finds not room therein,

And down, against its nature, falls to earth,

So did my mind, among those aliments

Becoming larger, issue from itself, And that which it became cannot remember.

"Open thine eyes, and look at what I am:

Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough

Hast thou become to tolerate my smile.

I was as one who still retains the feeling

Of a forgotten vision, and endeavours

In vain to bring it back into his mind,

When I this invitation heard, deserving

Of so much gratitude, it never fades

Out of the book that chronicles the past. If at this moment sounded all the tongues

That Polyhymnia and her sisters made

Most lubrical with their delicious milk,

To aid me, to a thousandth of the truth

It would not reach, singing the holy smile

And how the holy aspect it illumed.

And therefore, representing Paradise

The sacred poem must perforce leap over,

Even as a man who finds his way cut off;

But whose thinketh of the ponderous theme,

And of the mortal shoulder laden with it,

Should blame it not, if under this it tremble.

It is no passage for a little boat

This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,

Nor for a pilot who would spare himself.

Why doth my face so much enamour thee,

That to the garden fair thou turnest not,

Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming?

There is the Rose in which the Word Divine

Became incarnate; there the lilies are

By whose perfume the good way was discovered."

Thus Beatrice; and I, who to her counsels

Was wholly ready, once again betook me

Unto the battle of the feeble brows.

As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams

Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of flowers

Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,

So troops of splendours manifold I saw

Illumined from above with burning rays,

Beholding not the source of the effulgence.

O power benignant that does so imprint them!

Thou didst exalt thyself to give more scope

There to mine eyes, that were not strong enough.

<del><</del>

The name of that fair flower I e'er invoke

Morning and evening utterly enthralled

My soul to gaze upon the greater fire.

And when in both mine eyes depicted were

The glory and greatness of the living star

Which there excelleth, as it here excelled,

Athwart the heavens a little torch descended

#### TRANSLATIONS.

(Q)

Formed in a circle like a coronal. And cinctured it, and whirled itself about it. Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth On earth, and to itself most draws the soul, Would seem a cloud that, rent asunder, thunders, Compared unto the sounding of that lyre Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful, Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue. "I am Angelic Love, that circle round The joy sublime which breathes from out the womb That was the hostelry of our Desire; And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven, while Thou followest thy Son, and mak'st diviner The sphere supreme, because thou enterest there." Thus did the circulated melody Seal itself up; and all the other lights Were making to resound the name of Mary. The regal mantle of the volumes all Of that world, which most fervid is and living. With breath of God and with his works and ways, Extended over us its inner border, So very distant, that the semblance of it There where I was not yet appeared to me. Therefore mine eyes did not possess the power Of following the incoronated flame, Which mounted upward near to its own seed. And as a little child, that towards its mother Stretches its arms, when it the milk has taken, Through impulse kindled into outward flame, Each of those gleams of whiteness upward reached So with its summit, that the deep affection They had for Mary was revealed to me. Thereafter they remained there in my sight, Regina cali singing with such sweetness, That ne'er from me has the delight departed. O, what exuberance is garnered up-Within those richest coffers, which had been Good husbandmen for sowing here below! There they enjoy and live upon the treasure Which was acquired while weeping in the exile Of Babylon, wherein the gold was left. There triumpheth, beneath the exalted Son Of God and Mary, in his victory, Both with the ancient council and the new,

¥

#### CANTO XXIV.

He who doth keep the keys of such a glory.

"O COMPANY elect to the great supper
Of the lamb benedight, who feedeth you
So that for ever full is your desire,
If by the grace of God this man foretaste
Something of that which falleth from your table,
Or ever death prescribe to him the time,
Direct your mind to his immense desire,
And him somewhat bedew; ye drinking are
For ever at the fount whence comes his thought."

<del><</del>

\*\*\*\*\*

Thus Beatrice; and those souls beatified Transformed themselves to spheres on steadfast poles, Flaming intensely in the guise of comets. And as the wheels in works of horologes Revolve so that the first to a beholder Motionless seems, and the last one to fly, So in like manner did those carols, dancing In different measure, of their affluence Give me the gauge, as they were swift or slow. From that one which I noted of most beauty Beheld I issue forth a fire so happy That none it left there of a greater brightness; And around Beatrice three several times It whirled itself with so divine a song, My fantasy repeats it not to me; Therefore the pen skips, and I write it not, Since our imagination for such folds, Much more our speech, is of a tint too glaring. "O holy sister mine, who us implorest With such devotion, by thine ardent love Thou dost unbind me from that beautiful sphere!" Thereafter, having stopped, the blessed fire Unto my Lady did direct its breath, Which spake in fashion, as I here have said. And she: "O light eterne of the great man. To whom our Lord delivered up the keys He carried down of this miraculous joy, This one examine on points light and grave, As good beseemeth thee, about the Faith By means of which thou on the sea didst walk. If he love well, and hope well, and believe, From thee 'tis hid not; for thou hast thy sight There where depicted everything is seen. But since this kingdom has made citizens By means of the true Faith, to glorify it 'Tis well he have the chance to speak thereof." As baccalaureate arms himself, and speaks not Until the master doth propose the question, To argue it, and not to terminate it, So did I arm myself with every reason, While she was speaking, that I might be ready For such a questioner and such profession. "Say, thou good Christian; manifest thyself; What is the Faith?" Whereat I raised my brow Unto that light wherefrom was this breathed forth. Then turned I round to Beatrice, and she Prompt signals made to me that I should pour The water forth from my internal fountain. "May grace, that suffers me to make confession," Began I "to the great centurion, Cause my conceptions all to be explicit!" And I continued: "As the truthful pen, Father, of thy dear brother wrote of it, Who put with thee Rome into the good way, Faith is the substance of the things we hope for, And evidence of those that are not seen; And this appears to me its quiddity."

Then heard I: "Very rightly thou perceivest,

Towards the sepulchre, more youthful feat, "Began I, "thou dost wish me in this place
The form to manifest of my prompt belief,
And likewise thou the cause thereof demandest,
And of such faith not only have I proofs
Physical and metaphysical, but gives them
Likewise the truth that from this place rains down
Through Moses, through the Prophets and the Psalms,
Through the Evangel, and through you who wrote
After the fiery Sprit sanctified you;
In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with sunt and ext.
With the profound condition, and divine
Which now I touch upon, doth stamp my mind
Offtimes the doctrine evangelical.
This the beginning is, this is the spark
Which atterwards dilates to vivid flame,
And, like a star in heaven, is sparkling in me,"
Even as a lord who hears what pleasth him
His servant straight embraces, gratulating
For the good news as soon as he is silent;
So, giving me its benediction, singing,
Three times encircled me, when I was silent,
The apostolic light, at whose command
I spoken had, in speaking I so pleased him.

CANTO XXV.

If c'er it happen that the Poem Sacred,
To which both heaven and earth have set their hand,
So that it many a year hath made me lean,
O'ercome the crucity that hears me out
From the fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered,
An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,
With other voice forthwith, with other sleece
Poet will I return, and at my font
Baptismal will I take the laurel crown;
Because into the Faith that maketh known
All souls to God there entered I, and then
Peter for her sake thus my brow encircled.
Thereafterward towards us moved a light
Out of that band whence issued the first-furils
Which of his vicars Christ behind him left,
And then my Lady, full of cestasy,
Sald unto me: "Look, look I behold the Baron
For whom below Galica is frequented."
In the sam

୫୫୦୬ର୍ଜ୍ୟରିଗ୍ର**ର୍ଷ୍ଟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟର**ଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟ<mark>ରେଜ୍ୟନ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟରେଜ୍ୟର</mark>କ୍ଷରକ୍ଷର TRANSLATIONS. Silently coram me each one stood still, So incandescent it o'ercame my sight. Smiling thereafterwards, said Beatrice:
"Illustrious life, by whom the benefactions Of our Basilica have been described, Make Hope resound within this altitude; Thou knowest as oft thou dost personify it As Jesus to the three gave greater clearness."-"Lift up thy head, and make thyself assured; For what comes hither from the mortal world Must needs be ripened in our radiance." This comfort came to me from the second fire; Wherefore mine eyes I lifted to the hills, Which bent them down before with too great weight. "Since, through his grace, our Emperor wills that thou Shouldst find thee face to face, before thy death, In the most secret chamber, with his Counts, So that, the truth beholden of this court, Hope, which below there rightfully enamours, Thereby thou strengthen in thyself and others, Say what it is, and how is flowering with it Thy mind, and say from whence it came to thee." Thus did the second light again continue. And the Compassionate, who piloted The plumage of my wings in such high flight, Did in reply anticipate me thus: "No child whatever the Church Militant Of greater hope possesses, as is written In that Sun which irradiates all our band; Therefore it is conceded him from Egypt To come into Jerusalem to see, Or ever yet his warfare be completed. The two remaining points, that not for knowledge Have been demanded, but that he report How much this virtue unto thee is pleasing, To him I leave; for hard he will not find them, Nor of self-praise; and let him answer them; And may the grace of God in this assist him!" As a disciple, who his teacher follows, Ready and willing, where he is expert, That his proficiency may be displayed, "Hope," said I, "is the certain expectation Of future glory, which is the effect Of grace divine and merit precedent. From many stars this light comes unto me! But he instilled it first into my heart Who was chief singer unto the chief captain. 'Sperent in te,' in the high Theody
He sayeth, 'those who know thy name;' and who Knoweth it not, if he my faith possess? Thou didst instil me, then, with his instilling In the Epistle, so that I am full, And upon others rain again your rain." While I was speaking, in the living bosom Of that combustion quivered an effulgence, Sudden and frequent, in the guise of lightning; Then breathed: "The love wherewith I am inflamed Towards the virtue still which followed me 555

#### TRANSLATIONS.

## BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

THUS then, much care-worn, The son of Healfden Sorrowed evermore, Nor might the prudent hero His woes avert. The war was too hard, Too loath and longsome, That on the people came, Dire wrath and grim, Of night-woes the worst. This from home heard Higelac's Thane, Good among the Goths, Grendel's deeds. He was of mankind In might the strongest, At that day Of this life, Noble and stalwart. He bade him a sea-ship, A goodly one, prepare. Quoth he, the war-king, Over the swan's road. Seek he would The mighty monarch, Since he wanted men. For him that journey His prudent fellows Straight made ready, Those that loved him. They excited their souls, The omen they beheld. Had the good-man Of the Gothic people Champions chosen, Of those that keenest He might find, Some fifteen men. The sea-wood sought he. The warrior showed. Sea-crafty man! The landmarks, And first went forth. The ship was on the waves Boat under the cliffs. The barons ready To the prow mounted. The streams they whirled The sea against the sands. The chieftains bore On the naked breast Bright ornaments, War-gear, Goth-like.

The men shoved off, Men on their willing way, The bounden wood.

Then went over the sea-waves,
Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl,
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the earl at an end.

Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.

Then from the wall beheld The warden of the Scyldings, He who the sca-cliffs Had in his keeping. Bear o'er the balks The bright shields, The war-weapons speedily. Him the doubt disturbed In his mind's thought, What these men might be.

Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding,
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's staff in hand,
In measured words demanded:

"What men are ye,
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel
Over the water-street
Leading come
Hither over the sea?
I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold;
That in the Land of the Danes

557

୬ ନେଉରରେ ଉତ୍ତର୍ମ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟ ପ 

# LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Nothing loathsome With a ship-crew Scathe us might. Ne'er saw I mightier Earl upon earth Than is your own, Hero in harness. Not seldom this warrior Is in weapons distinguished; Never his beauty belies him, His peerless countenance! Now would I fain Your origin know, Ere ye forth As false spies Into the Land of the Danes Farther fare. Now, ye dwellers afar off! Ye sailors of the sea! Listen to my One-fold thought. Quickest is best To make known Whence your coming may be."

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

\*^^^^

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

MUCH it behoveth Each one of mortals, That he his soul's journey In himself ponder, How deep it may be.

When Death cometh, The bonds he breaketh By which united Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth Ere the soul taketh From God himself Its woe or its weal: As in the world erst, Even in its earth-vessel, It wrought before.

The soul shall come Wailing with loud voice, After a sennight, The soul, to find The body That it erst dwelt in;— Three hundred winters, Unless ere that worketh The eternal Lord, The Almighty God, The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn, With cold utterance, And speaketh grimly, The ghost to the dust: "Dry dust! thou dreary one! How little didst thou labour for me! In the foulness of earth Thou all wearest away Like to the loam! Little didst thou think How thy soul's journey Would be thereafter, When from the body It should be led forth."

#### FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead; on three sides Valleys, and mountains, and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean. Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hill-sides Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field. Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains, Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets. But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the greensward Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast countless number Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds, Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.

## TRANSLATIONS.

Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds, Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder, Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel The banquet hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir. Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred) Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide. Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak, Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the high-seat Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree; Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet. Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black, Scarlet red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver), Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness. Oft, when the moon among the night-clouds flew, related the old man Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea. Hush sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of Brage, Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition. Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned for ever the fire-flame Glad on its stone-built-hearth; and through the wide-mouth smoke-flue Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall, But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots. More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened, White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of silver. Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns; Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection Blushed too, even as she;—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

#### FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

#### FROM THE SWEDISH.

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun, And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run; Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope, And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport. Swarming in its gorgeous splendour is assembled all the court; Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway, And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight! Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white, Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two, And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah! over hill and dale Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.

ALDER DE COMPARA A COMPARA COM 

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Ali the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes, But with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria comes.

Then aftrew Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread, And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knees his head; Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms.

As he slumbers, hark: there sings a coal-black bird upon a bough:

"Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave;
Now no human eye b-holds thee; deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough:

"Though no human eye beholds thee, Oddin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber? a defenceless old man slay?

Whatsoe er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble; Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurfed it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand; but on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of barps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet has been my sleep," he said; "Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lighting's brother, where is he?

Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North are other swords; Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem.

EVALUATION THE OFFINAN.

WHO love would seek,
Let him love of somain Silence must reign; Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain,

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE OANISII.

THERE was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an eline height, the sword is tongue, and it speaks not peaceful fairney.

And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

And pain, the recall it, tears do fall, And there

A REAL DE RESERVE DE LA COMPTE DEL COMPTE DE LA COMPTE DEL COMPTE DE LA COMPTE DE L

## TRANSLATIONS.

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,

Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night.

And yet upon the morrow early rise, And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,

Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,

And all those pearls of heaven thickstrung together,

Dropped, clustering, from His hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say

The prayer my pious mother taught to me:

"O Gentle God! O, let me strive alway

Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,

And for my sister, and for all the town;

The king I knew not, and the beggarbrother,

Who, bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,

And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!

Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—

God! may I never, never lose that too!

# DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE archbishop, whom God loved in high degree,

Behold his wounds all bleeding fresh and free;

And then his cheek more ghastly grew and wan.

And a faint shudder through his members ran.
561

Upon the battle-field his knee was bent:

Brave Roland saw, and to his succour went,

Straightway his helmet from his brow unlaced,

And tore the shining hauberk from his breast;

Then raising in his arms the man of God.

Gently he laid him on the verdant sod.

"Rest, Sire," he cried,—"for rest thy suffering needs."

The priest replied, "Think but of warlike deeds!

The field is ours; well may we boast this strife!

But death steals on,—there is no hope of life;

In paradise, where the almoners live again,

There are our couches spread,—there shall we rest from pain."

Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel I, alas!

That thrice he swooned upon the thick, green grass.

When he revived, with a loud voice cried he,

"O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint Marie!

Why lingers death to lay me in my grave?

Beloved France! how have the good and brave

Been torn from thee and left thee weak and poor!"

Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love, came o'er

His spirit, and he whispered soft and slow,

"My gentle friend!—what parting full of woe!

Never so true a liegeman shalt thou see;—

Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on thee!

Christ, who did save from realms of woe beneath

The Hebrew prophets from the second death."

Then to the paladins, whom well he kne x,

He went, and one by one unaided drew

To Turpin's side, well skilled in ghostly lore;—

0 0

Berestane et an de la company 
en de la company 
No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,

He blessed them in God's name, with faith that he

Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad eternity.

The archbishop, then,—on whom God's benison rest!

Exhausted, bowed his head upon his breast:—

His mouth was full of dust and clot .ed gore.

And many a wound his swollen visage bore.

Slow beats his heart,—his panting bosom heaves,—

Death comes apace,—no hope of cure relieves.

Towards heaven he raised his dying hands and prayed

That God, who for our sins was mortal made,—

Born of the Virgin,—scorned and crucified,—

In paradise would place him by his side.

Then Turpin died in service of Charlon,

In battle great and eke great orison; 'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion;—

God grant to him his holy benison!

#### RONDEL.

#### FROM FROISSART.

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

Naught see I fixed or sure in thee! I do not know thee,—nor what deeds are thine:

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

Naught see I fixed or sure in thee! Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?

Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!

#### RONDEL.

FROM THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

HENCE away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye;
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to me!
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy!

#### RENOUVEAU.

#### FROM THE FRENCH.

Now Time throws off his cloak again Of ermined frost, and cold and rain, And clothes him in the embroidery Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.

With beast and bird the forest rings,

Each in his jargon cries or sings; And Time throws off his cloak again Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

# THE NATURE OF LOVE.

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly,

As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade;

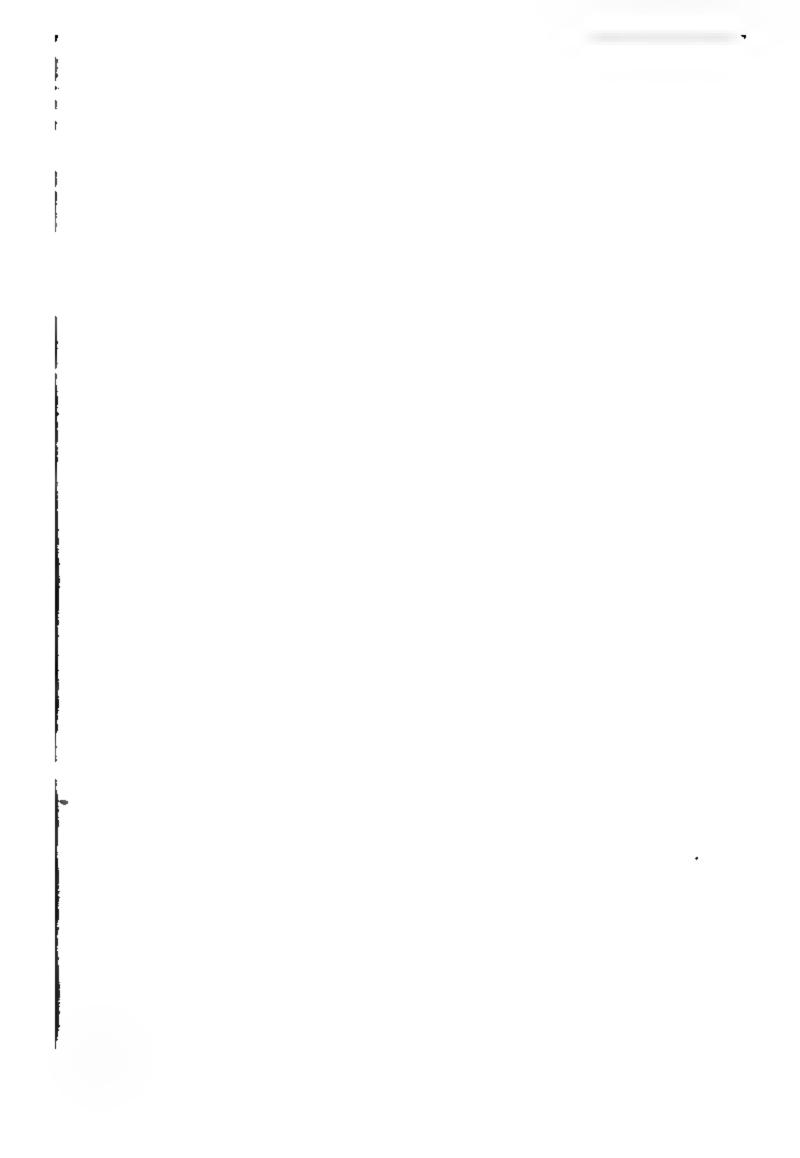
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,

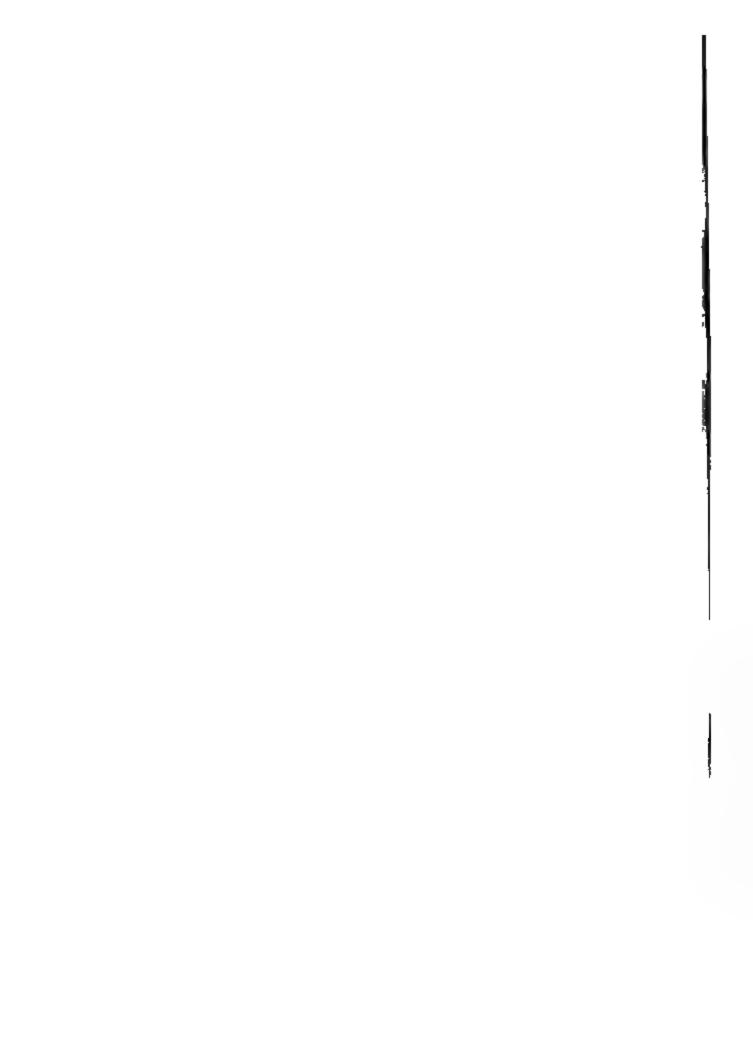
Nor before love the noble heart was made.

Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light
filled the air;

562

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O





. 

•

.

| • |   |
|---|---|
|   | : |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |
|   |   |